

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.



Harriet Maria Jukes.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN:

Memoir, Letters, and Journals

OF

HARRIET MARIA,

WIFE OF THE LATE REV. MARK R. JUKES.

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Sixth Edition.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,
LONDON. MDCCCLXXXIII.

PREFACE

It seems almost unnecessary to say on the opening page of this little work, as is generally done when introducing a Memoir to the public, that the Letters and Journals which form the principal part of it, were never intended by the writer to meet the eye of any but near and dear friends. Unknown, and unheard of but to these *in life*, she would have been the last to think she should have been so remembered after her death. Neither would the affectionate partiality with which her cousin, the Editor, may be justly supposed to have regarded her, have led to their appearance in print. The MS. was nearly all arranged for the sake of Mrs. Jukes' children, knowing how precious such records would be to them when old enough to understand them. Their publication is solely

owing to the wish of one who had never seen her, and who knew her only from reading the MS. above mentioned; and who thought her example, as a Christian, might be usefully brought before a larger circle.

Should the work be valued or blessed beyond her own family, let praise redound to Him from whom all blessing comes. To express what I believe would be *her* wishes, could she now speak to us from Heaven as we are sending forth these memorials of her here below, I would give the words of another departed saint,—words which breathe thoughts more sublime than anything I could express,—they are the words of Dr. Payson: “What would I not give for the power to make sinners love Christ,—for the faculty of describing His beauties and glories in such a manner as to excite warmer affections towards Him in the hearts of Christians? Could I paint a true likeness of Him, methinks I should rejoice to hold it up to the view and admiration of all creation, and be hid behind it for ever!”

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY HISTORY.

1817—1835.

It has always appeared to me a very solemn thing to write of the departed,—of those especially who we believe are “present with the Lord,” who see no longer as we do, “through a glass, darkly,” but “face to face,” the God who redeemed and led them all their life through, and in whose light every event, and circumstance, and relationship of their earthly course, with every emotion, motive, and principle, that affected or guided their inner life, is transparently naked and open. While we are dwelling with delight on what was lovely in their lives, and are in danger of doing so to the glory of

the creature, *they* see and adore Him alone who made them what they were. They bow their faces in lowly thankfulness before their God, ascribing praise—praise only, to Him who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb! They see that, but for His loving them, they never should have loved Him; and on the other hand they are far above being tempted to cover their faults, or excuse their sins, as we may wish to do. True, they see them now in the light of heaven's purity, and never has sin appeared to them so awful, so hateful, as from that home of the spirits of the just. But they are now delivered from sin for ever, and as they glance for a moment at their white robes, they turn the next, in unrestrained love, to adore their Saviour who put those robes on them, and who washed them from their sins in His own blood!

God has said, "The memory of the just is blessed;" in illustration of which the Bible abounds with records of departed saints, and the Church has in all ages kept some in like remembrance, for the encouragement in faith and patience of those who should follow them; and God has very generally blessed this means of instruction to His people. Sometimes a short story of infant piety is given, to teach us how a poor child may, when taught by the Holy Spirit, grow so strong in faith, and hope, and love, as to die at seven years old with the expe-

rience of a much older Christian;* while in such lives as that of Dr. Chalmers, we learn how the noblest intellect is honoured by submitting as a little child to the doctrines of the Cross. Each has its sphere of usefulness, in the class especially from which the subject of the memoir was drawn. The following are the memorials of one who lived and died amongst that largest class of mankind, whose labours and conflicts, joys and griefs, are common to all; and to such, it is hoped, her example may be useful. It is simply and truthfully the record of one placed in the ordinary walks of life, with no adventitious circumstances to make her an object of interest beyond her "home circle," but in as far as she was enabled *there* to walk with God. While herself enjoying far more than an ordinary degree of spiritual communion with Him who is invisible, her *life* was a light shining on all around her, to show, that

"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

* "A Child a Hundred Years Old," by Rev. Canon Champneys.

But chiefly it is hoped the following pages may be blessed to her seven children, that they, who have so early been bereaved of both their loving parents, may know in after years something of their mother's heart and life, and also her deep yearnings of soul over every one of them, that they might be not only enlisted under Christ's banner, but *be* His faithful soldiers and servants, and be encouraged and animated cheerfully to seek Him as the chief object of their earliest affections, and warmest hopes, by the example she has left them of the blessedness and power of early and persevering devotedness to God.

Of her shortcomings and failings as a child of God she makes such free confession in her journals and letters, with such sincere expressions of contrition and self-abasement before Him who knew her heart, that it need scarcely be said we paint not a perfect picture. In this, as in her earthly course, she was one of that family whose *common* experience it is,—that in *them*, that is, *in their flesh*, dwelleth no good thing; that by the grace of God they are what they are.

That she may as far as possible tell the simple story of her own life in her own words, I shall merely add such links to the chain which her letters and journals furnish as to connect the narrative,—and may God, for Jesus' sake, bless it to the glory of His name alone!

Harriet Maria, the eldest daughter of Capt. H. Hole, R.M., was born August 14th, 1817, in the village of Newport, in the north of Devon. Those who remember her infancy and childhood speak of her as having been a very lovely and engaging child, both in her person and disposition, and one whom everybody loved. As one of a large family, consisting of three brothers and five sisters besides herself, she was, happily, in no danger of being spoiled, even had her early training and education been under the eye of a less judicious and careful mother. As it was, she grew up a free and joyous child, the little queen of every merry-making among her young sisters and cousins; the most active, the most adventurous, in every juvenile undertaking. What though the younger ones did sometimes think she assumed too much authority amongst them, and was too much of an autocrat in her little empire,—her warm-hearted hug and kiss the next moment, if she thought she had offended, would soon make all one again, and her bright look and merry laugh no one who knew her can ever forget.

She had her temper, as all children have; and had the evil been left to grow unchecked, she

might have been a passionate, proud, and wayward child.

I do not remember that Harriet was ever fond of learning, and she certainly passed through her school-days with only just so much attention to books as she knew would be expected of her.

At the age of fourteen she was sent to an English school in the north of France, where she remained two years, and at the end of that time she returned home and at once began to assist her mother in the education of her younger sisters; and very diligently did she give herself to the work, and happy days those were, before outward trial came to scatter the united loving group.

When she left school, at the age of sixteen, she was to the outward eye, as has been truly said of her, "a picture of a girl," blooming in health and spirits, with a freshness and genuineness of character that awakened interest, and brought pleasure wherever she went; while to those *nearest* to her there was a gushing warm-heartedness of disposition that made way for her into the inner circle of our hearts. We could not love her a little.

But what was the picture of her soul at this time—of that which in value bears no comparison to the attractions of mind or person? It was, indeed, "dead" before God, and she knew it not.

She was called a Christian, had been baptized, and taught to say her daily prayers in the name of Christ; but she knew Him not as the Friend of sinners, for she had never *felt* she was a sinner.

That warm heart, that could love so deeply and truly, was cold and unfeeling towards Him who had made her and redeemed her, and had blessed her all her life long with unnumbered mercies. The joy she had and the joy she gave was vain, and “passing away,” for she was living in independence of her Creator, the only source and spring of all true joy.

Yet He loved *her*, and had purposed with an everlasting love that she should be his; and just when the god of this world seemed to claim her for more devoted service to himself, and she seemed on the very verge of being ensnared by worldly pleasures, the still small voice of the “Lord and Giver of Life” was heard in her heart, and it said—“Seek ye my face;” and by His grace she answered—“Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

It was through the ministry of her appointed pastor, the Rev. H. Gamble, that Harriet first heard that voice. She had not grown up in a religious atmosphere, excellent in other respects as were the regulations of her early home, and during

her two years' residence in France she was not blessed with any means likely to awaken interest on the subject of religion; so that when she returned to N——, and for the first time in her life heard the word of God pressed home on her conscience from the lips of one preaching in all the vigour and earnestness of a man deeply impressed with the weight of his responsibility and the value of his message, she felt as if awakened from sleep by the call of an unknown voice, but one she *must* obey; and like Samuel, when, instructed by Eli, he answered the call of God with "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," she began at once to pray, as she had never done before, for that teaching of the Spirit which she felt she needed to make her a loving and an obedient child of God.

It was not under any great alarm of conscience that she first began to pray, and of the sin that dwelt in her—the utter depravity of her natural heart, as "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," she at this time knew nothing. What alarmed her was, that she had been living without God in the world; and now that she had heard of Him and wished to love Him, she could not.

She has very naturally described her own state at this time in the following words:—"From the

year 1833 to 1835 the Father was, by many means, leading my soul to Christ, and I in great ignorance was seeking after God, if haply I might find Him. At first Mr. G.'s ministry was a means of arousing me to a sense of the danger I was in. I could not give thanks for my creation; for often did I wish I were a brute beast, and not a human being. But seeing I could not alter my state as an immortal creature, I tried hard to make myself holy. I began to read the Bible; but I was so blind to the truth it contained, that I read my regular portions as a task, and was glad when it was over. I began to pray, but it was with a book; and I would not despise such a help, for I know it was very useful to me in the beginning."

Thus we see how gradually the work went on for two years in this young girl's heart, and if it had gone no further, it would have left her in an ignorant, self-righteous state after all. She would have known nothing of Christ, without whom no one can come to the Father. But what God begins He will carry on; and the difference between Harriet's state at the time we are speaking of, and that of many who go on year after year, perhaps a whole life, trying to be religious, was, that she never rested satisfied in that state. She was not trying to be religious as an end, so much as she was trying to get back to God: she could not be happy

until she loved Him, and could rejoice in His love to her.

And the incorruptible seed of this blessed fruit was *there*, deep in her heart; and planted by the Almighty Spirit, His eye was upon it day and night, to keep it, to water it, and to make it grow, while she was diligent in the use of all those means by which God has promised to bless those who seek Him. She was indeed learning the truth of that promise,—“I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.”

In the spring of 1835 her pastor gave notice of a confirmation about to be held in the adjoining town, and of his intention to give a course of previous instruction to those of his flock who desired to offer themselves as candidates. These instructions Harriet carefully attended, and they, together with the rite itself, were much blessed to her. She always spoke of her confirmation as having been a season of special mercy, in bringing her to a more clear apprehension of her relationship to God, and a more entire separation to His service.

The work that had been going on in secret in her heart before God, from this period became more manifest, as she took her stand firmly and decidedly on the Lord's side, and from that decision she never wavered. She was not one to take up any subject, or give her mind to any work superficially,

—she was too open, too real, too earnest to be “*almost*” a Christian. From this time she had determined to be His alone, and His altogether.

She was now nearly eighteen, and the world was ready to offer her its pleasures and amusements; she was invited to join its gay assemblies, and though her parents did not join in them, they had no objection to her doing so.

One struggle it cost her; it was the first and the last of the kind. There was to be a large private ball at F—— House, and an invitation had been sent and accepted for Harriet. She did not wish to go, but others wished it for her: it was said she would offend this one and that, who had shown her kind attention. She would be setting herself up to be better than others. One relative, whom she dearly loved, had set his mind on introducing her among old friends on that occasion. She was on the eve of giving in; we do not know what the inward conflict was, but it ended in her begging her mother to write and decline the invitation for her, which she did; and the world in that form troubled her no more. It was a firm step for a young Christian to take *alone*, but she never regretted it. She felt the vows of God were upon her, and it was never a question with her after this, —how far may I go with the world without breaking my promise with God? but, how shall I live so

as to glorify God with my body and my spirit, which are His? She felt that as a child of God, a member of Christ, an heir of the kingdom of heaven, she lived from new motives, she enjoyed new prospects, she had to manifest a new character.

Very soon Harriet's home influence began to be felt, and one after another of her favoured family were drawn to Jesus, and led with her to follow Him; and with these blessed results it will never be known in this world how much her decision of purpose, and lovely consistency of walk, had to do. One of these herself writes,—“Harriet's marked consistency and decision from the beginning of her conversion were very helpful to us all; her example was an epistle known and read by all around her. I often think of her gathering us together after breakfast, before we began our lessons, to read a chapter in the Bible, and we used to go out in the garden summer-house that quiet might be ensured; and it must have caused her some persuasion, and much decision, to have got dear F——” (the brother older than herself) “at that time to join us,” which she succeeded in doing.

With all the freshness of early “faith and love,” she gave what she had of time or talents to the service of God, as a Sunday-school teacher, a visitor of the poor, and a collector for religious societies—more particularly the London Society

for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, which was always her favourite, because she found "so much about the Jews in the Bible." She could never, however, quite overcome her natural reluctance to this latter kind of work; and few but those who have felt the same would believe how much it cost her to be a collector: but she always said this was from want of more love to her Saviour.

In addition to the ministry of her now beloved pastor, she enjoyed the privilege of weekly meetings at Major G——'s for the purpose of reading the Scriptures with references, on which occasions she was an attentive listener to all that was said by those older and more experienced than herself. She had never seen or heard of a Reference Bible before; and when she heard, from a distant part of the room, the number of passages read and quoted in proof of certain doctrines, she wondered much what kind of Bibles they were which could give so much more information than hers did. The secret was soon afterwards discovered; and she did not rest long before she obtained such a Bible of her own. Her Bible and herself were now seldom separated. It was always in her pocket or bag, and, with her little hymn-book, became her meditation continually. Every page bears marks of her deep study and delight in that precious book—early and late she was known to be reading it on her knees in prayer;

and there is no doubt *this* was the ground-work of that Christian character which afterwards became developed in no ordinary degree of consistent devotedness and singleness of aim to please God.

Harriet was not at this time one who could *talk* much on religious subjects. Very few there were to whom she could speak of the things God was showing her, while with a glowing countenance she would listen to hear His praise from others.

There was a poor, afflicted, but deeply-taught saint living at an almshouse in B——, at whose feet she would love to sit; and few days would pass without a visit to “dear Betty Howard,” from whom she was always sure to hear something of Jesus that would encourage her on her way. Speaking of these visits, poor Betty used to say, “Miss H—— hardly ever *speaks* when she comes to see me, but I have often seen her weep while I have been speaking to *her* of the love of Jesus.”

She was very fond of singing hymns, and had a sweet rich voice. She loved to get all to join her in hymns of praise.

There was one of her cousins at this time living near her, whose heart the grace of God had also led to choose the good part, and between these two there grew a bond of close communion. Seldom a day passed without their spending some portion of it together, and the word of God was generally

read and pondered over at those seasons; while always, on parting, they would take some special text for meditation.

Alluding to the prominent feature in Harriet's character at this time, her cousin has said, "Our dear H——'s decision for God, from the time her eyes were first opened to see Jesus as her Saviour, always struck me as especially characteristic. At once she gave up all worldly visiting, and her dress and conduct were those of a stranger and a pilgrim on her way to the heavenly city."

It must not be thought she was unsocial, reserved, or gloomy, for she was the very reverse of all this. No one could look in her face—no one could hear the joyous tone of her voice, and not feel she was a *happy* girl. Yet, doubtless, there were those who thought her less happy, because she found no pleasure in what pleased them.

I shall close this chapter by giving some extracts from her letters, written in 1835-1836, which will illustrate some of those points in her spiritual character which have been alluded to. The following expresses her thirsting after righteousness and entire devotedness to God:—

N——, July 1835.

I could not allow this opportunity to pass without writing a short note to my dear E——. We

have just been spending a very pleasant evening at Mr. G——'s, and the general conversation turned on our great want of *faith*.

And how true it is! if we approached the throne of grace with a firm persuasion that God hears and answers our prayers, what different creatures we should be! "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask and receive, that your joy may be full." I cannot tell you how earnestly I have desired lately to be *wholly devoted to the Lord in every way*; yes, even as Caleb, whom we read of in Joshua, that he "wholly followed the Lord." But hateful sin clings, and ever will cling to us, while we are in this body; but no one knows to what extent we might drive away sin, if we had but FAITH. How often do we find passages to this effect: "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" therefore, how earnestly ought we to strive after perfection.

I hope to write again next week, so will now wish you good-by, with these words of Caleb:—"If so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said."

Your attached
HARRIET.

Her confidence in prayer:—

Sept. 29, 1835.

MY DEAREST E——,—The text you sent me is,

indeed, a sweet one. To think that the Almighty God hears the prayers of such sinful dust!—wonderful, stupendous love! His word also says, “Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.” We see that He hears the very desires of our hearts; and who first gave us these desires? We know well that our imaginations are only evil; holy desires could, therefore, have proceeded from God alone; and He who has begun a good work in us, will He not carry it on? Oh, yes, dearest E——, I felt the same as you do but a very short time since. I was fearful that I did not see the depravity of my heart sufficiently; but you will find that the more you love the Saviour, the more you will see your need of Him. The dealings of the Lord are mysterious; and, perhaps, if He had been pleased to show you more of your evil heart, the sight would have driven you to despair. But in mercy He chooses to lead *us* in a smoother path. Let us pray for a larger portion of His Holy Spirit, that we may be able to love Him more and serve Him better; and whatever we do, may we do all to the glory of God.

I find, dear, that in reading the Scriptures, the great secret is first to pray earnestly for God’s assistance, that I may be able to understand what I read, and then to apply every word of what I

read to myself, and try to feel that it was written for *me*. Try this plan, dear E——.

It is sweet to reflect, that though separated in body, our spirits unite in loving, praising, and praying to the same God; let us unite in praying for each other, for I need it quite as much as you do. I find myself poor, miserable, blind, and naked in soul. We will ask for those things that are according to His will, and before we rise from our knees let us receive an answer, by believing that we really have what we desire. We should not go away from an earthly parent, after we had asked for a thing, without waiting for an answer; let us not, then, do so with our heavenly Father. Worldly people say, that it is impossible to be continually thinking and talking of Christ and the things of heaven, but they do not know that everything else to a Christian is insipid and uninteresting.

Your attached and affectionate

1 Thess. v. 17.

HARRIET.

On assurance:—

July 1835.

* * * I cannot agree with you, dear E—— in thinking it presumption in many Christians, to feel assured of their reaching heaven whenever it may please God to call them; for I think many

parts of Scripture bear them out in saying so. For instance, our Saviour says, "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." (John, vi. 47 ; 2 Cor. v. 1-9 ; 2 Tim. iv. 18 ; Philip. i. 6.) Just see what assurance Job possessed in chap. xix. 25, 26. I know and have read of many Christians, who feel quite certain that nothing shall ever separate them from the love of Christ. They feel that it is not humility to say they are afraid of going to hell, but that they *deserve* to go there, and are only saved from this death by the infinite love of a Saviour, who saw them hurrying down the broad road, and about to fall over the precipice, when He drew them back by the gentle cords of His love, and led them into the narrow way. And they believe, too, the same Saviour's words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Unite with me, dear E——, in praying that we may be enabled to take these precious words more fully unto ourselves, and that the Lord the Spirit may show us His will more clearly. Those who have true faith will walk with God ; they will be very watchful over their conduct, and will, as the Bible says, "pray without ceasing." These are the tests of their faith, and if they do not these things they cannot have true faith. O that I possessed the faith that would produce this inward assurance ! I know that those who ask in prayer, believing, shall

receive. May the Lord give us His Spirit to teach us so to pray that we may have all things needful for our salvation; that when it shall please Him to call us hence, we may be found ready, and even willing, to depart. * * *

Your affectionate HARRIET.

P. S. I do not mean to say that I think this assurance is needful to salvation;—far from it. Many true Christians never felt it; but yet I do think that the feeling must be inexpressibly delightful, and comforting.

On worldly society, &c.

Jan. 26, 1836.

DEAREST E——,—I will just tell you what I think of “mixing with the world.” We are told in Scripture, that we “cannot serve God and mammon;” we must either serve one or the other. I conceive there is no neutral position. There are only two roads, the “broad,” and the “narrow:” therefore, what is not right must be wrong (Oh, that I could live up to this!).—If we find that mixing with the world tends to the glory of God—if we find that it is of service to others or ourselves,—then I think we cannot be wrong in going into it. If, on the contrary, it deadens our affections for better things—if we feel that we have not strength,

courage, and faith to reprove, correct, exhort our fellow-sinners,—then I think our duty is to keep as much as possible from it. This latter I find to be my case. As to balls, parties, and every place of public amusement, I would not enter into them, for I should feel that these places are not fit for one who professes to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. I should feel I was dishonouring *His name* which I bear. Besides all this, how much precious time is wasted, every moment of which we must account for! what various evil passions arise in our hearts while there, which, although not *seen*, are as bad as open sins in the sight of God! My dearest E——, I have been led much to consider these things; I have made them the subject of earnest prayer: will you do the same?—and may the Spirit guide and direct you! Notwithstanding all this, we have a far more terrible little world to contend with in our own wicked hearts—worldly thoughts, words, and feelings, which must be quelled, or we cannot live to the glory of God. A continual warfare must be kept up, and God will always give us the victory if we trust in Him.

Oh, dearest E——, as Mr. J—— was saying the other day, “the path of life is very narrow,” and we ought to pray for grace to keep us from turning to the right hand or to the left. Cast all your care on Him. He has loved you, and will continue to

love you. Trust in Him, then, and ask largely for those blessings which you stand in need of; ask believing, and you shall receive. He may not do this as soon as you would wish, or in the manner you would wish; for God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways.

Oh, the amazing efficacy of prayer! Oh, wonderful truth, that our Saviour, even Himself, intercedes for us, His children! Ought not this consideration to encourage us to walk in His paths? They are not grievous. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,—peace which passeth all understanding. My text for you to-day is, "Pray without ceasing." Prayer keeps out all evil thoughts; and by keeping in a spirit of prayer throughout the day, we shall live nearer and nearer to God. The longer I live, the more I see my need of a Saviour. My continual prayer is, to live closer and closer to God. Pray for me. Read Isaiah, lv.

YOUR OWN HARRIET.

The following letter introduces her next sister, Sophy, between whom and Harriet, though very opposite in natural disposition and character, there existed a beautiful combination of affection and mutual dependence:—

N——, Jan. 1836.

* * * I have been thinking much, dear E——, lately, of the love of Christ. How wonderful it is that He should have chosen *us*, that He should have adopted *us*, and made us His children, and in every respect treat us as such! How delightful it is to be able to view God, not as a judge, but as “our Father,” and to be permitted to call Him by that endearing name! We are now no longer under the terrible sentence of the law, but under grace; for through faith we are justified in His sight. Christ paid all our debt by His obedience unto death, therefore we are free from condemnation; and as our blessed Saviour has paid the debt of sin for us, God cannot in justice require payment from us also. That appears to *me* to be the way of salvation: do you think so, dear E——?

Sophy and myself are sleeping in the school-room. We thought that we should like a little change, and you cannot think how pleasant it is. The moon was so bright this morning, at half-past three, that we got up, thinking it was late. We lighted the fire, and have been sitting here reading and working ever since. It has just struck me, that our love for each other is stronger than it was, and that this love, instead of lessening, will continue to increase, and that death will have no power to dissolve it, for in glory alone it will be perfected.

What a sweet thing is the communion of saints!—one common end in view, one Lord, one Saviour. From all parts of the earth there are many travelling to the centre point; and although we may not know each other here, we shall know each other in heaven. Oh, blessed place! there may we meet all those friends whom we have loved on earth!

Your affectionate HARRIET.

It was about the date of this letter that Sophy received her first serious impressions, through Harriet's unconscious instrumentality. She has said these were awakened by overhearing, night after night, Harriet's fervent supplications, after they had retired to rest, when she thought her sister was asleep, and that she was herself alone with God.

Blessed sisters! Ocean separates your sleeping bodies *now*, but your spirits are together in the joy of your Lord, and your voices blend in the same song of praise to Him who loved you and bought you with His blood, and made you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light!

CHAPTER II.

THE GOVERNESS.

1836—1838.

I HAVE often thought that all the trees of the wood, all the flowers of the garden, and all the little blossoms that smile on us by the wayside, have their antitype in God's spiritual garden. And as each of these, from the stately oak of the forest to the tiny harebell of the heath, has its appointed space in creation, adding its share of loveliness and usefulness to the eye and wants of man, and its tribute of praise and glory to God, so it is with each member of the heavenly family. Has not the Lord himself suggested such thoughts to us in the Song of Songs? And if He would have us "consider the lilies," and thereby be attracted to our heavenly Father's footstool, should not the contemplation of His higher work in the creation of a holy seed in the immortal soul, with its after-

growth and development, its blossoms of promise and fruits of righteousness in one whom He is training for glory, draw forth our warmest admiration and praise towards its Great Author? We have seen how the Holy Spirit was pleased to begin His saving work in Harriet's soul. Of the moment when the incorruptible seed was dropped in her heart we know not; this only we know, that it was there, that it sprung up, and that it was destined to grow and to bring forth much fruit.

I have said that each plant in the natural garden has its likeness in the garden of the Lord. If, to follow out this train of thought, I am asked which I should fix on as a type of her whose Christian character I am endeavouring to portray, I should point to one of that class of lowly, yet lovely plants, whose evergreen freshness gladdens the eye at all seasons, whose bud of early promise never disappoints you, and whose vigorous roots grow deeper and stronger after every transplantation, thriving alike beneath the sunshine and the storm. In the cherished home of her childhood, and afterwards in the lowly hut of a Canadian forest, as in all the minor transplantations to which she was subject, she was the same real, living, acting, growing Christian; the roots of her faith strong in an unseen Saviour; the fruits of her faith, the con-

sistent fulfilment of her duty as a daughter, sister, governess, wife, mother, friend.

Under a variety of outward circumstances (and every child of God knows how difficult it is not to be hindered in his homeward course by these) *she* was enabled, in a high degree, to keep one point steadily in view,—her aim was, in the least and lowest occupation to do all to the glory of God, and to enjoy Him in Christ Jesus as her exceeding great reward.

The year 1837 opens on Harriet under new circumstances. We find her in the house of another, in the character of a governess. How this came to pass the following letter will unfold:—

N—, Dec. 1836.

How many events have happened, dearest E—, since you last received a letter from me! Within one short month my dear friend Elizabeth G— has been called to join her Saviour above; I have been spending some days at S—, we were upset on our return, and dear papa was so much hurt as to be in a very precarious state for some days; and last of all, I am become an inmate of Mrs. E—'s house, in the capacity of a governess to her children. So you will agree with me that these are four *not* common events, and at

the same time most merciful ones in every way, and we can always say, "It is well."

This verse, "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein," has been most precious to me the last few days. I do, indeed, long for that rest which perfect holiness alone can give; and I do realise this sweet verse, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Now, while trying to open my heart to you, the remembrance of my dear friend E. G—— forces itself upon me. The Lord's dealings towards her were most gracious. She left this world without ever having experienced any doubts or fears. Just before her death she said that she could not feel that joy and love for her Saviour that she could wish, and her father asked her whether this did not produce some doubts? She replied, "Oh, no! how can I doubt when I have the promise of God to rest upon?" Mr. Jebb preached her funeral sermon. I trust her death may be made the means of life to many.

But I am forgetting all this time that you are perhaps wondering how it is that I am writing in dear Mrs. E——'s parlour, instead of in my own sweet home.

When Mrs. E—— was anxiously looking out for a governess, I was proposed to her, by no other

than our dear pastor, who mentioned it to papa and mamma, and they cheerfully agreed to it, after most kindly leaving me to do exactly as I liked. I felt that I could not do otherwise than accept it, seeing, as I *most clearly did*, the hand of God in it, and a duty devolving on me to provide for myself when such a good opportunity offered, knowing that ours is a large family, with very little means of supporting it.

Mrs. E—— was delighted at the thought, and now I am here I am only afraid she will consider me too much. I love her very dearly; yet, dearest E——, there is something sad and melancholy in the thought of leaving the home of my childhood, and all the endearments that are associated with that word *home*. I feel assured *that* will not be such again for *me*. I have mentioned my feelings on this subject only to you.

My duties here begin on the 15th. The children are at present at school. In looking forward I see great difficulties in my way, and great inability to perform the duties devolving on me. I do not mean, in educating them for this world, but for that which is to come. The former is of little moment compared with the latter. But I will look to the Lord for strength, and guidance, and judgment in all things, and if I seek His glory alone, I know that He will be ever with me. In

myself I feel perfect weakness, but in Him I am strong.

You ask me to tell you how to act with regard to speaking a word to others. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel my own backwardness in this respect. When I feel it is my duty to say something for my Master's cause, I appear to be spell-bound ; but if, by an effort, I am enabled to say a little, I feel that the chain is loosened.

I know what it is that keeps us back,—it is want of *faith*. Oh, let us, dear, pray for more faith. Does it not appear extraordinary that we refuse to speak one word for Him who has done so much for us ?

Your fondly attached HARRIET.

We cannot but admire the moral principle which actuated her in the decision above expressed, it being on her own part so perfectly voluntary.

If she had her "sad" feelings on leaving her own sweet home, there was not one heart there that did not feel her absence as a check upon their home pleasures. There were many circumstances, however, which made it a light trial compared with what many a young girl has to suffer on first taking a situation as a governess. She would still be near, and under the ministry of her dear pastor ; the children she was to have the care of, were the

children of many prayers, and their widowed mother, with whom she would be so closely associated, had for some time been a valued Christian friend. Besides this, the duties of a governess were not altogether new to her, as she had been the instructress of her younger sisters for two years past, and she would be within a few minutes' walk of her father's house, and still be able in many ways to help them, and to watch over their best interests.

I have alluded in a former chapter to Harriet's silence on the subject of religion for some time after she was herself deeply exercised and interested in it; it often pained her at the time, because she *seemed* to be doing nothing for those nearest and dearest to her. She little knew how her *consistent life* was telling on their hearts and consciences, how much blessing God was adding to the few words now and then fitly spoken, and the little notes (often nothing more than an appropriately written text) she was in the habit of leaving on her sisters' dressing-tables. Many of these mementos of love have been kept and treasured, a few of which I will give, as showing the spirituality of her desires for them at this time:—

“Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.” (Cant. v. 1.) O hear Christ's invita-

tion to you this day, my sweet Carry; be not satisfied with anything short of His fulness. May He manifest himself to you when at His Table, in a manner He has never yet done.

Sunday, Dec. 31st, 1837.

Has the Lord opened unto you, my dearest Carry, the treasures of His grace, and made you see *something* of the wonders of redeeming love; and has the view been precious to you? if so, fear not, "thou shalt see greater things than these." (John, i. 50.)

Sunday, Nov. 1837.

FOR MY LOVED CARRY,—“They shall walk with me in white.” (Rev. iii. 4.)

July 27, 1837.

MY BELOVED SOPHY,—Are you *dwelling* in the presence of Christ?—is He always most precious to your soul? Stir up the gift of God which is in you,—be sober, and watch unto prayer.

Nov. 12, 1837.

“These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.” (John, xv. 11.) This text was made precious to me last Sunday, just as I was going to the Table, and the sweet assurance it gave

me that these unspeakable joys should *remain* in me, was just what my soul needed and longed for. May the Spirit bring it with like power to your soul, my dearest Carry, if He sees you need it!

Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1837.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.” (Ps. xxiii. 1.) Having such a shepherd, my loved Carry, let us never feel ourselves to be in want of anything but a greater knowledge of Him, and increasing conformity to His image, and let all in us be lost in His fulness.

Dec. 28th, 1837.

This is a season of the year, dearest E——, in which Christians must *rejoice*,—not, indeed, with the rejoicing of the world, but with the inward rejoicing of a soul redeemed by the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ.

That we may both feel Him every day more precious to our souls is my constant prayer.

To a friend who was then near her brother C——, a boy at school:—

Do let me ask you to say a word to C—— when you see him; I know he will listen to what you may say, and you do not know how you may be blessed to him. How great is our anxiety of mind

when there is any one we love who is not brought into the same covenant of grace with ourselves!

The following shows the tenderness of her conscience, and her readiness to acknowledge her fault to a much younger sister:—

Every time I see my Carry I think she is expecting a note from me, and I am grieved that I have not one written. A few moments on the morning of this holy day shall be devoted to her.

I often think, What is the use of trying to comfort or build up others when my knowledge of divine things is so small, and my experience of them still smaller? But when I am asked to write, the thought that the Lord may be pleased to direct my pen, and may condescend, through the medium of so unworthy a creature as myself, to bring a word with power to your soul, makes these fears vanish.

I often remember with pain that the thoughts of our hearts were at enmity with each other when I left my beloved home, and something which had annoyed us both had caused an angry feeling to arise in our breasts. This is a grievous thing; and such a sin, too, for those to indulge in who were making a profession of faith, and are called followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. My sweet Carry, *I* have the most reason to humble myself in

the sight of God, for I was the eldest,—the eldest in years and in Christian knowledge. May the Lord pardon this thing also; and I trust that He has now given us both grace to keep down all those angry feelings, which were so prone to rise at the smallest cross, and enabled us to conquer that which of all things is most unbecoming in a Christian,—an angry, impatient temper. Is our patience tried in any way? We will remember the patience Jesus shows towards us. Are our desires and wills in any way thwarted? We will remember how often our Lord's will is opposed by us, whose will is our sanctification. And in all cases we will go to the throne of grace, there to obtain that power which will subdue the sins which beset us. My own Carry, may the Lord's presence graciously rest with you this and every day, and may He be pleased to reveal Himself more and more to your longing soul. This is the prayer of your attached sister in double bonds,

HARRIET.

These little notes will sufficiently show her love and anxiety for the souls of her kindred. The following is addressed to one who had become with her a collector for the Jews' Society, and was hesitating as to how far it was right to beg money of those who took no interest in the cause of Christ:—

Nov. 1st, 1837.

DEAR E——,—I have been considering your note much, but I cannot see with you that we ought not to collect from the unconverted, and I think I have Scripture to support me. Do you remember, that when Solomon was building the house of the Lord he sent to Hiram, king of Tyre (a heathen, you must remember), for materials to build it with? Are not each one of us helpers in the work of building up the spiritual temple? and have you never heard of those who, unconverted themselves, have been the means of converting others? This is awful, but yet true; and thousands have contributed towards the work of the Lord who may never taste of the joys of heaven. I do not think I could *squeeze* money out of people unwilling to give, yet I think it right to *ask*. As to myself, I dare not think as you do, because it would exactly suit my indolent disposition. Although I have collected a great deal, I cannot reconcile *my flesh* to the work; there is nothing I dislike more, and it makes me unhappy, because I see by it how cold is my love to God, and how much I want that principle which would influence me to work while I have time and opportunity.

What a glorious time it will be when the Jews are restored to their promised land! God's own people loving and serving Him there! Then, too,

the fulness of the Gentiles shall be brought in, and the millennial reign begin. I take such pleasure in reading those parts of Scripture which prophesy of the future. Do let me hear from you soon, as I long to begin our work together; and before we do so, let us earnestly pray for His blessing, and if it should be His will to work by us, His weak instruments, we will give Him all the glory.

The thought has just come into my mind that it is your birthday. I ask for the Lord's best blessings to rest upon you; and if you are spared to live another year, may you be able to praise Him for an increased knowledge of Himself, more conformity to His will, and a heart desirous of doing only that "ONE thing," and pressing towards the mark of your high calling in Christ Jesus. Oh! surely we have nothing to do but this one thing; leaving the world, and worldly things, with *self* included, being dead to them all, and living to Christ, and for Christ alone. I do long to live the rest of my life to Him, and to be perfect as He is perfect.

"Dear Lord, thou know'st my inward mind
Pants for conformity to thee."

Let us live more a life of prayer, and so will our love to God increase; and, oh! may it each

day be stronger and deeper, without the least declension, until we are ripe for heaven.

Your affectionate friend and sister in the Lord,
HARRIET.

June 22, 1837.

* * * Oh that I could comprehend the love of God, and that this were the principle of my every action! Only think for one moment, my own E——; God loved *us* as He loved His only Son! Surely it cannot be, as many assert, to satisfy the wrath of God alone that Christ died; was it not rather to make way for the exercise of His *love*, which wanted to bless us and make us His dear children, even heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ? The state of angels is blessed, for they live in the presence of God; they call Jesus their Creator, and are ever singing His praise; but they are not bought with His blood,—they cannot call Him by that endearing name, Friend, and Brother. No; they are lookers on, and can praise His holy name for the mysteries of redeeming love; but they cannot say, “He died for us;”—they are not partakers of this amazing, incomprehensible love! Oh, dear E——, let us ask to know more of it,—to *feel* it more, and then we shall love each other more; and we will love the whole heaven-born family, scattered throughout the world, of which we

are members; and we will love *the whole world*. Oh! would not this make us live to the glory of God, denying ourselves in everything, whether small or great, to devote all the powers of our minds, our souls, our bodies, to the advancement of His kingdom? And, finally, let us think no cross too great to be undertaken for our Jesus, but rather let us give thanks if we should be counted worthy to bear one for His sake. How does my heart burn within me while I am permitted to write of the love of Jesus! My stammering tongue would delight to shout aloud the praise of our Jehovah. You, dear, will help me; but ours shall be a nobler song when we shall be released from the body, and our flesh shall no longer control “the sacred pleasures of the soul.” *There* it is that we shall be always together in the presence of Him, whom to know makes even this world, this wilderness, a pleasant place to walk in; since we know that amidst all our trials, and troubles, and vexations, Jesus is with us, and sooner or later will conduct us to His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.

June 25th.

Would you like to know how I am seated just now, my E——? It is the evening of the Lord’s day; the children are seated around me, and are constantly breaking the thread of my thoughts by

their prattlings; and on the opposite side of the road is the little church, where I hear the "happy family" engaged in singing the praises of God. Is not this rather tantalising? Our dear friend Mr. Hazlegrave preached here last Sunday morning from Matt. xxvii. 41, 42, and I cannot tell you how one thing he said has been sounding in my ears ever since,—“He *would* not save Himself that He might save us.”

Wednesday, 28th.

MY DEAREST E——,—Surely there cannot be a soul so changeable as mine, and it is a sore trial to me. When I began this letter my heart seemed as if it could not contain all the love I felt for Jesus, and this morning it is cold, and—no, I must not say dead; were it so it could not feel: but it does feel, and that most bitterly, what it is not to be able to hold communion with God. At these times He enables me to strive until I have the mastery; but *then* it is not that communion with God in which the very soul is wrapped up in Him. Our enemy would like to come off victorious, and I often fancy that he must, so weak am I in fighting against him; but here I see my unbelief and ingratitude, for there is One who fights in us, who is more than all who are against us. What promises He has given us, that Satan shall not get the

advantage over us, and that we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us !

But I must close, I feel that it has done me good thus to open my heart to you. We can make bitter complaints, but the fault is all our own. That the Lord may keep us from falling, and give us high enjoyment in Himself, is the prayer of my own E---'s fondly attached

HARRIET.

Give my kindest love to my dear brother when you see him. What pleasure it would give me to hear he had a desire for the Ministry !

In the autumn of this year her health began to fail, and after a time her languid step, and the bright colour fading from her cheek, convinced her friends that her strength was not equal to the exertions she felt desirous of making for her pupils; and at the close of the year she returned home, where love and care, and the watchful medical attendance of her kind uncle, with a change of a few weeks at Clifton, were blessed to the restoration, after some months, of her usual health and spirits.

Deep in the secret of her own heart lay buried at this time the cause of her indisposition. She had been passing through as severe a mental conflict as a warm young heart could well bear, and though she strove to hide it from every eye but

One, and to us her looks were as happy and her words as trustful as ever, yet the effort had been too much for her.

It is hoped that an allusion to this period in her history, now after the lapse of many years, and as both parties concerned are gone hence, will not be thought indelicate, since the circumstances are those by which many a young Christian has been entangled, and through which many have fallen into the sin of disobedience to that plain command to "marry only in the Lord," and have brought on themselves many snares, causing, it is to be feared, not unfrequently, the light that was in them to set in darkness.

Harriet had been thrown a great deal into the society of one endowed with many natural and mental gifts, and who possessed in himself everything calculated to win her affections, while the inquiring and *apparently* earnest tone of his mind towards better things, had drawn out her strongest sympathies and desires to be made useful to him. Before she was aware of the influence his regard and attentions had gained over her, she had in reality become deeply attached to him. And now came the test of her allegiance to her heavenly Friend, as she daily became more and more convinced that to love the one she must forsake the other. So strongly did her natural heart plead for

its idol, that it even came to the question (she afterwards confessed), "Which shall I cleave unto?" We know what that heart left to itself would have said, but the free grace of God triumphed; the decision to return to her "first love" was formed, the spell was broken, and she was at rest again.

Before we quite take leave of her at Mrs. E——'s, an extract should be given from a letter lately written by that lady, to show how she valued her as the governess of her children.

Mrs. E—— says:—

"Harriet, though so young, was devoted to her God, and peculiarly earnest in seeking Him. Wrapped in her shawl, the first thing before she dressed, and the last thing after she was undressed, did she read the word of God which she so loved, and pray to Him whom she so devoutly adored. Her devotion was something uncommon; so fervent, so humble; so consistent, too, in all her walk.

"It pleased God to visit me with a succession of sore trials while she was with me, and I remember well the great comfort that sweet dear saint was to me. Her faith seemed to me peculiarly lively, and her tender sympathy that of one who could enter fully into trial with another in a Christian spirit. Her devotion to my children was equal to her piety, and she trained them most anxiously and

prayerfully in the ways of the Lord. In all she did she was consistent, for one great principle pervaded all her words and actions.

“May the dear children of such an eminently pious mother be led to revere her memory and aim to imitate her devoted walk.”

Again, then, we find Harriet, in the spring of 1838, in her own pleasant home, enjoying the society and pursuits of her young sisters and brothers, in the manner the following note will show :—

N—, March 30th, 1838.

Now really, dear E—, do you not think you are serving me very badly? You have only written me a few hasty lines since I left you. I can assure you I am longing for your lazy fit to be over.

We have been spending a long but delightful day at T—k. Five of us, besides myself, set out with the pony this morning at ten o'clock ; and after visiting the school, the rest of our time was employed in conversing and reading with the poor among God's people. I set out with a heavy, unbelieving heart, knowing how dumb I always am, and losing my spokesman too, dear L—, who was ill, and could not accompany us. But I found that the Lord blesses those who seek His blessing, and that He

does answer prayer. (Oh, how slow of heart we are to believe this!) We returned about four o'clock, instructed and edified. C—— enjoys being at home, and, as you may suppose, is a great pet with us all. I doat on all my brothers, but the turn his mind seems to have for intellectual pursuits is most winning. I pray that God may impart to him that knowledge that is above all other, and draw him to Himself while he is young.

Papa has given me leave to return to Clifton with Mrs. M——, next week. Dear uncle says I am not well enough to go; but I hope nothing will prevent me, and that I may return improved both in body and mind.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

She was permitted to accomplish the desire expressed at the conclusion of this letter; and to her, this visit to Clifton was an eventful one, both in the lessons she was there to learn, and in its unexpected termination. Her health became perfectly re-established, while her soul was being led into a new era in its spiritual history. Hitherto she had seldom been from home, and had had very little intercourse with those more advanced in divine knowledge than herself. At Clifton she enjoyed the society of many experienced Christians, and one in particular whose conversations then, and whose

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letters afterwards, were very useful to her. But the chief means by which her knowledge of the truth became enlarged during her stay at Clifton, was the Ladies' Bible-class, conducted by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, then curate to Mr. Biddulph, from whose instructions she greatly profited. So fresh and full was her experience of divine truth, through the teaching of this faithful servant of God, that she would sometimes allude to that time as to that of a *second conversion*. All God's ordinances seemed filled with new and living power for her. The upper and nether springs of the Water of Life, proceeding from the Eternal Fountain, met together in overflowing blessings on her thirsty soul. The prayers of years appeared to her to be all answered now. The leading doctrines of the Bible were apprehended with tenfold clearness, while the manifestations of the Lord Jesus to her in His person and work were so full, so satisfying, that she could say, in a sense she never had done before,—“Now mine eye seeth thee.” Of her union with the risen Saviour she had now the witness in herself by the Spirit, and the firm assurance then given her of His unchanging and eternal love, she never lost the comfort of from that time to the hour of her departure.

How tenderly was a God of love thus preparing His child for the trials that awaited her! She was

hurried home, towards the end of May, by the alarming illness of her father, which terminated in his happy death a few days after her return. And now Harriet's strong faith and bright assurance of a heavenly Father's presence and power sustained, not *her* spirit alone, but others, also; for she was as a ministering angel to her widowed mother and the fatherless ones around her. Wave after wave rolled over them, until the day arrived that severed and scattered the bereaved family, whose dear head and parent was sleeping in the quiet grave. The orphan's God raised up many a kind and interested friend to do His work in helping towards their future provision; for, small as had been their means before, the loss of a father's well-earned pay in the service of his country, left them in a position requiring every effort they could each make for the future; and within a few weeks after the terrible blow had fallen, the house in which they had nearly all of them been born and brought up together was left desolate, and the four elder ones were removed far from each other, and from her to whom all now clung with increased and devoted affection. The inmost feelings of Harriet's mind during this season of sorrow and suspense were communicated by letter to her loved E——; and while they were those of high and holy trust, they were also those of a tenderly affectionate child and sister:—

N—, June 3d, 1838.

MY DEAREST E—,—I must write a line by dear aunt, to thank you for your sympathising note, and to say how tenderly the Lord is dealing with me. The Lord Jehovah has shown me so much of himself in the past, that I can only rejoice in what appears to many the dark and gloomy future. I can still rejoice in knowing that He works after the counsel of His own will, and that He is answering the prayers of many years past—though not in a way I had expected. But, what is more precious than all, He is doing as He sees best; so it is not at all needed that we should see, nor do I desire it; the truth that *He knows* is enough. I know He is a tender, loving *Father*, and He tells me that His love to me is as great as it is to His beloved Son. (John, xvii.) What cause, then, have we to fear? In every path in which He leads us, may our souls with sincerity cry out,—“Lead me, O Lord, in the path that Thou wouldst have me walk in.”

Your fondly attached HARRIET.

N—, June 22d, 1838.

DEAREST E—,—I see your note was written on Wednesday, but I have only just received it. Sophy and Carry feel obliged to dear aunt for her kind invitation, but many reasons prevent their accepting it. They would not like to leave home, nor

should we like to part with them now, for we know not whether we shall ever be all together again when once separated. Then, too, we are studying together in many different ways, which we could not do so well if we were to lose any of our party. No, dear, I do not like to think of it; but it would add to our pleasure if you would join us. We are not dull and gloomy, for the Lord gives us to rejoice and be glad in His word. Darkness is not allowed to prevail, because He sees it good to bless us with the light of His countenance. If we look at the future we cannot be sad, knowing that wherever we are led Jesus will accompany us, and those from whom we are parted Jesus will take care of; and He will never forsake or suffer them to go alone.

Saturday Morning.—Well, darling E——, the Lord is about to teach us the lesson we have been expecting to receive. My own darling, precious Sophy, is going to C—— on Thursday next. Uncle will tell you all about it; but, oh! it will be dreadful to part with *her*. I could have wished that *I* had been the first to go. I pray that He may give us increasing faith; yes, I know He will, and will enable us to trust entirely to Him, and not for one moment feel “afraid.” I know our tender Father has already marked out all the way He sees it best to lead her in. Jesus will ever be with her, and go before her through all dangers and difficulties. He

knows exactly what she stands in need of, and will perform all things for her with a view to answering her own prayer,—“that I may know Him.” Oh, He will indeed show us such glorious things of Himself, that we shall be constrained to cry out, —“It is good for us to be here,” although it may be in the depth of sorrow.

Pray for us, my own E——.

Your affectionate HARRIET.

The parting with this sister was a severe trial to Harriet; she could have left her with thankfulness to have gone herself amongst strangers, but to let her sensitive, retiring, gentle Sophy go *alone*, and for the first time, in a dependant situation, with those she had never even seen, was what she shrunk from. God was their strength when the day of separation came; and soon her turn arrived, and *she* went, too!

CHAPTER III.

THE GOVERNESS AGAIN.

1838—1840.

HARRIET is again a governess, and by the guidance of her heavenly Father's hand we find her in the house of a truly Christian lady, having the care of her only little boy, a child about seven years of age, in a retired country house, in one of the prettiest parts of her native county.

The quiet retreat thus afforded her was sweetly congenial to her then state of mind, which may be described in the Apostle's words, "As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Only the true Christian can really enter into this seeming paradox: Harriet at this time did so. When she looked back on the last few weeks, she could see only the deep waters through which she had been passing, beneath which

lay buried all the associations of as happy a home as childhood ever had. She had lost the dear familiar faces of parents, brothers, sisters; the voices that had mingled with her own at the family altar, in social converse, and in thankful song, were silent to her, and she stood alone among strangers:—could she feel otherwise than sorrowful? But when she looked upwards and forwards, the scene changed. To her, heaven had been opened, and by faith she could see a living Almighty Father there, and Jesus sitting at His right hand, having all power to make all these sorrows work together for her good; and His presence shone so brightly on her, that she could not but rejoice. In the overflowing of her heart's spiritual joy she endeavours to comfort and cheer her third sister, Carry, who left N—— a short time after for France.

A——, June 1838.

* * * Oh, my much-loved Carry, rejoice and be glad to think your God is going to teach you lessons you have never learned before! You shall see Jesus walking with you; you shall hear Him talking to you, and bidding you eat and drink abundantly of the rich repast spread for you in the wilderness and land of drought whither you are going. There shall be no want there, for Jesus shall supply your need; there shall be no night there, for Jesus shall be your light; no deadness

(that is to say, for a long season), for Jesus lives, and you shall live also. Yes! a tide of life and light shall He pour into your longing soul! Shall I not then bid you again to rejoice? You may be going to leave a dear home, but it is to see One whom you love above all—who is your chiefest among ten thousand! I should like to go with you, did I not know that there is a rich provision for me also of all that is good, and that I, too, shall feast at my Master's table. You think, perhaps, of the pain which will be felt in the breasts of those you leave behind; but *they, too*, are called upon to rejoice; and can they do otherwise, when such a great Person invites you to go and see Him, and to put yourself directly under His gracious care and guidance? Considering the dignity of such a calling, they must needs send you forth with thankfulness and praise.

Ever your own HARRIET.

Thus the "joy of the Lord" was in truth her strength, according to the promise, and she entered upon the work of instructing her young pupil with much interest. She was also able to keep up, in some measure, her own studies, reading French and Italian with Mrs. B——, who was an excellent linguist. In fine weather she would take rambling walks with little R——, and often pay a visit to some poor cottager, and leave a tract by the way.

With scarcely any variety, except an occasional holiday with her beloved mother, Harriet spent the next two years of her life. This period was a very happy one in her soul's history; and let it be remembered, all her happiness proceeded from God Himself. The streams that had flowed to her through earthly channels were now cut off, and she was proving that God was the Fountain of Life. He who had seen the longings of her heart for closer communion with Himself, and had heard her fervent supplications for the Holy Spirit's teaching and comfort, was now abundantly answering her prayers, and making her also a blessing to others.

Her letters written from A—— furnish so bright an evidence of the state of her mind at this time, that I shall extract largely from them in the present chapter:—

A——, June 18th, 1839.

MY OWN DEAREST CARRY,—Should the parcel leave N—— without a line from me, you would think it strange, and I should be sorry. I need not ask what I shall write about, for surely one subject should be uppermost with us both, and therefore it must be about the various beauties our eyes are opened to see in the great Fountain-head from whence proceeds all our happiness,—the very spring which makes us now and eternally one with the ever-adorable Jehovah. The rivers of delight

which flow from this great Fountain are so various and numerous that I should find it difficult which to make choice of, but, thanks be to the wise Governor of all the joys and griefs of His people, this is not left to *me*. He Himself will guide my pen, and make me write for your good or my own; or perhaps His wisdom may leave me to myself, and by this means show you and me that it is "the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Yes, my Carry, it is the will of God that we should have peace by all means, and if the Spirit opens your eyes to see them, you shall find yourself surrounded by the means of grace; and means, too, of the most precious kind, for they all tell you to hate self, to leave self, to cease from man, and to adore Christ; to cleave to Him, to listen daily at His gates, to hearken to the voice of His word. Oh, cannot we say truly, "He speaks as never man spake?" Every word from Him comes with power, if we have but ears to hear. He speaks to us in our corruptions and temptations, and by our enemies. And now, my Carry, to illustrate what I mean when I say that our corruptions and temptations are blessings, let me just tell you my experience at the present time. A sore temptation assails me, which drives me at once to Jesus, lest Satan should drive me into myself, and so rob me of my peace of conscience. The first thing I do is,

to thank Him for that very thing which drives me to Him; then to ask Him to teach me all He would have me learn from it, and then to bring me through it in that way which will bring glory to His name. Thus I am again filled with joy and peace, and my heart is glad in the thought that my Jesus does "ALL things well."

Oh, my Carry, my tongue would fail to tell you, or my pen to write, of all the glad thoughts He gives me of the future. It is true I know some black clouds are before us, but I see them now all covered with gold. I see my Jesus there; and His radiant glory brightens all around, as far as the eye can reach or the feeble mind conceive. What shall I say more? Nothing; for my rejoicing heart *can* speak no more!

Ever your HARRIET.

To her former pastor, Mr. G——, who was ill:—

A——, July 1839.

MY DEAR MR. G——,—If I am now troubling you by sending you this to read, I know, when I tell you what a pleasure it is to me to write to you, you will place over it St. Paul's covering of charity, and you will bear with me, as you have so often done before. If the Lord permitted me to be careful and troubled about anything, surely it would be about one who was the means of unlocking the door, and pointing me to the way in which I might behold the King in

His beauty, the sight of whom (by faith) is even now giving me such a rich foretaste of glory, that I can only with wonder think of what the sight must be when there shall be no veil between. But it would ill become me, a poor worm, to be anxious about anything, when I remember the Father's love; when I see how infinitely dear His children are to Him; how He keeps them night and day; how He watches over them for good; how He waters them every moment; how He leads them in paths they know not, never leaving them, but speaking comfortably to them all the way. But it is also true, that we are too often deaf to His voice. The flesh has the power to call off our attention, even though it be to the surrounding darkness; but again Jehovah's infinite love makes that very thing a messenger of good to the soul, by making it cling more closely to Jesus. This is where we want to be kept, close by his wounded side, with an eye looking wholly and solely to Him. You see, then, my very dear pastor, how easy I am about you; how God assures me *He* is caring for you, and doing all things well. The flesh would say, *many* things, but the voice of God says "*all*."

I know you will be glad to hear how I am getting on, and I can tell you with praise and thanksgiving that the wilderness is turned into a fruitful field. I am surrounded by the means of grace.

The objects that speak of God's creative power, the leadings of the Spirit, and my old corrupt nature, (the very enemy of the Lord,) are all His servants, who, like the ravens of old, bring me food in the appointed season. Truly the ways in which God leads us are blessed ways, and even our afflictions are so much less trying, when the Spirit uses them as stepping-stones, from which we may see the King, though He be afar off.

With feelings of the deepest gratitude, ever believe me, dear Mr. G——, your attached and affectionate
HARRIET H——.

A——, July 5, 1839.

I have been wishing much to hear from you, my own E——: I long to hear what God is doing for you, whether your grief is turned into joy, and your mourning into gladness; whether you can praise Him for all He does? I know my heart goes with you through it all, and you feel now just as I did this time last year. When my beloved papa was breathing his last they drew mamma out of the room, and I followed her. We remained in the adjoining one until dear Mr. G—— came in and announced to us his departure. We went into the schoolroom, where we all remained together that evening, and I felt truly *happy*. Jehovah never appeared to me so plainly as then a God of infinite

love ; and I loved Him the more, and praised Him for all He had done for my dear papa. His even taking him seemed to me such a mark of love. And then, too, my heart felt doubly drawn towards my own mamma, and the rest of us ; and all this, far from being momentary, continued to increase. And then He brought me here, and separated me from all I love, and from Christian friends, to fill up my cup of happiness in Himself. Yes ; I never before was so happy as I am now. My unbelieving heart says sometimes it cannot last ; but at once the Spirit seems to contradict the thought, by assuring me that it shall increase, for He is the author and giver of all my joy ; and it is, moreover, His *delight* to reveal Himself to me and to you, my E——.

YOUR HARRIET.

“ I will be as the dew unto Israel.” This dew comes at Jehovah’s command, to refresh His inheritance when it is weary. It makes the flowers of His garden thrive and bloom ; the burning sun comes, but not one little plant shall fade ; for the morning dew strengthens and invigorates them each again.

When she had been at A—— rather more than a year, it pleased God to send a faithful pastor to the parish in which she was then residing, to which happy event she alludes :—

* * * What unbelieving worms we are, that we should feel astonished at any new proofs of Jehovah's covenant love! If, dearest E——, you had ever been in a barren wilderness, where the streams of blessing through the means of a pastor's ministrations have never flowed to you for a whole year, you would then be able to understand my feelings this morning, when I was introduced to a man of God who is to be our future minister. I know that "the Rock" never ceases to follow me: with this I ought to be fully satisfied. But my Lord knows my frame, and remembers I am but dust; and it is for this He gives me now what those who have stronger faith and love might be better able to dispense with. I have had such sweet proofs lately of the Lord's attending to our smallest comforts, and I find I have only to take my little *inconveniences* to Him, and they are either directly removed, or I have the assurance that, whatever it is, it comes from Him, and therefore I am satisfied, and the little pain is removed.

Your fondly attached HARRIET.

A——, Jan. 1840.

I trust, my E——, you have spent a merry Christmas; that you have been praising the Lord, and rejoicing in His great name. He is called Jehovah, but this great name is divided and sub-

divided, so that He has one exactly suited to all the wants and woes of His dear people. The one which I have wanted, and which has therefore been applied by the Spirit of the Lord to my soul, is that one in Isaiah, ix., where He is called "the Prince of Peace." This name is, indeed, a quiet resting-place. Oh, praised be God! we do know something of this Prince of Peace; for we feel that He has given us rest and peace in Himself. But mark the promise which follows:—"Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." This blessed truth shall make us look forward to the year we have now commenced with rejoicing, since we are assured that at the end of it, whether in the body or out of the body, we shall know more of Jesus. Our sorrows and trials may increase, perhaps, but these shall help us to more glorious views of Him. "How fast the time passes!" is a phrase in the mouth of all; but to me the truth of it has been peculiarly sweet lately. I groan, being burdened with the body of sin, and long for the time to arrive when the Lord will appear to change my vile body. And yet I would not go one moment before my appointed time. I desire His will to be done in me and by me; yea, more, I want to have no will but His. And this leads me to tell you another way of the Lord towards me lately. I have felt the want of that communion and oneness of soul and

sentiment which I enjoy with very few, and I have had somewhat of that desolate feeling,—“No man careth for my soul.” This has been a blessed trial to me, for by the Spirit I have been led still closer to Jesus, the Friend who loves and cares for me more than an earthly one could. The joys that spring from Him are the only satisfying ones—they never leave a pang behind. We know this, and yet we require to be taught it over and over again. We look for that which, in the distance, seems desirable, and which we fancy would, if attained, add to our pleasure; but a nearer insight into this world’s worthlessness damps our expectations, our hopes vanish, and we are left resting on that true and lasting happiness which is only found in “Thy will, O Lord, be done!” Oh, what pains our heavenly Teacher takes to show us there is nothing worth having but Himself! There are times when my soul, under the load of sin, cries out with bitterness, “Create in me a clean heart, O God!” But, generally, I can reflect with joy and gratitude that He has already done this, and can praise Him for it.

Ever your own HARRIET.

Having established the heart of His child in the true peace of the Gospel of Christ, and made Himself the one object of delight, from whom she was

assured nothing should be able to separate her, it pleased God to give her also a growing experience of the Christian life, as one of increasing warfare. Many a young Christian, who, after the first awakening of conscience on account of his sins, has, by faith in the Saviour's promises, been quieted, and for a time enjoyed peace and comfort, and thought his heaven all but realized, has been afterwards greatly distressed and alarmed by discovering the depth of his indwelling corruptions, and the strength of that evil principle, "the flesh," against which he finds there must be perpetual war. He had left Egypt, and seen Pharaoh destroyed, and had sung the song of triumph on the other side of the Red Sea, and from thence anticipated a speedy entrance into the promised rest,—when, lo ! there is a long wilderness journey to be trodden, to humble and to prove him, and the inhabitants of the land to be subdued, ere the prize is won. At this many stumble, and some for a time fall back ; but so did not Harriet. Slow had been the development of the Spirit's work in leading her to Christ, but it had been sure and deep ; and now she learned of the same Teacher to fight the good fight of faith, and to encourage others in the use of that armour which God has provided for every soldier of the Cross. The following letters will illustrate this growing acquaintance with the nature of the Christian life :—

A—, Feb. 3, 1840.

Let me help you, my sweet one, to sing the song of praise to the Blessed Guide, that He is leading you in the way *He* chooses; which, though it be painful in the extreme for the time, yet is nevertheless most needful. And it is a most precious way in the end, since it is one that casts down the monster Self, and exalts the Saviour, and gives us such bright discoveries of the love and faithfulness of our Jesus, as we could not have in any other way. My E—, the Lord is teaching me the same lesson, and therefore I feel peculiar pleasure in writing to a sister in affliction. Oh, that we may encourage each other *to believe!* From the first moment we were born to the present hour, we are more vile, helpless, and wretched in ourselves than we have—or *can* have—any conception of. This view is given us of ourselves to make us loathe ourselves, and God thereby makes room for Himself. And what a glorious design is this! and, if it be so, will He—can He—allow us to sink at the sight? It cannot be; for underneath are the everlasting arms to sustain us, and to raise us above the storm of fiery corruptions that rage within us. *This*, however fierce, can never drive the Lord's redeemed ones from His bosom. True it is, we cannot keep ourselves there; we should—and the Lord shows us that we do—soon get tired and

weary of striving and praying, and a "dead calm" would soon be the grave of all our hopes, did not Jesus uphold us. Fear not, then, my E——, the Lord is your keeper; His strength is just suited to your perfect weakness; and think not He can forget you in your inmost need. Is He not, even now, engaged in your behalf before His Father's throne? and does He not Himself assure you He has prayed for you, that your faith fail not? You may doubt of your own strength in keeping you unto the end, but never doubt either the power or willingness of your Jesus to keep you. Surely His own glory would be tarnished if one of the least of His jewels was snatched from His crown. Never forget, dearest, that Christ died for *persons*; that you were in His thoughts at that hour; that He then redeemed you from all that depth of sin and guilt which you now are made by the Revealing Spirit to see and feel. You say, my E——, that you want to *know* the love of Christ. So do I, dearest. Jesus is before the throne praying that we may; and we may know it is so, because His Spirit within us is praying to the same effect. The prayer is heard and answered, even by means of those very enemies which are driving us with irresistible force to our only refuge, and thus causing us to know Christ as our Deliverer, and to make us take the crown off all our graces to cast it at His feet, while

we sing, "Worthy is the Lamb." Since we know what will be the *end* of all our sorrows and griefs,—namely, to exalt our King on His throne in our hearts, from whence the devil and self try hard to keep Him—may we not be happy, even in the midst of suffering, and say, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, yet will I joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of my salvation?" The warfare is hard—very hard; let us not look forward to a time of its getting less painful, which we are apt to do, and thus buoy ourselves up with false hopes. Let us rather seek for faith to hold fast the unchanging promises of Jehovah, every one of which is sealed to us with an oath, so that we can come before Him, through Jesus, and ask for the fulfilment of every one of them, for His oath's sake. The hard struggle, too, makes us long for the coming of Christ, when we shall be freed from the cruel bondage which has kept our spirits down so long. And surely the time is but for a moment; "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." He longs to be with His bride, as much, and far more, than she desires to be with Him. Like yourself, dearest, I sometimes feel the way to be dark and dreary; but Jesus will not leave us comfortless, He will manifest Himself unto us. Our waiting spirits shall have many bright views of Him as He passes

by us; and thus, in quick succession, our days on earth will pass, and *soon*, time to us shall be no longer!

In a note I had from H—— she says, speaking of Carry:—"She seems a light in the midst of darkness and ignorance. The Lord has already made her a blessing to many. She is placed in a most interesting sphere of usefulness, with four or five of the girls in the school impressed with a sense of the value of their souls, and one or two giving marks of, I trust, decided grace. She is their counsellor and adviser in spiritual things, and it is her delight thus to do her Father's work.

Thank you very much for the tracts. How kind of you to think of me and my poor people!—not so much mine, however, since Mr. R—— came.

Ever your fond HARRIET.

To her sister Sophy, as much younger in the faith, the following instructive and encouraging letters were addressed during her stay at A——:

A——, May 1840.

MY OWN DEAREST SOPHY,—I will now, with the Lord's permission, sit down quietly and try to answer your dear letter, and may the Holy Spirit guide me and teach me what to say, that I may

not speak my own words. I will first dwell on the corruption of our nature, and try to prove to you how impossible it is ever to become *holy*, or even to do a thing that is holy, *in* that corrupt nature.

In the revelation of Jehovah we are told, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and then the prophet goes on to ask, "who can know it?" You and I, dearest, know very little of it as yet; but I am sure we are ever making most painful discoveries of the truth of the above statement. And we shall yet know a great deal more of it when we have lived out our day upon earth, though we shall only know what we really have been when we are in glory, and shall praise Him who has delivered us from ourselves. But though we have not experienced the depth of sin within us, our Lord has given us a true and faithful (though awful) catalogue of the sins that proceed out of our evil hearts. He says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, covetousness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness." Now some of these sins we have never *felt*; we *know* them not: yet the root of all sins is in us. See, again, Rom. iii. 10-18. Are these things so? Can, then, this corrupt fountain produce sweet waters? "Can the Ethiopian change

his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil." It is well to be established in this truth, for then we cease to look for that which can never be,—the old Adam (our corrupt nature) to grow better, or to be anything but what it is—wholly unclean. (See Article IX.) When we see and feel sin's hateful workings within us, we are *deeply* grieved on account of it; but we are not surprised, and do not go away with the idea that, because sin dwells in us, we are not the children of God, and cannot be believers: on the contrary, we are thereby led closer to Jesus, there to find refuge from ourselves, which nothing else in heaven or earth could afford us.

Now let us turn to the new nature formed within us, which is nothing more nor less than the Holy Spirit dwelling in us. "God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts." (Gal. iv. 6; Rom. viii. 11.) This new life implanted in the child of God, which makes him one with Christ, for "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," must be altogether holy, because it is a part of the divine nature, (2 Pet. i. 4; and 1 John, iii. 9, where it says, "Whosoever is born of God sinneth not, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God.") The fruit which is produced in the believer by the Spirit dwelling in him is

‘love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” These, then, are the two principles within, which are ever working against each other: “the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other.” (Gal. v.)

Hence it is that we must be always *fighting*, not with a desponding, doubting mind, but with a certainty that the victory must be ours, for many blessed reasons.

1. Because Jesus has already triumphed over ALL our foes.

2. Because He *now* fights for us, and will get the victory in us for Himself.

3. Because he has promised that sin shall not have the dominion over us.

4. Because His people are predestinated to be conformed to His image, and to be a holy people. (1 Pet. ii. 9.)

He has furthermore promised, “I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts;” and “I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.” I do not know whether you will understand me, darling Sophy. I have entered into the subject very slightly, and feel how little I know of it; but you and I have both of us that anointing which teacheth

all things, and since He has promised to guide us into all truth, we can plead with Him to do so, for His great name's sake.

As to Mr. ——'s opinion, that "Christians are too apt to look at the work done for us instead of the work done in us," I think that few have right conceptions of the work of Christ, or, rather, of the work of the ever-blessed Trinity. If they had, we should not hear so much of persons being in doubt of their eternal salvation, who, we may think, would have no such doubt, if they rightly understood the doctrine of justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. We *must* see this point clearly, before we can understand the work of the Spirit carried on within us.

I should be very sorry to think that alienation of the affections was not actual sin, and, therefore, paid for. It seems to me a most grievous one, and one which, if not atoned for, would cast me into hell. It is not the extent of the sin only which the Lord looks at, but *sin as sin*. Taking the fruit of the tree does not seem to us an enormous crime, but it was disobedience, and that was enough. I believe that the smallest thought of evil in the children of God was atoned for by the Lord Jesus Christ; oh, yes! indeed it was; for if all my debts were paid save one mite, for that mite I should be cast into hell! But you forget, darling Sophy, that

the alienation of the affections is at the root of all sin. The Lord says, "Give me thine heart," and we utterly refuse to do it until He makes us willing in the day of His power. We see no beauty in Jesus that we should desire Him, until we see with spiritual eyes, and then we have a spiritual heart to love Him.

You ask me, if I were laid upon a bed of sickness what I should think it was sent for? These are the thoughts which *ought* to occupy my mind: "Now, the Lord is leading me in a new path, in a way I have not passed heretofore." I will listen and hear what the Lord my God shall speak unto me; for, according to His promise, "He will speak peace unto His people." If I am permitted to rise from my bed again, how my soul shall bless Him for all His gracious teachings! I shall know more of my beloved. If the Lord is calling me away from this scene of warfare, I shall, I trust, go to the Lord with His praise in my mouth, singing what grace has done. There are, indeed, sad instances, as you say, which show us there is a great deal of profession where there is no vital principle of godliness. We must never forget that we are elected unto holiness; and if we walk not in holiness, it is not yet made manifest that we are elected.

I am glad you like the hymn. I hope we may sing it together in the summer. I believe I do love

the blue hills very much; how often I wish you were with me to help me to admire them more on some of these lovely evenings.

Ever your tenderly attached HARRIET.

To the same :—

* * * You ask me, dearest Sophy, to give you some thoughts on the blessed communion of the Lord's Supper. Those which occur to me now are few and simple. Jesus has bid us do this "in remembrance of Him;" and with this precious command I go forth, seeking to have my mind spiritually exercised with *Christ alone*. I will copy a sentence of Dr. Goodwin, one of my favourite authors, which has greatly refreshed me at these seasons. He says:—"The Spirit follows us to the Lord's Table, and in that glass shows us Christ's face smiling on us, and through his face His heart, and thus helping us to a sight of Him we go away rejoicing that we saw our Saviour that day."

Sunday evening. — I have this day been privileged to hold communion with the Blessed Trinity in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and it has refreshed and strengthened me. The command is precious,—“Do this in remembrance of me;” and it is blessed to remember Him in this way of His own appointing. I felt what Mr. R—— said was

so true, that "Christ was remembering me at that time." I believe it is too often the case, that in this ordinance, as well as in others, many depend too much on their own feelings, instead of seeking to exercise simple faith on Christ. Unless their hearts are in a comfortable frame they are not happy; thus they think more of what they are in themselves than what they are in Christ. If we would have joy and peace, we must lay hold on Christ believingly, instead of looking at ourselves to see what our experience is, and how much faith we have. It is by looking at ourselves so much that doubts and fears assail the soul; and we shall never have a lively, vigorous, active faith, while our eyes are resting on anything short of Christ. Oftentimes, too, we are bewailing our little faith, when we should be praising God for what little we possess, rejoicing because we have been made partakers of so excellent a gift, and asking Him to increase it yet more and more. No longing soul is ever sent empty away.

Our choir is done away with; and, only think of my being the chief leader!

Ever your affectionate HARRIET.

To the same:—

MY OWN LOVED SOPHY,—It is not only because

you ask me to write again so soon that I do so, but because it is also in accordance with my strong desire. Oh, that the Lord may direct me how to speak a word of comfort to your soul, and make me the means of laying before you the truth of God, so that you may take refuge in the words of truth, and not any longer be drawn aside by unbelief to judge yourself by anything in yourself, such as comforts, consolations, experience, &c. These are not our saviours. Salvation is wrought by Christ alone. But you will understand me better if I try to follow out the thoughts of your letter, and come to the point at once.

It was the Lord who put it into the heart of Mr. — to speak to you as he did, for it has had the effect of making you look to see what you *do* understand, and what you do *not*. The point, of course, you are most anxious about is this: “Am I a child of God?” Now, I think, I have in your letter one clear evidence that you *are*; which is, that you believe the love of God to you. (1 John, v. 1.) This is true faith. Notwithstanding all you feel in yourself, you can look up with full confidence and say, “My Father has said, I have loved thee, and will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” and you believe that He abides faithful to His own most precious word. Believe it you must, though

earth and hell should combine to shake you, because the Lord has Himself given you this faith.

And now let us speak of those things of which you so bitterly complain;—coldness, apathy, deadness to spiritual things, inability to speak of them, &c. Now, beloved, did you ever feel this when you were living without God in the world? do not these things cause you sorrow of heart now? Well, and would you know these things were so, if the Spirit of Christ did not dwell in you, and if He had not quickened you to feel they are there? Decidedly not; but these are the enemies of God within you, and against them you are called to war a good warfare. And I believe the most effectual means of carrying on this warfare with success is this: put your enemies into Christ's hand to subdue them for you. Do we complain of coldness? let us tell Jesus of it at once, and say, "Lord, thou seest my coldness; it is in thy power to warm me with thy love, and thou art willing that I should live on thy love. Oh, do this for me, and hear the request of my heart for thine own sake!" Again: "Lord, thou knowest that at this present time I care not for thee or thy word; but speak the word only and I shall be filled with strong desires, and those desires thou wilt thyself fulfil, to the praise and glory of thy grace." Again: "Lord, I have not a word

to say for thee; it grieves me because I cannot speak of thee. Oh, bid me speak all that thou wouldest have me speak, and ever keep me silent when my tongue would be employed for anything but thy glory." This is what I conceive to be real communion with the Lord, which does not consist in being able to follow long prayers, either with or without a form, at church or at home, but in the speaking of the heart to God, using Jesus as a friend; telling Him everything, however small; never hiding from Him a thought, either of joy or sorrow, that crosses your soul; asking Him for what you want, and looking out for the answer: for unless you do this you call upon Him in vain, and by not waiting to receive an answer you rob Him of His title, which is, "the prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God." It is true He has many ways of answering our prayers. One of His ways, when He sees we are rebellious and refuse to give up our will, is to answer us by *denial*; thus showing us that our highest joy, and chief delight, must be in His will being done, that *He* may be glorified.

I will now, my own Sophy, suppose that you ask me whether I think *I* am converted? I would say with all reverence, "I have the witnessing Spirit within me to tell me so." "Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath

given us;" and also John, iv. 13; Rom. viii. 16. My hope is in the atoning, satisfying blood of Christ, which having been shed for me, my sins, and the debt for sin, are cancelled, and I am free. The fruits the Spirit bears within me are these: "love, joy, peace," &c.; but, alas! my carnal nature yields other fruits: "evil thoughts, evil tempers," &c. "These are contrary the one to the other;" so that "the good that I would I do not; but, the evil which I would not, that I do." This warfare is never carried on in an unregenerate person, and is another evidence that I am a child of God. I feel also that "old things are passed away," and all things "are become new." The things I once took pleasure in now afford me no delight; my joy is to hear the name of Jesus spoken of,—to hear the Spirit bringing His words with power to my soul,—to be taught of Him,—to know Him, serve Him, and love Him better,—and my expectations are to go on to know more and more of Him, and thus to have my joy in the Lord increased, and to glory in my inheritance. These feelings I know you can understand. Oh, that the Lord may grant you the desire of your heart to know Him perfectly! I am sure He will, for it is His pleasure to make Himself known to His children. He likes to unfold to them the treasures of the everlasting covenant, as He sees they can bear them, and take them in. In-

treat the Lord, then, to enlarge the capacities of your mind, and make you a partaker of those rich blessings which are now ready to be showered down upon you.

“Give me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thine own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole.

Stretch my faith's capacity
Wide, and yet wider still ;
And then, with all that is in Thee
My ravish'd spirit fill.”

There is another part of your letter which I have to answer. It is a great mistake to imagine that it is *pride* which causes us to say we are converted. On the contrary, it is *humility* to believe. Mr. Chapman says, “It is the most humbling thing in the world to believe.” May we be ever ready to confess the work the Lord has wrought in us. To feel doubtful of our being the children of God, when we have sincerely come to Him, believing the promise He has given us in Christ, shows at least great unbelief, if it does not altogether evince that we are not converted, and therefore not saved. It should be our delight to acknowledge what God has done for us, confessing it is His sovereign, electing love which first chose us, or we never should have chosen Him; and thus we give Him all the glory,

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

and acknowledge ourselves to be nothing but helpless worms.

Ever your fond sister, HARRIET.

To the same:—

* * * You ask me, dearest, if I do not think a person may feel the warfare within, and yet be cast off and lost? There is such a thing, certainly, as the light of the natural conscience testifying to us that we do the works of the devil and not the works of God—that we are enemies of God, and that if we were to die in that state, heaven would not be our portion. But feeling deeply all this, is very different from a warfare. Let us consider what the word means. It implies fightings and struggles for victory over an enemy. We may *see* a foe, but there would be no warfare until the fight actually commenced. Now if we feel we have an enemy within, with whom we can make no terms of peace; that he is hateful to us, and it is our heartfelt wish to keep him off, and to have no kind of intercourse with him,—then, this may truly be called a warfare. We find the enemy uses many artful stratagems, and thus, for want of expertness and watchfulness on our part, he gets the better of us; and this serves to make us hate and detest him the more, and we are driven to seek for strength to resist

him. Now the two opposing parties always fighting against each other in the child of God, are thus spoken of in the Scriptures: "The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be;" therefore, we conclude, that our carnal fleshly part, and the devil, side together to fight against the Spirit of God within us, who, that moment He makes our bodies His temple, begins to fight against all that is opposed to Him. And as this indwelling of the Spirit of God in us, is a proof that we are the children of God, I do say, most decidedly, that we can never feel this warfare and be deceiving ourselves.

Then, again, we find the heart to be deceitful, so much so, that we never can get at the bottom of it. But who told us it was so desperately wicked? Did not the Spirit show us this, and is it not He who makes us confess our vileness? Blessed be God, Jesus is our Saviour to save us from these hearts of sin; and those who feel the plague of their own hearts the most, may rejoice that they have the most need to go to Christ, the most need to make use of Him, and to live on Him; to be weary of looking within, in the expectation of finding themselves better; rather to be ever looking unto Jesus, and with this Scripture answering every charge Satan can bring against us,—“It is Christ that died, who is he that condemneth?”

Darling Sophy, ask this Blessed One to fight your battles for you against your host of enemies ; ask Him to pray for you, and then remember that “ Him the Father heareth always,” and come away thankful that you *have* been heard and answered, and thus you will go forth as against an army of conquered foes. Ever remember that Jesus is always on your side ; that He is a Friend near, and not afar off ; and that you have only to tell out your heart’s thoughts to Him, and He will surely send relief somehow or other. Therefore be on the look-out for it. I have not answered your letter as I could have wished, but it is as my poor thoughts dictated.

Your own fond HARRIET.

The time was now drawing near when Harriet was to leave A——, which had been truly her Elim in the wilderness. Writing to her sister Sophy eight years after, she says:—“The two years I spent at A—— were most useful to me. I became established in the faith of the gospel, and it was there I was shown that I belonged to Christ, and that He was mine, in such a manner that I have never since been permitted to doubt that I was His. The truths I learned at Bristol were more deeply fixed in me, especially the doctrines of grace, and the folly of expecting to see my

corrupt nature get holier." At A—— she had much time for retirement and meditation, while separation from her home, where all her natural affections centred, had doubtless driven her closer to her Saviour for all her heart craved of love and sympathy; and who that has given her heart-confidence to that Friend has ever been disappointed? In the prospect of leaving A—— she writes:—

May, 1840.

There is one particular reason why I am in haste to write to you, dear E——. I want to be the first to tell you that the Lord is about to change my path. My wise and gracious Teacher and Guide has shown me all the appointed lessons He is pleased to teach me here; He has guided me to the end of this path, and has shown me all that I am to see in it of Jesus. And oh, what sights I have had of Him! But He is now going to teach me deeper lessons, and they may be difficult ones; but that does not frighten me, for He will not put them into my hand without giving me the ability to learn them. I am rejoicing in the thought that I am to be led into a new path, for there I shall see what mine eye hath not yet seen, nor has it entered into my heart to conceive, of the beauty of Christ. Oh, what happy, happy prospects are before me! I am filled with wonder, love, and praise. My E——, with

you help me to praise our God? Yes, *now* you will do so in spirit, *soon* I hope we shall do so together. My pleasure in the prospect arises from this,—the *certainty* that this shall be the means of showing me higher and brighter views of my Beloved.

But now let me tell you quietly how the matter stands. Some months ago Mrs. B—— told me that R—— would go to school this summer, but I understood her to say *next* summer; and this was the Lord's doing, for I have thus been kept from thinking about it: but He has given me to pray that He would lead me and guide me, and give me to know more of Himself; and the looking out for the answer to this request fills me with hope. I leave all in my Father's hands, and He will not let me have one anxious thought about it. I shall always look back on my two years spent at A—— with feelings of gratitude and praise. I have had trials, for man is born to trouble; I would not speak of them but with thankfulness, because they have been messengers of good to my soul.

The Angel of the Covenant has gone before me, to bring me to the place he has prepared. (Exod. xxiii. 20.)

Ever your affectionate HARRIET.

Again:—

A——, June 20th, 1840.

We quit this to-morrow. I shall leave be-

hind me fondly loved friends and precious means of grace. I know not how my soul will be fed where I am going, but it shall be done in the very best way, according to the usual manner, and after the royal heart of Jesus. The finest of the wheat is my portion, and my Good Shepherd will take care that I shall not want. I do not give up the idea of seeing you this summer; I know there is nothing too great or too good for the omnipotent hand of Jesus to bestow on His chosen, adopted ones. If it will add to your happiness or mine, I know our faithful Friend will bring it to pass.

Ever my own E——'s fondly attached

HARRIET.

She did not, however, return home at once, or then give up the charge of her little pupil; she accompanied him and his mother to Charmouth, from whence she writes:—

Charmouth, July 7, 1840.

* * * It is quite uncertain, dear E——, how long I may be here; it may be a fortnight—perhaps all the winter. To many people this uncertainty would be very disagreeable; but I feel I am in the Lord's keeping, and He does with me as seemeth Him good. I think I am naturally fond of change, in everything except my loved friends. Of them I

never tire: how can I? But since I have been with strangers, any change is pleasant to me, and in each I am made to look for something higher than temporal happiness, even the manifestations of Christ to my soul. In this place there is nothing outwardly to attract me, excepting very lovely scenery; and I read that there are many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification. But I know none of the children of God here, and those to me are the voices I love to hear speak of Jesus. Oh, that the Spirit may open my ears to hear all "the gracious words that proceed out of *His* mouth."

The time to return home soon arrived, and in the nearer anticipation of it she writes:—

Charmouth, Aug. 30th, 1840.

* * * I hope to be at dear N—— on Thursday or Friday next. Yes; this is the pleasure Jesus in His love is preparing for me. His mercies fail not; He is a wise and gracious King, and the whole government of our sin-sick bodies and rejoicing spirits is on His shoulders, who orders the dark as well as the bright days of our travelling through the wilderness. I have lately enjoyed many happy hours in considering the person and character of Jesus the God-man, and the Lord the Spirit has so re-

vealed Him to me as a faithful Jehovah, that I am made to lie in the hollow of His hand, and to trust Him with my all. So that having no cares about anything that concerns body or soul, I am quite happy, and can only praise Him for all He says and does ; and I find, indeed, that “ His commandments are not grievous.”

Mrs. B—— did not allow Harriet to return home, without expressing to herself, and much more warmly to her mother, her high esteem and value for her, not only as the instructress of her child, but as a personal friend and companion. Affection founded on love to the same Master, had united them by a tie which continued unbroken, after Harriet had formed other attachments, and was removed to another sphere.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

1841—1842.

THE child who had thus been weaned from her own will, and taught to cast all her care on God for the future, was now to prove how truly He had been caring for her. The "new path" she had anticipated was not to lead her again under the roof of strangers, but to the heart and home of one who was to be, while life lasted, her devoted friend and husband.

During a short holiday at home, a few months before her giving up the charge of little R——, Harriet had been introduced to Mr. Mark Jukes, a gentleman who, after completing his education in England, had purchased land in Canada, and gone there with the intention of settling. Some political disturbances occurring in the colony about this time, led Mr. Jukes to accompany his mother back

to England, for a temporary residence there, until these should have subsided; and it was not long after Harriet's return to N—— that he declared his attachment to her, and expressed his earnest desire to take her to Canada with him the following spring.

Much as her mother and we all felt sad at the thought of parting with her, it was too plainly a path of happiness chosen for her by God, to allow of any objection being raised, Mr. Jukes being himself so worthy of her. We felt assured she had given her heart to one, who in his love, and care, and sympathy, would be the earthly type of that heavenly Friend to whom she had been for time and eternity betrothed; and such, indeed, he proved.

A few extracts from her letters, written in the interval between her return to N—— and her marriage, will show how Christ was still her all:—

Newport, Nov. 4th, 1840.

MY OWN BELOVED E——,—I praise the Lord that He has given me both the opportunity and the inclination to prepare a few lines, which may, if He permit, reach you on the morning of your birthday,—a day for which I must ever thank Him, since it gave birth to one so very dear and precious to me; for having, also, given us unity of spirit, and the same portion in heavenly places in Christ

Jesus. For more than this, too, can I praise Him. Yes, dearest E——, I can help you to thank Him for His electing love, which caused Him to choose you in Christ before the foundation of the world. You were born into this world a guilty and polluted creature; but He made you a recipient of that Holy Spirit which Jesus the Saviour of sinners was exalted to give, and which in due time was made manifest in your mortal body. And then, to think that ever since He first began this work in you He has, according to His own most faithful word, carried it on in you with power! Oh, how your birthday should be spent in praising your covenant-keeping God for the way in which He has led you hitherto! All your sin has fitted you for a Saviour's long-suffering mercy; your nothingness makes His fulness most suitable; your weakness causes His strength to abound in you; your poverty, sinfulness, and foolishness, make His riches, righteousness, and wisdom, most needful to you. Oh, how well, then, may you rejoice, just because you have nothing but what Jesus gives you! It would be good for us to feel the very depth of our weakness and vileness, if we should thereby be made to feel more also of the power and love of Jesus, and prove Him to be a friend who "gives us till we want no more."

And now let us direct our thoughts to the

future; for we have abundant ground to praise our God for that, too. If you live to see another 5th of November, you will have yet more cause to rejoice before Him, and He will give you the power to do so. Ever, then, dear E——, be on the look-out for some new mercy for which to be thankful. If it should come to you in a dark and dreadful form, be not afraid to welcome it; for well do I know that you shall see nothing in it save Jesus only;—if it comes to you in bright and shining characters, you need not your poor cousin to tell you that it will be another item to add to the long catalogue of proofs you have already had of the love God bears towards you.

Thursday, 5th.—I worked very hard yesterday in trying to finish a collar to send you, but could not accomplish it. I hope, however, you will get this to-night. I cannot tell you the pleasure I have had in working it. I was sitting by myself nearly all day yesterday, and precious were the thoughts I had of our Lord and of you. May He do, what I am sure He will; that is, give you far more than I can ask or think of.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

Nov. 10, 1840.

MY DEAREST E——, — I little thought last Thursday evening, when I closed my letter to you,

that my next would be to tell you of such an event! I know it will take you as much by surprise as it did me. And yet it was not altogether a surprise, for I have learned in some degree not to be astonished at any of the Lord's gracious dealings towards me. * * * * *

Is it not good of Him to give me a fellow-helper in this wilderness, who is one with me in feeling towards Himself, and who loves me far more than he could if he *knew* me? I feel that I have been guided and directed in this matter, and I have had a peace that passeth understanding throughout.

How shall I leave you all? But I must not, cannot look to the future, for I have nothing to do with it. I desire to live by the day, and in each day to live *to* and *for* Christ, the all of my soul. I am very happy, but Jesus is the ground of my happiness, not any earthly thing whatever. I know my simple desire was this, that I might be led in that path where I should see most of Christ and His unsearchable riches; and I am looking to find my prayer answered in the one He has chosen for me. How good the Lord is! how indulgent towards His poor child! Mark says he has been asking the Lord's mind on the subject ever since he first saw me in June. The one great desire of his soul seems to be to live for God, and to count all things loss for Christ's sake. His whole conversation is

on *the* subject; and I feel the sweet communion we have already enjoyed, is only an earnest of what we shall enjoy hereafter. We read together every day, and are now going through the book of Hebrews; and the Lord is always present to bless us most graciously, and to open our minds to receive the things which are freely given us of God.

Ever your own HARRIET.

Jan. 1841.

MY OWN CARRY,—I have been thinking you may fancy me unkind in not having sent you a line before. I ought to have done so, to try and soften the pain which you feel at the prospect of parting with me. But perhaps, dear, the Lord has Himself been your comforter. Has He not told you, as He has me, that it is the path which He has lovingly marked out for me, and in which He will show me more of the unsearchable riches of Christ than I could behold in any other? This, too, I rejoice to know shall be the case with you, and with all the dear ones I leave behind. We shall all be led forward by the unerring Guide, and we shall hear His voice saying to us, “Go in peace;” and at His command “It is done,” and not even our evil natures, nor all our enemies within or without, shall be able to resist Him. Oh, my Carry, this is a most blessed truth! May He show you more of

it than I can, and thus send you on your way rejoicing.

I have been employed these many weeks in working for this poor perishing body, and have now enjoyed these few moments in talking to you. Dear Mark is learning to lay the models of ships, and will be engaged in doing so all the time he remains here.

Ever your affectionate sister,

HARRIET.

March 2d, 1841, was Harriet's wedding-day! It was one so consistent with herself, and so hallowed in its recollections to those who took part in its passing scenes of interest, that I must briefly notice it. I forget whether the sky was sunny or cloudy on the morning of that day; the parting with our loved one seemed to be the prevailing feeling with all, until we found ourselves assembled, a large family party, in the little village church of T——. Fervent had been the prayers from many Christian hearts for a blessing on those then standing before God, and for a special sense of *His* presence, who honoured the marriage at Cana with it visibly when He dwelt amongst us. And truly He *was* there. Plain and simple was the dress of the bride, and of those who attended her; and a deep seriousness seemed to pervade all there assembled,

as the beautiful service was read by one on whom we looked with no common interest, for he was to accompany the emigrants to Canada, and be their future missionary pastor on the shores of Lake Erie.

The table had been spread for the celebration of the Holy Communion by Harriet's express desire; and before we rose from our knees, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, we all (excepting the dear children who were present) partook of this blessed feast, the foretaste to our souls of the rich provision of joy awaiting the assembled Church at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

A calm, holy joy rested on the face of the bride when she lifted her veil at the conclusion of the service, to give us each her parting kiss, ere she was handed by her husband into the carriage which was waiting at the church-gate to take them to Linton. Her small Bible was clasped in her hand, the wedding-day present of her beloved Mark.

A merry peal of bells covered the sound of their departure, and we returned to the drawing-room at N—— to hear the Rev. C. Gribble's comforting and elevating exposition of Rev. xix. 5-9, and to unite in supplications to our heavenly Father, for His protection and blessing on the travellers.

About five weeks after their marriage, they sailed for New York. Harriet wrote a very in-

teresting journal on the voyage, which has been lost, excepting the first leaf, which begins thus:—

Easter Sunday, April 11.—Anchored off Spit-head in the morning, when we waited for our captain and passengers. Andrew came off to us and brought us letters. We had the happiness of shaking hands with the Gribbles about half-past one. About two we weighed anchor and bade dear Andrew our last adieu, and watched the little cutter which conveyed him from us till it was out of sight. Before he left us Mr. G—— prayed with us and his two friends, who came to see him off. We dined at five, soon after which Mr. G—— read the evening service, and spoke a few words from ——.

Our congregation consisted of Miss Bowen, a Mrs. Jones and her little boy, Mr. J——, the German (who slept the whole time), and the Swiss, with ourselves. I had rather a nice conversation with the Swiss, after it was over, in French. The remainder of our passengers, who did not join us, spent their time, I understand, in laughing at us. May God make Mr. G—— a blessing to them during the voyage!

Monday, 12th.—Before we got out of our cabin this morning we received, most unexpectedly, letters from dear mamma, &c. We have had a nice little meeting this morning for reading the Scrip-

tures. Mr. G—— prayed, and read Isaiah, lv. We are now off the coast of dear Devonshire. We have very little wind, but what we have is favourable; and although we are going rather slowly, the motion is slight, and I am getting accustomed to it. We breakfast at nine, lunch at twelve, dine at five, and take tea at eight.

After rather a long and stormy passage the “Quebec” reached New York in safety, when Harriet wrote:—

New York, May 24, 1841.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—I could earnestly desire that you should *now* know that we are safely arrived at New York. We landed on Friday last, and have had nearly six weeks at sea, the longest passage the Captain ever made in the “Quebec.” The journal will give you a full description of ourselves during the time. I long to reach Dunnville, where, I trust, I shall receive accounts of you all. I am as happy as the kindest of husbands can make me; our love to each other seems to increase daily. Will you pray for us, that it may be only “in the Lord,” for I am afraid lest *creature-love* should come between us and Him? We are all boarding in one house in Broadway, one of the principal streets in New York; the Americans think it as good as Regent Street, but I do not

think it will bear a comparison with it. Mr. G—— conducts family worship every morning.

Albany, May 26th.

* * * We are thus far, dear mamma, on our journey towards the Lake Shore. We have been in the steamer all day, and are pretty well tired. The Hudson scenery is, indeed, beautiful. The trees are not out in full foliage, but just as I like to see them. The dear H——s hope to follow us in a day or two. I find it hard to think of you all, and scarcely dare to do so sometimes.

Ever your attached child, HARRIET.

Mr. Jukes having sold his land on leaving Canada in 1839, accepted the kind offer of a residence for a time under the hospitable roof of his mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. H——, at Glasserton, on the shores of Lake Erie, while looking out for a fresh purchase, where he might build a house and carry out his twofold object of farming and ship-building.

Very graphic and interesting were Harriet's journals, written for the "home circle," describing her first impressions of every new thing she saw. The forests of pine, the sea-like lake, the roads in the backwoods, the new wild flowers and fruits, the brighter-feathered birds, and varieties of moths,

all were observed. Then the little settlement, with its scattered farms and busy settlers, each presenting some variety of character, with an endless succession of useful work always going on at home, such as making sugar or candles, salting in the winter's provisions, raising a "bee," &c., all in succession were noticed, and fully explained for our information and amusement. Having no household duties devolving on her in the first year of her marriage, she devoted her time principally to instructing the younger members of Mrs. H——'s family, after spending an hour each morning with her husband at the Parsonage, to join in their pastor's family exposition and worship, before beginning the business of the day.

A few extracts only will be given from her letters, just to show where her first and strongest desires continued to be fixed; while her ever-deepening affection for her dear Mark was met with a jealous fear lest that affection should become a snare.

Glasserton, June 6th, 1841.

MY DEAREST CARRY,—They are all busily employed in putting the house in order; and as they tell me I cannot help them, I am glad to be quietly employed in writing to you.

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As to spiritual things, I have for a long time seemed to be lying dormant; but since my arrival here I have been roused up by the Spirit to consider the necessity of my following Christ more fully; and not only the necessity, but the blessedness of doing so. I am loved as much as it is possible to be by a human being, and I fear lest this should make me in any degree independent of the love of Jesus,—nay, I fear, in some degree it is so; and if it continues I know what the consequence must be: but I have the Lord to flee unto, His strength in the place of my weakness, and His word to trust in, which says, “He will with the temptation make a way to escape.”

The foliage here is beautiful just now; and I think the situation of Glasseton, and what was Mark’s ground, the prettiest along the Lake Shore. When I walk out I shall be (as I have been) reminded of *you* at every step, for I eagerly catch at every wild flower to preserve it for you. I have already many specimens, and hope to add to their number. Mark is also making a collection of butterflies and moths, which are very fine in this country. Will it be, that one day you may all be out here? The Lord knows; perhaps, ere long He may come! I long for that blessed time; then our happiness will be complete!

Ever your affectionate sister, **HARRIET.**

Glasseton, June 6th, 1841.

MY OWN DEAREST CARRY,—I want very much to send off the chart which Mark has made of our voyage for dear mamma, and have determined to enclose with it a line for you. I could tell you of the longing desire I have to see you all; but my Mark's tender love and affection often prevents a sadness which will creep over me at times, and I believe I cannot feel it in the least degree without his knowing it. He has learned to read my thoughts in my countenance. If I am sad, he will know the reason; if I am cross, he fancies I must have had some good cause to make me so, and asks what occasioned it, little remembering that these tempers are the product of my own vile heart. If I am joyous, his delight is to participate in my joy. But no more of this; my mind dwells but too fondly on this theme. I fear lest it become an idolatrous subject, and yet I cannot from my heart say that it is so, for I must acknowledge the grace that alone keeps me. I still desire that Jesus should be my all,—that my mind should be continually reverting to Him; for He, after all, has been, and only can be, my unmixed good. We both find that Mr. G—— is a great spur to us. We have the happiness of going to his house every morning to read the word of God and pray; and it is a means of grace exactly suited to our present need, and acknowledged to be

so by the Lord the Spirit, who, we feel, is very present with us on these occasions. I trust our lot of land may be near the glebe ; neither this nor that is purchased at present. We are not in haste, but desire to wait until it shall be plainly pointed out. Mark is at present employed in making a boat for fishing on the lake. I tell you nothing of ourselves, for I suspect the journal is handed round in turn.

Ever your affectionate HARRIET.

The singleness of heart with which Harriet and her husband endeavoured to walk with God, was in nothing more evidenced, than in the sacrifice of worldly prosperity or gain they began at once to make for the sake of conscience, and which they did to the last. Thus, when the speculation of ship-building, which had appeared to offer many advantages, was found accompanied with snares they had not anticipated, it was promptly relinquished. At the conclusion of a letter, explaining their reasons for so acting, she says :—"If I were near you, I could tell you how I see our having undertaken it would have brought worldly snares in our way, and have been the commencement of breaking that peace in our souls which is dearer to us than life itself, and would in the end, perhaps, have pierced us through with many sorrows. I praise the Lord for delivering us from this snare. Oh, that we may count

all things but loss for Christ's sake! And may He lead us in the path which will show us most of Himself, and keep us furthest from the cares and anxieties attached to the things of this present state."

To her sister Sophy :—

Lake Shore, Dec. 1841.

* * * Mark assures me he is going to write to you, and I am glad of it, for it spurs me on to do the same. I want to receive one of your dear notes again, and I wish also to talk to you on a subject you formerly asked me to write to you upon,—I mean, the Lord's Supper, the nature of which, I think, I see more clearly than I used to do. You know our Lord tells us, that if we do not eat of His flesh and drink of His blood we have no part in Him. When He said this, His mind was not occupied about the perishable elements of bread and wine; He knew that these could not give life to our souls: He meant, that we should feed on Himself *by faith*. This the true Christian does indeed at the Lord's table, but not there only! It is our privilege to feed on Him every day; and what is more, we should not be satisfied unless we do. We should be constantly on the look-out for the Spirit to guide us to Him, and to manifest Him to us. Were we to seek to realize the *person* and the *blood* of Christ

more than we do, we should not be satisfied with so little of Christ, nor should we seek so industriously as we do the trifles and toys of the world. Oh, that we may live above all earthly things, and *really* count them loss for Christ !

The Lord has been leading me much in this way lately, and my only desire is to go forward in it; for it is a blessed, though to the flesh a trying way. You will fancy from this that I have trials, dearest. Are we so foolish as to imagine we shall ever be without them if we belong to Christ? Oh! surely no. Let us learn to glory in them, whether they are outward or inward trials. Let us glory in tribulations, let us glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us. Yes, dear Sophy, let us glory in our emptiness, our foolishness, our poverty, that we may see Christ to be all our fulness, our wisdom, our riches, our righteousness. Mine, dearest, is a very little trial, but the Lord makes it very powerful in humbling me, and bringing me down low before Him. It is simply this, that we have not a house of our own, and for many reasons we find this very trying, but most sincerely do I bless God for the trial. We have been earnestly seeking to find a rest here, but He answers all our desires by causing us to find our only rest in Him. Every step of our way is a prepared way; all our joys are prepared, as well

as all our sorrows. How good is this thought! how precious!

Before I left my first subject I meant to have called your attention to one of the last prayers in the Communion Service, where we thank God for having been allowed *spiritually* to partake of Christ's body and blood; and in the end of the prayer we ask to be led to walk in all those good works which He has prepared for us to walk in. The most satisfactory explanation I can find of the term "good works" is, that they are the fruits of the Spirit, and I think that these refer to the heart as well as to the practice.

Ever your affectionate sister,

HARRIET.

In the prospect of becoming a mother she writes:—

* * * I cannot realize it except at times, when the Lord's goodness to me appears in so large a light that I can only rejoice and praise Him. I feel it will be for the increase of my happiness and comfort (not that I can see at present how it is possible to add to these). Then I consider it will be for the Lord's glory, which is dearer to me than anything else. I have been comforted by many promises on the subject, which have been brought

before me ; such as “ The promise is unto you, and to your children ;” and there are many others made to parents who desire to bring up their children for God. These are my beloved Mark’s thoughts, as well as my own ; and our prayers are, that if this be indeed the Lord’s will towards us, we may receive it as a boon from the Lord, and bring it up for Him, considering it one of the choicest blessings He could bestow upon us. It is not probable I shall have a home of my own very soon, therefore I shall really have nothing else to do but to nurse my sweet babe, and I feel it will be a pleasure to have the whole charge of it myself.

In alluding to their unsettled position, she writes :—

I know you must think it strange to hear we can find nothing to suit us in a land where it is said there is plenty to do in the way of employment, and plenty of money to be received in return. But our case is different from that of the many. God has most graciously led us to seek for His blessing as that only which maketh rich, and we find it quite impossible to move unless we see Him guiding us ; for if we did so, we should lose the blessing, and with it lose all we care for. I am quite sure He has a purpose in keeping us waiting,

and it will be for our temporal, as well as for our spiritual happiness.

In February, 1842, Harriet gave birth to her first child, and the joy of her heart overflowed in thankfulness to the Giver of her little treasure, to whom again she dedicated him, with many earnest and believing prayers. To her brother C——, his godfather, she writes:—

Of your little godson I need not remind you. Ask for him all the Father's covenant blessings, and for his parents, that they may have grace to put a check on every evil as it springs up from his corrupt heart. You ask me whether I thought his regeneration took place at his baptism? The mere sprinkling of water could not regenerate him. I cannot tell whether this was done then. The promise of the Father was given us before his birth, and we believed it; and if our child had died before he entered this world, I believe he would have been with Christ. His baptism was, I believe, a blessing to him and to us, and to God's glory. We gave him to the Lord publicly, and a blessing followed upon the means, and he was enrolled a member of the visible Church of Christ. I could not understand this before I became a mother.

When we become parents, the Lord supplies the parents' need.

The further wish of her heart to be settled in their own home was soon after given them also. Mr. Jukes having purchased a "lot" on the Lake Shore, which was partially cleared, with a small cottage (or wooden hut raised on logs) already built on it, they at once took possession of this humble dwelling, and here Harriet entered on the new duties of a settler's wife. They gave the name of Woodlands to their estate, which was situated on the north bank of the beautiful Lake Erie, and sheltered by the thick trees of the back-woods.

Quite patriarchal was the simplicity of their daily life in this their forest home. While her husband was engaged out-of-doors in the business of his farm, planning for the clearing of the land, cultivating his garden, making roads, &c., Harriet was within, the busy housewife, keeping the little hut the picture of neatness and comfort, preparing their meals, and nursing her baby-boy. Morning, noon-day, and evening, they would join their voices in prayer and praise to their God and Father; and often in the evening would the settlers near them be invited to join them in their happy service, especially when the "dear pastor" was expected to lead their worship, and expound to

them the Holy Scriptures. Then, from miles around they would come, through dark woods and over log-roads, till their small rooms were so filled they could hold no more, and Harriet used laughingly to say, "We did all we could to push out the walls, and make room for more." A Christian lady, who often made one of the party on these occasions, with her brother,* writing of Mr. and Mrs. Jukes since their death, says:—"I saw much of them in Canada, and valued Mr. and Mrs. Jukes very much. I have never met with Christians living more entirely above the world, and to the Lord, strong in faith, and single-eyed to God's glory in all they did. The mention of their names recalls to my mind many back-wood scenes, which it is well to remember, amidst the worldly profession of religion which is so great a snare in the present day."

When sympathized with on the loneliness of their abode she wrote:—

You are quite mistaken, my own mamma, in thinking our habitation a dreary one. The retirement of it is delightful, and it is a most peaceful, happy home, especially so when the Lord's manifested presence is with us. You will see from my journal that we have given up building another house till the spring. I feel I can be quite happy

* Rev. Dr. Bowen, now Bishop of Sierra Leone.

here, and do very well without a servant, as long as the Lord sees it good. It may be rather cold here in the winter, but winter is not come yet. We have some drugget which will do to cover the floors ; now I am glad to do without anything, as it is cooler for cooking : but the floor is rather rough at present, having never been planed.

The box was actually opened and examined in our own little room on Saturday last ! Thank you all for it. The contents are most useful, and everything fits baby ; you cannot think what a great fat fellow he is, and such a dear one ! The furniture in our room at present consists of a large cherry-wood dining-table, which takes in two pieces ; one we use as such, and the other is my work-table. Here let me make the remark, which I dare say will amuse you, that I feel I have full liberty to put as many books or boxes on my table as I like, which I have nowhere been able to do before. We have, besides, eight maple-wood chairs. If ever I visit England again, I do not think I should regard custom and fashion so much as you are in the habit of doing ; indeed, I am sure I should not. Some of the Lord's people are too much hampered by it, and I see the evil.

But while she was thus happy and contented in her outward position, she was not so in regard to

her spiritual state, and she was deeply mourning over the loss of much of the joyous experience of former days. She feared lest her husband should become, or had become, the too-engrossing object of her affections, and that therefore her Lord had been grieved. She writes, under this feeling:—

August 17th, 1842.

DEAREST E——,—We both have been, and are still, walking in the path of humiliation. We can scarcely pray, and the word seems shut up from us. May this trial work the Lord's will in us, and bring us in brokenness of heart to His feet! There is one thing I am very thankful for,—He will not let us sit quiet under the absence of the light of His countenance, and we know He is not far from us.

Again, to the same:—

October 9th, 1842.

* * * I cannot say that my heart has yet seen the Lord again, or rejoiced in Him fully, although at times enabled to do so in a measure. I feel, dearest E——, that I have been in a backsliding state. Oh, how painful is the thought, that I should have turned away mine eyes from Him who is indeed all in all to me! But it is so, and I desire to be humbled in the very dust on account of this

sin, for it is a hateful one, to let the love of my earthly beloved cool my affection for my Heavenly Beloved. I am not at all surprised that I cannot see Him, but I will wait until He shows Himself unto me. I see, as I look back, the snares and dangers by which I have been surrounded; and I bless the Lord for His faithfulness in keeping me, for His mercy which would not let me go, and for His love which has followed me still. During this season of darkness He has not forsaken me, but has kept me close by Him. He has taught me many things, but I have lost the bright light of His countenance. The two outward means which I believe have kept me from falling, have been Mr. G——'s ministry and the trial I spoke to you of; for both of these, therefore, I bless the Lord. My marriage seemed for some time to benumb every feeling of spiritual life; I was so wrapped up in my beloved Mark, who was all tenderness and love towards me, that I could neither read nor pray without him. This was blest to us, I believe, in one way, for in telling out our hearts before the Lord we told them to each other, which was a means of uniting us more closely. But there were times when I resisted conscience, and when I asked myself the question, "Do I long for the Lord's coming as formerly?"—I could only answer, "I am very happy with my beloved husband." At the

time, I knew this was of Satan, and I tried to escape from the temptation; but I did not confess it to the Lord, I did not take my sin to Jesus. I praise Him now for laying open to me this secret evil; and I am constrained to look to Him more than ever to be delivered from myself. My husband's love continues the same to me, and mine to him, but I love the Lord best, and now I can say, "Come, Lord Jesus."

During the winter that followed, the severe illness of her sister, Caroline (which, it was feared, would soon end in her removal from this scene of suffering), was the subject of many of her letters. She writes to her mother:—

My own marriage seems to me at this moment to set forth sweetly to me dear Carry's state. But hers, oh, how much higher and nobler a calling! Before I left my childhood's home, I was called to it by these words, which were frequently brought before me: "Forget thine own people and thy father's house," and the promise was sweet: "The King shall desire thy beauty, for He is thy Lord." My marriage-garments were put on, and I left my home for another. Grievous was it for those I loved; and I, too, was grieved to leave them: but my joy followed. And is our beloved

Carry now called upon to forget her own people and her father's house? Well, she is the King's daughter, and is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the King in her Saviour's robes, and we who follow her shall soon be brought there too! I see nothing but joy now before her; and at times I feel scarcely able to pray for her bodily life: but I can pray that the Lord may glorify Himself in and by us all. May the eyes of each one of us be directed to His glory, and then our joy shall be such as none can take from us. How greatly should I rejoice to be with you at this time! My spirit is with you, my mother.

I must close. May the Lord give you peace always, by all means.

Your affectionate HARRIET.

P.S. I often talk to little M—— about you, and long to show him to you. May he grow up in his Saviour's image! This is the only beauty I desire for him.

To her suffering sister she writes:—

Woodlands, Dec. 21st, 1842.

MY BELOVED CARRY,—I have thought that the enclosed extracts might be a means of refreshment

to your soul; receive them with a sister's fondest love. May God's richest blessings rest upon you, and may grace and peace be multiplied unto you. You belong to Christ,—bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh. You are a partaker of His most precious body and blood; and life, and death, and all things are yours, for you are joint-heir with Christ; therefore rejoice, beloved, and in all dangers and temptations remember who it is that holds you fast, *and will not let you go*. I feel most thankful that you are willing to be with Christ. To behold “His glory,” whether living or dying, is the “one thing” His children desire! I feel that the Lord will not take you from us immediately. He leads me to pray for you that you may be spared to us for a little while, to have Christ more fully revealed to you *here* before you depart hence. I earnestly long for you, that you may see Him by faith day by day, and that He may reveal Himself to you through His word.

Remember your own sister far away from you; and if the Lord permit, will you gladden her heart by telling her what you see of Him, and what He says to you? I shall understand if you tell me in few words, or even by a text. You are ever on the hearts of your affectionate

MARK AND HARRIET.

Again, to the same:—

* * * Tell me, dearest Carry, if you are looking forward to the joy set before you, or whether you think God will spare you to us for a season? I speak to you on this subject as to one who knows that “to be with Christ is far better,” and who looks forward to the happiness unspeakable and unbounded to be enjoyed in our Father’s house. Thither, I trust, we are all hastening. Some must go first, and happy is that one who is called first. We have one beloved one there already! Oh, I rejoice to think of the honour that is to be put upon us. The mansions are prepared for each of us I trust, (of some there is no doubt;) and Christ will call, first one and then another, to occupy them. In the meantime we must seek to enjoy the presence of Jesus in our souls; and this, I hope, you are doing, dear C——. I have been praying much to-day that your mouth may be opened to speak His praise. May Christ be the theme of conversation in the cottage;—His beauty, His glory, His graces!

Harriet’s feeling concerning the departure of this sister was prophetic. She never recovered from this illness, but became a confirmed invalid,

and was for many years confined to her couch, where she was enabled in many ways to work for her Master, and to glorify Him also by patiently suffering His will.

We will close this year's narrative with a short note written to her mother, breathing her enlarged desires for the spiritual life of all dear to her :—

Woodlands, Nov. 15th, 1842.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—“May the Lord bless you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things (margin) in Christ Jesus!” It is my greatest joy when I am permitted to hear of those most dear to me that they are making a free use of Christ. My experience the last week has been this,—that before I can enjoy communion with God, I must see and feel myself to be vile, and loathe myself on account of the corruption of my nature. When first I have risen in the morning, I have been obliged to take my half-satisfied, cold heart, to the Lord, to be pulled down in the dust; and oftentimes it has been all day before it is laid low at the cross of Christ. How is it with you, my own mother? The surest way to see Christ's glory, is to see His cross first. We are brought into the valley of humiliation, that Christ may bring us up out of it. Let me in these words exhort you, and dear Carry, and all the cottage circle, and all at T—— Place,

with my fervent love in Christ, to count all things but loss for Him !

My heart yearns after you all. I long to see your faces, but I long with far greater desire that we may together be looking for and waiting to see the face of Him who is fairer than the children of men, and the chief among ten thousand !

Your ever affectionate

HARRIET.

CHAPTER V.

THE SETTLER'S WIFE — JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1843—1844.

WE now take up Harriet's journal. It was a simple record of her daily life; a kind of running letter, sent once a-month to her beloved family, who always looked out for it as the most welcome packet the postman could bring. It might be thought she could have little to write about in such a remote spot, with every day's duties the same, and so little variety in the routine of her unobserved and humble sphere. But it was the *twofold* life of this child of God; the close blending of her soul's history, in the ever-changing experience of the life of faith, as she tried to walk with God, in every employment and incident that occurred, that gave the journal its charm and its instructiveness; that enabled us to live in fancy with her, and which kept alive that sweet spirit of communion and oneness with the absent, that had

been so dear an element of happiness in her early home.

Often were our cold hearts roused, and our self-indulgent habits checked and condemned, as we read the story of her simple life, its conflicts and its joys. It is from these many closely-written sheets, that the following extracts are made:—

Friday, April 28th, 1843.—Mark took letters to Dunnville after he left me. I was at war for a long time with a cold, indolent, unawakened heart. I was released from it by means of this word: “The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.” It is this law of sin and death in my members against which I must war; it is the spirit of life in Christ Jesus which delivers me. In the evening my evil nature began to show itself in weariness and sleepiness. I sought to resist it, and was not unsuccessful. I walked about the room, and tried to wait on the Lord. Great opposition was shown by the suggestion of all manner of evil thoughts, many of them not worth a moment’s attention, but at last my precious Saviour was manifested unto me as blessing His disciples before His ascension. I saw that I had part in that blessing. I then sat down to learn 1 John, i., which was very sweet to me; soon after which dear Mark came home

with the painful intelligence that our dear Mr. G—— was actually preparing with his family to leave us. I have seldom heard anything so distressing. May God have mercy on His people in this place !

Saturday.—In much conflict this morning, with Christ at times appearing to my soul. In our reading after breakfast realized Him in the events of the ascension; first the promise, “Lo, I am with you alway;” then His power, “All power is given unto me;” and then His last act, “While He blessed them, He was parted from them.” We were in doubt as to whether we should go down to the glebe on baby’s account, as the wind was easterly. We went in faith, and he allowed himself to be wrapped up in my cloak, and slept all the time we were in the waggon, for which I was thankful, as well as for being taken safely through the mud-holes, many of which appeared to me to be perilous.

Sunday.—The Spirit working in my soul, and bringing Christ before me all the morning. About ten we assembled at the church. I enjoyed the service very much. My heart went with those parts which express deep conviction of and sorrow for sin, with cries for pardon and deliverance, and Christ was preciously revealed to me, first in the hymn we sung,

“When I survey the wondrous cross,”

and I gave myself up fully and unreservedly to Him, as expressed in the two last lines,—

“Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my *all*.”

And, again, when the Gospel was read, which was the 10th of John, and it said, “I am the good Shepherd,” my heart responded, “He gave His life for *me*; I, too, must follow Christ, and give up *my* life for the sheep.” It was a happy and solemn season. Oh! what an awful thing it seems to separate a beloved minister and his people! It is permitted by the Lord, and therefore I will say no more. “Let Him do what seemeth Him good.” He will take care of His own. It is a painful sight to see a young tree full of blossoms, few of which set and ripen into fruit. There are many spiritual blossoms appearing with this spring’s sun in this wilderness; God only knows whether or not they will ripen or fall.

Tuesday.—Had a painful sense of the absence of Christ in my soul all the morning. In the afternoon Mr. Minor called with his daughter, and the conversation was very refreshing to me. It was affecting to see the dear old saint; his heart was so full of Mr. G——’s leaving, he could not speak. We had the same distressing scene when Mr. W ---- left us.

Thursday.—Mr. G—— preached two farewell sermons; in the morning from Matt. —; many were in tears. It was the same in the afternoon at Dunnville, when he preached from Heb. xiii. After service we broke bread in remembrance of Christ. It was a solemn day,—one which will long be remembered by many. He besought all to follow Christ; thanked all for their love to him, and kindness in bearing his reproofs; besought their forgiveness for all the sins and infirmities they had seen in him, and exhorted us to take up our cross and deny ourselves, and be willing to suffer with Christ.

The removal of their pastor, Mr. G——, whose labours had been so abundant and so blessed to many, was deeply felt by Mr. and Mrs. Jukes; but as disciples of Him who “came not to be ministered unto but to minister,” they felt it their duty to do what they could to meet the spiritual wants of the sheep now left without a shepherd. From that time they appear to have felt more especially called to watch for souls; and though some years elapsed ere Mr. Jukes stood forth as an ordained minister to preach the everlasting Gospel, he had received a call from above for this high and holy work, and he never lost sight of it as an object set before him, should the providence of God open a

way for him to enter upon it. Much they did and suffered, to keep together the little flock in the Lake Shore district, and to carry on, by the help of God's Spirit, as far as in them lay, the work which seemed begun in many awakened souls. Their home and their hearts were ever open to receive the anxious and inquiring, and they regarded as one family all who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

(JOURNAL.)

May 23d.—Just three weeks since we parted with our dear friends on the steamer at Lewiston. The hour and a half we spent together there I shall never forget. It seemed to me that as Mr. G—— knew more of the love of Christ than any of us, so did he love us more than we could love him, and therefore he must have felt the pain of parting the most; and truly he seemed to feel it intensely. What should we have done without him the last two years? *Now* the Lord will be more to me than twenty pastors! The churches here are left at a most important crisis. The Spirit seems to be stirring up the people, and there is a general spirit of inquiry amongst them, especially on the Lake Shore. They all cling to their pastor, and he to them. The Lord's dealings appear mysterious. By his removal we are left in an important position. The hearts of many are

turned towards us, and we are now entreated to go to their houses. This I believe to be a call from God. But who are we, and what are we, that we should go in and out to teach the people? The prospect before us appears like a mountain, never to be crossed. I know the path is one of suffering, but the Lord gives us to pray that we may travail in birth for precious souls until Christ be formed in them. I desire to be continually labouring in His vineyard, and there to receive and taste His love. May you all be led to pray for us, that we may *wholly* follow the Lord's will. Now it is day, but the night cometh on fast. I can truly say that the one desire of my heart is to live unto Christ.

To one who had expressed regret that her experience had been less joyous than formerly she writes :

I am quite sorry to think that the accounts I have given of myself have led you to suppose that I am unhappy, for the general impression I have on looking back on the last half-year is, that I have enjoyed much peace in Christ, although I have been called to suffering. The time you speak of, when I had continual rejoicing of heart, was a precious season,—one ever to be remembered; but the Lord has been leading me on from thence into deep heart-searching expe-

rience, such as I would not but have gone through for anything, because Christ is thereby more precious to my soul; and all who rejoiced with me two years since, I now ask to come with me still further, even though it be in the pathway of suffering. The point I hold out to them to seek after, is the manifestation of Christ to their souls; and I would entreat them not to be satisfied unless some one, or all, of their spiritual senses are occupied with Christ every day. My dear M——, I believe I make no mistake by keeping this one point in view: there is no other thing I desire, no other thing I would seek after, than this,—that I may here continually behold Him by faith, and that hereafter I may see Him in His glory! It is a hollow, empty, unsatisfying thing to me to hear Christ spoken of, or to read or speak of Him myself, and not at the same time to have Him manifested unto my soul. The spiritual man has spiritual senses, and it is a *reasonable* thing for him not to be satisfied unless he is either feeling, or seeing, or hearing, the Beloved of his soul, or beholding His Person as set forth by the Holy Spirit before him. Does all this seem strange in your eyes, and does not my dear A—— understand it? Give not the Lord rest until you know what it is. None but the Spirit can thus reveal Christ to you, and it is what He has promised to do for the children of

God, and what we must not be satisfied without knowing for ourselves. Because we do not enjoy it, we must not say it is the Lord's will that we should not; it is sin often which hides Jesus from us; and if we are not living in the light of His countenance, it is time that we should humble ourselves before God, and ask Him to search out the cause for us, and then to cleanse us in His own blood.

(JOURNAL.)

Tuesday.—Felt a burden on my spirit. Think it was on account of our little treasure, who has been very unwell in whooping-cough with fever. Ever since God laid His hand upon him I have thought he might not recover. His death has been continually put before me. I could say nothing to my Lord. I felt that my child belonged to Him; that he was only lent me for a season; that He had a right to do with him whatever He would, and I desired not to say a word. I asked Him to glorify Himself, and order all for the good of His Church and people. I believe this has been to try my faith, and that now he will get better.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Mark went up the Lake to see some lots of land with Mr. P——. Sat in my own room most of the morning, and then went down to the glebe. Met Mrs. P——, and walked a

little way with her. No communion of spirit, though there was much said about the depravity of the heart, and other orthodox doctrines. She told me I took too high a standard, and should discourage many. I told her I should be glad to be made the means of discouraging all, who took for their standard, anything short of an experimental knowledge of Christ, and who did not desire to follow Him fully. Beloved ones! the Lord is coming. Let us gird up the loins of our minds, and be as servants who wait for their Lord. Let us give up all comfortable resting-places, and be willing to suffer with Christ; so shall we be glorified together. Kindest love to all who love the Lord Jesus. Tell them our hearts must be knit together in love, and that we must pray much for one another.

Sunday, July 14th.—In the morning, my soul was raised up from the deathly power of the old Adam, to find life in Christ its Saviour. We went down the Lake. The subject of our conversation and reading during the drive, was Christ and His sufferings. Enjoyed much singing Psalm cxxx.,

“From lowest depths of woe.”

Tuesday, Nov. 13th.—Jesus at the right hand of the Father was once “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” toiling through this world,

not seeking His own pleasure and comfort, but doing His Father's work,—working out a salvation for the lost and miserable. Oh, that I might be fashioned after His image, in His likeness, that His character might be impressed upon me, so that I might show forth His virtues and His praise! May I now work while it is called to-day, not seeking my own comfort or profit, but the profit of others. My thoughts have lately been much taken up with those things which perish in the using. May Jesus cause me to leave these vanities, and so order all outward things for me as will most conduce to His glory; and may my mind be kept free so that I may serve Him in the spirit. I may soon expect to be laid on a bed of weakness; my soul lays hold of that promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Jesus can stay my mind on Him, and He does give me to find rest in Himself. And now, O Lord, cleanse me by the renewing of the Holy Ghost. May Thy blood cover me, and may a view of that blood cause my heart to overflow with joy, and may I praise Thee.

Wednesday, 14th.—Mary F—— came to be with me for a few weeks. To-day have been much strengthened by being enabled to put my corrupt nature into the hands of the Lord Jesus, for Him to pull down, subdue, and overcome it. Jesus has

power over all flesh; He has overcome the power of sin and Satan for me, and will overcome it in me.

Thursday.—Arose early, and committed my way to the Lord. Had a sweet sense of His redeeming love. Felt that I was His, and that He was mine. Gave myself into His care and keeping. Had much liberty in seeking for the outpouring of the Spirit upon us all, and especially for my dearest husband, that the Lord would fulfil in him all the good pleasure of His will, and the work of faith with power, and that he might have great grace to accomplish the work unto which he is called. My children also were much laid on my heart, particularly the one the Lord may be about to give us.

Friday, 17th.—The letters must go to-morrow. We are just returned from Stony Creek, but without a servant. I am in the hands of Him who careth for me. His goodness and loving-kindness is great, and I shall want nothing. I suppose this will be the last time I shall write to you before my confinement. My mind is kept in perfect peace respecting it. I am enabled to leave all in the hands of Jesus. The only thing I desire is, that it may be a season of peculiar blessing and refreshment from the presence of the Lord. I have been much tried lately by the flesh and Satan; the

occasions have been of so simple a nature that I could not pen them down. Satan always knows where to aim his blows; but however trying they may be, it is not in his power to hurt me. I am the property of the Lord Jesus; both soul and body have been purchased by Him; the price He gave is His own most precious blood.

I never look at M—— without wishing you could see him, he is so sweet and loveable. May I be preserved from glorying in his flesh! let this be my glory, that he belongs to Christ. He has lost his cough, and is getting stout again; he is quite a climber, and gets falls and knocks sometimes, but a mother's kiss soon makes all well again, and we have taught him not to cry for trifles. I have had a great deal of needle-work lately; moreover, we killed a cow last week, and then came the cutting up and salting, making candles, &c.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—The first thing I have to tell you is, that Jesus my Lord becomes daily more and more precious in my eyes. I see that I am devilish, but that He is altogether lovely. I want to see more of His glory, to live more on His fulness, to follow Him continually, that so I may walk in the light of the Living One. (Job, xxxiii. 30; John, viii. 12.) I am only happy when I am in the light. To be walking in the Spirit, is to

walk in the light. When I walk after the flesh, I walk in darkness, because the flesh leads into sin; it leads us to disobey God, and this hides Him from us; our souls are troubled because the law of God is broken, and we are under condemnation (on that particular point); a crucified Jesus can alone restore us. Oh, let us walk in the Spirit, and then we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Tell me how you feel; what is the habitual state of your mind, my own mamma? You have a description of mine. Oh, that you may all stir each other up, that there may be but one heart and one mind in the cottage! You must ask God, to let you all have free intercourse with each other concerning Christ, and the state of your souls. You must tell out your thoughts freely, and lay yourselves out for one another's good. This begets much love, much prayer for each other, and it is much for God's glory. (Mal. iii. 16, 17.) I often feel very sorry I did not seek to do this more when I was at home.

My own beloved mamma, it pains and troubles me when I think that I cannot make you any return for the love you show us. I have tried hard to think what I can do, but am come to the conclusion that I can do nothing. I ought not to feel this more now than I have ever done, for your love has been the same from the first moment of my life, but yet I do. I long to see you again. I feel our

separation more now than I did when I left you first. Just now, as I was asking the Lord to let us meet if it were His pleasure, the thought came into my mind, "Why is the desire to meet here, stronger than the desire to meet in the kingdom of our Lord?" It is so, because we do not realize the *certainty*, the *blessedness* of meeting where Christ will be. Oh, that our hearts were more set on the coming glory of our blessed Saviour, and the gathering together, and the glorification of the saints! I *know* I shall see you again. When I think of you, may this thought rejoice my heart; and until we do meet, may it be our one object to have Christ exalted in our hearts, to find daily life in Him. Since I left you, three years ago, I can truly say that the only thing that has occasioned me sorrow, is *sin*,—sin in myself, and in the Church of Christ. Goodness and mercy only have followed us from above!

On the 8th of December, a second son was given them. Writing soon after, Harriet says, "My precious children are gifts too large for me: I know not how to use them aright."

I had forgotten to mention, that when M—— was a few months old his mother began a small journal for the amusement of her little sisters at home, who were very anxious, as they could not

see him, to hear every particular of their baby nephew. It shows her in such a loving aspect towards her children, and at the same time so playful with them, and so thoughtful for them, that I shall copy a few lines here and there from it. The heading on the first sheet is as follows:—

“A Journal for Lucy and Fanny, in which I propose to note down an account of the growth, in body and mind, of my live doll.”

Wednesday, June 30th, 1842.—My little M—— did not like to lie down much this morning, and being rather cross, we thought he wanted some medicine; and as I was afraid of choking him, his papa gave it him, and he took it very well. The dear little man is growing quite knowing; sometimes he will lie as quietly as possible while I sing to him, and the moment I stop he begins to cry. At other times he will watch me while I am walking to and fro the room, but directly he loses sight of me, *his* tune begins. The time when he crows the prettiest is at half-past five in the morning. I regularly have a game of play with him when he is undressed, and he enjoys it quite as much as his mother does, and papa declares he certainly is my “live doll.”

Feb. 4th.—M——’s eye caught grandmamma’s picture to-day, and he was quite delighted with it,

and wanted to catch it. I put him on a pair of new shoes, and it seemed so natural to say, "Oh, pretty new shoes!" but I was at once checked, for I felt it would be just the way to make him proud and vain of his clothes, instead of teaching him to be thankful to God for His love in providing them, to keep him warm and comfortable.

Feb. 7th.—This day M—— walked alone for the first time, and I cannot tell you the delight of his parents.

Feb. 8th.—M—— walked alone several times to-day. I felt it to be such a mercy that he had the free use of his little limbs. After his mid-day sleep he rose with a very naughty temper, kicking about his legs in a great passion; neither would he do what his mother told him, therefore she was obliged to whip him. When he was quite subdued and his crying over, she took him in her arms again.

Feb. 14th.—M——'s first birthday! May it be always a day of solemn prayer and praise. I was very thankful that his dear godfather and godmother were here to unite in prayer with us for him.

March 12th, 1843.—Coming home from church, our conversation turned on the subject of education. We decided that it was our intention to bring up our child for Christ. After I came in and had put him to bed, I went at once to the Lord to ask

Him to permit us to bring him up for Himself, and to allow nothing to come in the way of our doing so. I told the Lord that I gave him up to Him, and reminded Him that I had done so over and over again. But the question came, "Will He, does He accept my child? What am I, or my child, that He should look upon us?" The Spirit then reminded me that Christ had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." This was enough. I went away satisfied.

Monday.—To-day is the anniversary of the day on which, before the church in this place and the world, we publicly gave our dear child to the Lord. I bless and praise God that He permitted him then to receive the outward sign of the grace we believed He would give him. In our reading after breakfast, the word was greatly blessed to me on behalf of our little treasure. I remembered that He had said to us, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;" and this morning, in Mark, x. 16, I read that Jesus had put His hands upon little children who were brought to Him, and had blessed them. I felt the words were for *me*, and that Jesus had given *me* ears to hear, and a heart to understand them. And now, O Lord, I again give my child wholly to Thee, beseeching Thee to do what Thou wilt with him, for he is Thine. Thou hast said, "Suffer him to

come to me;" and I have brought him to Thee, and Thou hast blessed him; yea, and *he shall be blessed*.

March 14th.—M—— not at all well; he sat on my lap quite still all the morning. I never felt so fully that I could give him up to the Lord, if He saw good to call for him, and I know he is only mine for a season.

March 18th.—M—— quite well again. He is one of the busiest little boys I ever saw. He gets tired of being shut up in one room, and is quite pleased when he has the run of the house, trotting about after me all the day, excepting when he is asleep.

April 19th.—It was shown me this morning that one reason why Christ passed through the ages of childhood was, that He might bear the sorrows and griefs of His children in their infantine state, and to work out a righteousness for little children.

Sunday.—I went to church twice, and left M—— at the glebe. Susan was delighted to have him: she said he was such an obedient boy.

Monday.—Left M—— at the glebe, and when his father was ready to come up the shore he was brought to me well wrapped up in my cloak in the corner of the sleigh, covered with sheepskins.

Tuesday.—I always put M—— to bed awake now, and he never cries. We have begun to make

him sit still at prayers, too. At first he cried, and was very self-willed, but at last submitted.

Thursday.—We went out-of-doors to be with papa, and to see him put up a fence in the wood, and make a gateway. The boy fell asleep, so I laid him on some dry leaves, and sat beside him reading “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

Sunday.—M—— was awake all church-time, and once or twice he called out. Susan, who does not sit far from us, came and took him from me, and kept him until she went up to the table. When she gave him to me he was asleep, with a flower in his hand; and it reminded me so much of little Johnny G—— when he lay in his narrow coffin, that it quite touched my heart, and caused me to pray, that my child might indeed die unto sin, and rise again unto righteousness.

Monday.—M—— very cross the first part of the day. I was obliged to bake, and as my “rising” was up, I must have made the bread directly or let it spoil, so I kneaded it with one hand, while I held baby in the other. Mrs. P—— was ill, and could not come over to help me, and Mark was gone to Dunnville.

Friday.—While we were at tea I laid M—— on the table. I think he will soon be able to run about. Papa calls him a little thief, because he steals away mamma from him. I took him out

for a walk in the evening. He takes notice of everything; his little eyes wander from the top of the tall trees to the bottom. He shows a passionate, impatient temper, too, which calls for more prayer from us. Oh, that it may have the effect of keeping us humble!

Wednesday.—I draw M—— about the floor sometimes in his swing, and his delight is great. I only wish “Aunt Fanny” could be his horse.

Thursday.—Nothing pleases M—— so much as playing at horses. He likes me to sit down on the floor with him, when he draws himself up and down holding by my shoulder, or by my hair. He tries hard to pull down my curls, which are now twisted up with my comb, and he often tears my collars for me; so you see my little man makes great progress in mischief. The “old man” is beginning to show itself much more. If he cannot have or do just what he likes, he gives a self-willed scream; which mother must try to subdue, for self-will is rebellion against God.

Saturday.—I was so delighted with M—— this evening. He was gone away for some little time, and I went to the door to see where he was, and he had just arrived at the bottom of the steps with a handful of straw in his hand, which he held out to me with the greatest glee. I took him up the steps, and he then ran to the stove and

pointed to the door, meaning me to put in the straw and light the fire, and then he ran off to get another handful. This handful of straw, was to me more acceptable, than the finest bunch of flowers from any other hand. I hope "grandmamma" and "aunts" will not be tired of his mother's folly. It came to me so strongly the other day when Susan asked me whether I was not afraid to let him do this or that, that I need not be afraid of anything but sin. Nothing else can really hurt him; and if I teach him to hate sin, God will take care of the rest.

Harriet was now quite busy with her two children. She could only keep her nurse three weeks, and had not been able to get a suitable servant, which, in the prospect of another child, she had endeavoured to do. She was helped in her house-work by the wife of a labourer belonging to their estate, who lived in a cottage near them. But how she managed to do all she did, and to keep her heart so free for its heavenly work, we could never tell; doubtless, the former was the effect of the latter. She was truly one of those of whom Dr. Payson has so beautifully said, "Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him. Even their work they will bring up and do it in the

light of His countenance ; and while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light."

About a month after little H——'s birth she writes:—"You all seem to pity me so much that I have not a servant! I should feel thankful to have some one to help me, and yet I dread the thought of having one. You cannot think what comfort and privacy one enjoys without a servant. I believe it is of the Lord that I have not one. It must certainly (I should think) have convinced many here, that religious people *can* do something more than read and pray all day, which it has been said was all I could do. We are all quite well. Can you fancy me just before tea, sitting with a babe in each arm, singing,

'The gentle Saviour calls?'

The hope that her sister Sophy would go out to her in the summer of 1844 greatly cheered her, but circumstances occurred to make it advisable her departure should be delayed, and she never went. In anticipation of her coming Harriet writes to her:—

Woodlands, March, 1844.

Your letter, dearest Sophy, is very precious to me ; it speaks of much conflict, but it is the language of a soul stirred up to follow hard after

the Lord. Your great love quite overcame me, and your willingness to leave all dear to you, and all temporal good and gain, to be with your poor sister in this wilderness! May God direct your steps in the way of blessing whatever that way may be. If towards *us*, I need not say how rejoiced I shall be to have you, and to do everything to make you comfortable; and what a comfort and help you would be to me! Often and often have I desired it, but scarcely dared to propose it. I do not think you would find a Canadian life so very arduous; to my mind it is not half as much so as the formality of an English life would be now. That you will have trial here of some kind the word of God teaches you to expect,—“In the world ye shall have tribulation,” and, “It is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom;” but I do not know of anything that would be an especial trial to you here, unless it be my unsubdued flesh; but you know a little of me, and can therefore judge of that yourself.

We have had a man with us who came to help Mark in the farm, he was a great trial to me, and I am thankful that he is gone; but I am not now without trial. I am suffering from complete desolation of heart, caused by the absence of Him whom my soul loveth. I cannot but remark on the folly of wishing to have a trial over, and thinking that

then we shall have rest. We cannot have rest in Satan's kingdom. The only thing we ought ever to seek deliverance from, is sin and Satan, unless in complete subjection to the will of God.

Ever your affectionate sister,

HARRIET.

(JOURNAL.)

June 18th.—This morning I felt much stirred up to seek God: my soul oppressed all day, felt the necessity of being in communion with Jesus in order to be ready to meet, and to do His work. At dinner-time a heavy shower of rain came on. Messrs. — and — preferred taking shelter and eating their dinner in the hut close to our house, rather than come in with us. I thought of the passage, "An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him." I often feel surprised at the fear some people have of coming into our house, and some of those who seem glad to see us when we go to them. Realized at night strongly the vanity of earthly things.

Tuesday, 25th.—Much burdened in soul. Felt my want of love in not helping the Lord's people to bear their trials and difficulties. Much pained, likewise, at the loose walk of some (of whom we hoped better things), giving occasion to the enemies of our Lord to rejoice in their falls. Last Sunday morning was a happy season with me. My mind was occu-

pied both when at home, and as we went down the Lake, with Jesus the "Fountain of Life." Read Ezekiel, xlvii. 1-12, and longed for more light on it. The Lord filled my soul during the service at church, which I enjoyed very much. Just before the sermon baby got cross, so I went out with him and remained in the churchyard. We drank tea at Mr. C——'s, and Mrs. C—— returned with us. She told me that on the previous evening she had been able to realize more clearly than ever before that Christ is the Saviour of poor sinners. The next morning, when we had got through the work, Mrs. C—— and I sat down to read together. After we had parted for the night, she came and begged me to come and read and pray with her, she felt so miserable. We had a long conversation together, and she received some consolation as the light broke in on her mind, showing her that she had been looking to her own righteousness instead of trusting wholly to the work of Christ, and the riches of God's grace.

Wednesday, June 26th.—A day of much quickening of soul. Went out to where Mark was working, and read to him the three first chapters of Solomon's Song, which were very sweet to me. My heart went with chapter ii.; the words, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away," led me to pray that we might go with Christ amongst

His people. I rejoiced, too, in the command to "go forth and behold the king." Am led to pray that God would open a way for me to go to Dunnville, to see His people there. Expecting Mr. and Mrs. — to tea this evening. Prayed much for meekness, humility, long-suffering, love, and faithfulness. They came, we had no profitable conversation, but my mind was kept calm and quiet. Prayed for the return of our dear pastor.

Saturday, July 6th.—On Thursday had it much on my mind to go up to Nanticoke to strengthen the hands of the dear W——s, who are well-nigh overwhelmed with the warfare that is going on within them. Made it a subject of prayer; and dear Mark fell in with my proposal, and the Lord spoke to me by Canticles, vii. 10, 11, and prepared my way. I went up as far as C——'s in the evening with my babes, in the waggon of one of the farmers, who had been down the Lake selling his produce. I told C—— of my plan, and that if they felt led to go up to Nanticoke on the following day I should be thankful to go there. He said he and his wife would go with me; and at nine the next morning we set off. Our journey was a profitable one, and I was pleased to perceive the marked growth in these two children of God. After reading and prayer with the W——s, they returned home, and I remained, Mr. W—— promising to take me home on Monday.

Sunday, 7th.—Arose with the Spirit of the Lord upon me, and realized His presence throughout the day. In the early morning my soul fed on Christ the Bread of Life. Mr. W—— left at five to go to the Sunday School at Dover, of which he has lately become superintendent. Mrs. W——, her little girl, and myself, spent the morning together in reading and prayer. After dinner Mrs. W—— and Johnny went to the school at Nanticoke, where I was to follow in Mr. P——'s waggon. Some months ago the thought of going anywhere, or being, even for a time, in the society of worldly people, would have troubled me, but I was thankful to perceive my soul was strengthened to go forward willingly, and to take up this cross. The thought which helped me was, that I was the servant of Christ. It was a very silent drive, I enjoyed the service much, and after it, had some nice conversation with B—— and J——.

Monday.—Soul resting sweetly on Christ. Mr. W——, myself, and children, set off for Woodlands between eleven and twelve. On our way called at Farmer M——'s, to see his little girl, who is ill. Next day saw Mrs. M——, and was truly thankful to see how greatly her mind was opened to the things of God, how freely she entered into and introduced religious subjects. Reached Woodlands in the evening, and found dearest Mark quite well.

A happy day! While away, I found many things to rejoice my soul, many to humble me, and at times felt the nails running into my flesh. Much led to pray for Mr. G——'s return.

Wednesday, 10th.—Much pressed with household work yesterday and to-day. Lost my temper in it several times. Felt disgusted with myself, and longed after Christ.

Thursday.—A season of much humiliation this evening. Baby got into a bad temper. We saw it right to leave him till his passion was over. It was upwards of an hour before his little will was broken; when he had quite done crying I went to him. Realized that Christ endured the punishment due to him, *my* will in the discipline had to be broken down as well as my child's.

(BABIES' JOURNAL.)

January 3d, 1844.—I saw deceit for the first time in my beloved M——. I desire to feel much humbled on account of it. I feel the difficulty of requiring instant and implicit obedience from him, and at the same time to guard against his being deceitful. We began on Christmas-day to let him kneel down morning and evening to pray. In the middle of the day, when he sees we are going to have our reading and prayer, he comes and says, "Pay, stoo," meaning that he wants his stool to sit

on; and, when seated, he does not move till we have done, and when we sing he tries to join us.

February 17th.—M—— is very fond of playing with water and eating ice. I have taught him the names of the different limbs and features of his body; and he comes to baby sometimes and points with his finger to his “eye,” “noo,” “mow.” Baby stands rather in danger sometimes through his loving ways. To-day, while I was out of the room, baby began to cry, and M—— took compassion on him, and tried to amuse him by holding his clothes and see-sawing him on the edge of the sofa, and both were equally amused. Mark happened to be in the room, and, turning round, saw the dangerous position poor baby was in and rescued him. I have just seated him on the floor with some of grand-mamma’s comfits, and now and then M—— takes one up and offers it to me, saying, “Dear one, here!” in imitation of his father.

Nov. 21st.—It is now a long time since I wrote anything concerning our little M——. I have been very anxious to see signs of the Holy Spirit’s work in him, but I seem to be shown it is now the seed-time,—the seed must be sown, and it must spring up before it can bear fruit. It is our part to sow the seed, and we must go to Jesus for it. I speak to him of the Saviour by means of some pictures, and I try to point out to him the chief events of

Christ's life and death, and many of the pictures he will bring to me, and tell me the subject of them.

As her sisters grew older and her life more busy, this little journal was discontinued; but her own larger one came very regularly; and so interesting to us is every page, that it is difficult to be sufficiently brief in the selection of passages from it.

(JOURNAL.)

Sunday, 27th July.— A happy day! I had been troubled all the week about this day. We went to Dunnville directly after breakfast, feeling that we were going forth as the servants of Christ. Returned home joyful in spirit: we sang hymns, and repeated Scripture. Col. iii. was very sweet to us.

Tuesday, 29th.— After dinner enjoyed rich communion with Jesus while reading Eph. vi. Saw especially His everlasting love towards me, saw myself in Him at His death, resurrection, and ascension, and realized that it is His blood that brings me nigh to God. Saw much blessedness in being called to suffer affliction with the people of God,—great riches in receiving reproach for Christ's sake, and prayed that I might endure day by day, "as seeing Him who is invisible." Soul drawn out in prayer for many. * * *

Saturday, Aug. 3d.—Have been called to the exercise of much self-denial and submission to the will of God this day. Shown that it is the Holy Spirit who keeps down the natural spirit. Had many blessed views of Christ, and communion with Him, especially when we met to pray for the church of Christ.

Friday, 9th.—Communion with the Lord, together with dearest Mark, and Mr. W——, who came up to ask us to go to them on the 23d, when the foundation-stone of their church is to be laid. H—— was very poorly this evening; it was a healthful season to my soul. When my children are ill I find it good to look at the worst possible consequences. I felt my sin in having been so often impatient with him. Was much drawn out in prayer for him, and gave him again to the Lord. His not having been baptized lay as a burden upon me. Prayed to be shown when and where we should have it done.

Sunday, 25th.—My soul enjoyed the presence of the Lord before breakfast. Afterwards the Holy Spirit brought to view a heap of filthy rags, which the old Adam had carefully treasured up, and with which he would not part until a mightier One came and swept them away. The conflict was most painful, but my soul rejoiced when the filthy garments were removed, and she was clothed in the

righteousness of her God. Was enabled to go to Dunnville in a waiting spirit.

Monday, 9th Sept.—Both of us much oppressed all the morning. Pained at the low state of the church here. Still kept much in prayer for a faithful minister to be sent amongst us. Sweet communion with the Lord at night.

Tuesday, 10th.—Mark gone to Dunnville for letters. As soon as he returns, we propose going up as far as Rainham, on our way to Walpole, that we may have H—— baptized by Mr. Hill, the missionary of that district, who is expected there. Much in prayer for myself and Mark that we may be wholly devoted to the Lord, and for our dear babes that they may be baptized with the baptism of the Spirit.

Wednesday, 11th.—Mark got stuck in a mud-hole last night in the Town Line, and was obliged to stay on the road with the waggon, so that we deferred going to W—— till this morning. I have been led to-day to see much past sin. Confessed it to God. Sweet realizing views of Jesus and His precious blood-shedding in communion with dearest Mark. We gave ourselves and our children up to the Lord. We breakfasted at C——'s. Mark read Ps. ciii., which was made very precious to me, especially verses 17 and 18. Saw that we had no right to expect God's blessing to rest on our

children, unless we walk in the path of obedience ourselves. The promise is to such as keep His covenant and think upon His commandments to do them. On reaching M——'s, found Mr. Hill had been there last week; inclined at first to be disappointed, but was reminded that we had not been brought up for nothing. Sat an hour or two with M——, he told us Christ had been revealed to him as his Saviour.

Thursday.—Mark has been much oppressed all day. Have been led to pray that he may be wholly given to the Lord's work. The press of earthly occupations rested much upon me. The thought suggested itself that a servant would be a relief; but I was quickly reminded that I must not look forward to rest in this world. And truly the Lord gives me the desire to serve Him, not as an idle servant, doing my own pleasure and seeking my own ease, but as an active servant I would follow Jesus in the way.

Saturday.—We came to Dunnville late this evening, to be ready to start early for Cayuga in the morning, where Mr. Hill is to preach and administer the Lord's Supper.

Sunday, 15th.—Arose early, with a feeling of fear lest we should go astray this day. Besought the Lord to lead us and guide us. Saw my defiled soul washed in His blood; my naked soul clothed

in His righteousness ; my hungry soul fed on His broken body, and I rejoiced in Jesus my God. Mrs. D—— prepared breakfast early. Mark led the family prayer ; soon after which we set off for Walpole. It was trying to me to leave M—— behind ; felt it several times during the day. Mr. Hill seemed glad to see us all ; and the season we spent in church was one of refreshment, instruction, and edification to me. The deep confessions of sin, the work of Christ as set forth in the prayers, lessons, and especially the Psalms, were just what I wanted. The sermon was simple, and suited to our case, as a people without a pastor. The Communion Service was strengthening. Mark rejoiced in the doctrine of Christ's substitution. We dined with Mr. Hill's friends, Mr. and Mrs. S——, and did not reach Dunnville till after "sun-down."

Thursday, Oct. 17th.—I look to the Lord this morning for an overcoming faith, for a closer walk with Jesus, and for conformity to His image. The picture of my soul is this :—there is a hideous monster called the old Adam, which has grappled its hold of my soul ; Jesus is my mighty deliverer. I know that my children's souls are encompassed with the same enemy ; I have been taking them to Him this morning to ask Him to loose them and set them free. The answer He gave me was, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt : " and I may thus

take them again and again to Jesus, and He will not cast us from Him, but will give me that which I ask Him for.

Yesterday we dedicated our precious H—— to Him in baptism. It was a solemn and delightful season, not only to us and Mr. W—— (one of his sponsors), but to all the Lord's people assembled with us. With this purpose in view we left our home Tuesday morning, stayed a short time on our way at the V——'s and Mr. R——'s, and reached Mr. W——'s late in the afternoon. According to their custom, on Tuesday evenings some neighbours assembled here for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and prayer. My soul was kept waiting on the Holy Ghost. He gave me communion with Himself, and testified of Jesus to my soul. Was enabled to realize the corruption of the hearts of all present, and to pray that no evil from within might have power to hinder the promised blessing. Saw the blood of Jesus as a mighty stream, cleansing our souls from guilt and pollution. Prayed that all assembled might see it by faith. Our dear babe was made a subject of special prayer.

Wednesday.—Was called to take a deep view of the corruption of my nature. Little H—— much on my heart. My soul was strengthened by looking at the precious blood of Christ. Ps.

cxxx.—the two last verses (metrical version)—shows one of the views I had of that blood. Further blessing in prayer with beloved Mark, so that our souls were filled with joy. About ten o'clock we set off for Mr. G——'s school-room, and Mr. Hill arrived soon after us. The whole of the baptismal service,—exhortation, confessions, prayers, and thanksgivings,—was accompanied with the unction of the Holy Ghost to us both; and Jesus was before my mind, as taking "little children in His arms, putting His hands upon them, and blessing them." Just before the baptism we sang,—

"The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to His breast," &c.

The dear people assembled joined in it so heartily, that it did not fail to draw out our love towards them. Mr. Hill preached from Rom. viii. 15, 16. He drew a lively picture and fearful description of the human heart; dwelt much on the character of God as our Father; set forth the privileges of the believer, and exhorted us to follow our high and holy calling. He likewise spoke sweetly on baptism.

Saturday, 19th.—Last night was a terrific one. The winds and waves seemed given up to their fury. I went down the shore this morning with Mark, and witnessed a dismal sight. Trees rooted

up, the bridge washed up the creek, and tossed on the bank; indeed, we hear there is not a bridge left along the Lake Shore.

Sunday, 20th.—Arose very early. My soul called to hold communion with Jesus, and confided in Him as my Leader and Guide, and praised and blessed the God of my salvation. Sang His praise in the words of that sweet hymn,—

“Abba, Father, Lord we call Thee,
Hallowed name from day to day;
’Tis Thy children’s right to know Thee,
None but children Abba say.”—HAWKER.

The children were up and dressed before daylight. Feel the blessedness of being able to follow the Lord, through apparent hindrances to our doing so. Satan and the flesh are always trying to overcome us, but Jesus can make a way of escape.

Friday.—Throughout the week, on awaking in the morning, my first desires have been after Jesus. This morning found them going after vanities. Waited on the Spirit, and He soon opened my ears to hear the voice of my Beloved, calling me to leave all and follow Him. In the evening, the Lord’s people on the Lake Shore and at the Point much in my thoughts, especially Mrs. B——; as I heard to-day her husband and eldest child, with the schooner, have not been heard of since the late storm, and it is feared they are lost.

On hearing of the death of an uncle in England, Harriet writes:—

Woodlands, October 11.

We have just received your packet. The intelligence of dear uncle's death has made me very sad. "The breath of man goeth forth, and then all his thoughts perish." *We* are each one of us hastening from this scene of life, and soon we shall return to the earth, and all our thoughts will have perished. I am enabled at this moment to realize, in a small measure, the folly of our thoughts being spent upon the passing vanities of time. How often do I think we are like the man in "Pilgrim's Progress," raking for earth-nuts while in view of the celestial kingdom. Oh, that we might ever abide in our dwelling-place, which is nothing less than to abide in Jesus; that we may keep His commandments and abide in His love. This would really produce joy, quietness, and peace. And what do we get from the earth-nuts which we spend so many hours in raking out of our own corrupt hearts? they lead us astray from God, and we reap sorrow from them. My own mother, and brothers, and sisters, the time is short, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh,—what *ought* our thoughts and our time to be spent about? Are we the servants of the Lord God Almighty? Then let us

wait on Him diligently each day to know what He would have us do. Let us have divine direction in all our employments; if we speak, let it be to deliver His message, and to seek His honour; if we cannot thus speak, let us be silent: it is a great thing to know when to speak and when to be silent. May the Holy Spirit be our Guide! I long for a closer walk with God myself, and I want to see His people all living by the faith of the Son of God.

(JOURNAL.)

Sunday.—Spent the day at Mr. Minor's. Heard Mr. T—— in the morning at the school-room. In the afternoon went to church. Our conversation at Mr. Minor's was almost entirely on the Second Advent, and the wearing out of the saints of the Most High previous to that event. Prayed that we might be willing to be worn out for Christ. This evening my soul is stirred up to pray for my beloved children, that the Holy Ghost may show Himself working in them, in the earliest development of their infant minds. As H—— laid his little head on my shoulder before I put him into bed, I felt it was true that his soul was encompassed with a vile and deceitful nature.

Saturday, Oct. 27th.—Last night I rejoiced in the union of Christ and the Church. "By one Spirit" we are "all baptized into one body," and

we have all been made to drink of one Spirit. This morning my soul was set at liberty by the same glorious truth. Saw that it was of the Lord's pleasure that He first loved me, and from the beginning chose me unto salvation; that it was His love which made Him die for me to put away my sins; that He ascended to send the Holy Ghost into my heart, and to unite me to Himself; and that it is the same free love which, day by day, causes me to drink afresh out of His fulness of grace and love.

This afternoon was inclined to be angry, because I could not get a little quiet time to go into my room for reading and prayer. It was shown me that this was just the time when I should be waiting on the Spirit, to have the flesh subdued and Christ revealed. He does not always lead in the same way; sometimes He would have us retire and be alone, and at other times He would have us find communion with Jesus in the midst of outward confusion and bustle. But the time did come this afternoon, when the children were quiet, the bread baked, &c.; and I could seek the Lord alone.

November 20th.—Arose early and had sweet communion with the Lord, chiefly in intercessory prayer for others. Mark has felt much strengthened by means of Mr. Stoneman's visit yesterday. The desire of my soul has been that "my hands might

be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." (Gen. xlix. 24.) The presence of Jesus is with me. I have been looking to Him to deliver us from works of this world that we may be given to the work of the Gospel; that my beloved Mark may be wholly given up to that work.

Friday.—A very happy day. My soul drank into the Spirit (1 Cor. xii. 13), and was filled with peace and joy, by reason of the presence of my most precious Lord.

Sunday.—Went to Dunnville. At church in the morning. We all spent a profitable evening in reading and conversing over the Scriptures. Mark and Mr. Minor sat up until past midnight talking of the atonement by Jesus, and of His second coming. Mark dates his first serious impressions from a sermon on the Second Advent.

Tuesday.—Yesterday, — and I had a long discussion, as to whether or not children of M——'s age can understand when talked to of Jesus. Our conversation was blessed in stirring me up to pray for my little boy, that while I am talking to him of Jesus, the Holy Spirit may not only cause him to understand what I say, but also bring Christ into his heart. Without this I know a child cannot understand savingly what he is taught, neither can a grown-up person. The reception of Christ does not depend upon the power or energy of the mind,

but upon the work of the Spirit in the heart. He is not restrained by age, but can, if He please, work on a babe as well as on an older person; the season for His working, as well as the objects on whom He works, is altogether after the counsel of His own will. It seems to me the great error in the education of the present day is this,—giving so much attention to the head, and making the heart a secondary consideration. The plan I propose for myself in bringing up my little treasures is this,—to aim to keep their wills in complete subjection, and to exact implicit obedience from them. If I succeed in these points, I think I shall not have much difficulty in imparting to them all the knowledge I am capable of giving them.

Thursday, Dec. 5th.—"Many bulls have compassed me." My old nature was one among the number of those which beset Christ in the days of His flesh. I see myself standing there, forming one of that multitude "gaping upon Him with their mouths, as it were a roaring lion." What must Christ have endured? I have some very faint conception, when I feel this enemy within me warring against my soul, and trying to destroy both it and my Lord also; but as long as Jesus lives my soul is safe. He overcame this "wild beast" for me when He died upon the Cross; He took up a new life for me when He rose from the

dead; and He has sent His Spirit into my heart to unite me to Himself, and to testify to my soul of all He has done, and is doing for me. Oh, precious Jesus! oh, glorious salvation! May I know more of Thee and the power of Thy resurrection, and the fellowship of Thy sufferings, if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead! I look back and see how much more I have suffered in shrinking from the cross, than in bearing it.

Wednesday, Christmas-day. — Yesterday, after dinner, we left home for Nanticoke, and reached Mr. W——'s late in the evening. Awoke this morning feeling the earthliness of my nature; and saw, too, that the mighty stream which flowed from Jesus' side cleanses my soul. My thoughts went after my Beloved. Longed to see Him more perfectly, to hear His own words, to feel His unspeakable love. Longed to see things as He sees them, and to understand according to His word. Part of John i. sweetly opened to me. Saw the Lamb of God bearing away the sin of the world; viewed Him with mine and my children's sins, bearing the heavy load. Saw them buried in His grave, and saw Him now in the presence of God for us. Oh, surely as He is there, so we shall be, and by faith we are even now thither ascended. Mr. Hill preached at Mr. G——'s school-room, and the Lord's Supper was administered. A happy season!

Thursday.—Satan plaguing me with the robe of self-righteousness. I meet the temptation at every step. It is an offence unto me, and it is the cross I have to bear this morning. May I war a good warfare, and may Jesus overcome within me!

Friday.—Before we left the W——s we had united prayer; the Lord was present with us. We dined at N——'s. The snow thawed while we were at Nanticoke, and we had to sleigh home on bare roads. Slept the night at C——'s. Mark sat up late, talking to a French Canadian.

“Bread of Heaven ! on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed,
With this true, this living bread.

Vine of Heaven ! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died ;
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE SETTLER'S WIFE—JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1845—1846.

Thursday, Jan. 2d.—The Christmas and New Year have been seasons of marked spiritual blessing to us both. The W——'s came to us on the 31st of December. We sat up that night until two in the morning. We had united prayer, and rejoiced in God and with each other. They left us this morning, and we all felt that it has been good to have met together.

On looking back over the past year, I see one practical lesson which has been taught me is, how to keep my proper place, first before God, and then before my dear husband. When we know what it is to submit ourselves to the Lord, then we can submit ourselves to our own husbands as unto the Lord. It is not the wife's place to lead,—she must follow; and this she will be able to do with a quiet conscience, if she is in subjection to, and walking in, fellowship with Jesus.

Friday, 11th.—During this week the Holy Ghost has shown me much of my own heart; how ready I am to deck my soul with the rags of self-righteousness. At times I have been much tried, but the fruit has been more love to the Church of Christ, especially to those who differ from us. Oh, that I may have more of that sweet spirit of my Master, which He displayed when He washed the disciples' feet, and said, "I am among you as he that serveth." My place is to sit at His feet and learn of Him.

Saturday, 18th.—Arose early, saw the utter impossibility of my holding communion with Jesus, unless led into His presence by the Holy Spirit. I was shown the impurity of my nature by means of a dream which I had during the past night, loathed that hellish spirit which dwells within me, and sought to be delivered from the "old man," and by the Spirit to put on the "new."

Saturday, Feb. 1st.—This has been a week of warfare, succeeded by victory and peace in Jesus, with earnest longings for a close walk with God.

Tuesday, March 3d.—This morning have been led to wait on the Lord with respect to our future path. We shall soon have the farm upon our hands, which will add to Mark's labour and mine; not that this would trouble me, if I thought we were called to it by God. The earth and all that

is therein will soon be burnt up, shall we therefore spend our labour in those things only which perish in the using? May we be rather fitted to be vessels for the Master's use in His Church, and be made willing to follow where He leads. He knows all our difficulties, and will order all for His own glory.

In reference to the new house they were building, Harriet makes frequent allusion in her Journal, in a spirit which shows how jealous and watchful she was of her own heart; such as: "I have had many misgivings of late whether we were right in commencing building. It is constantly my prayer that the Lord would deliver us from the snare, if we are really in one."

And again:—

"In prayer with dearest Mark my soul was moved to ask the Lord to hasten the time when we should not be employed about things which perish in the using, but that our hearts, and lips, and hands, and feet, should be all employed in His service, and that we might forsake houses and lands for the sake of the Gospel. Soon after this dear Mark left me to go to Buffalo to purchase materials to finish the house. I spent a most delightful morning, rejoicing in the presence of Christ, holding sweet fellowship and communion with Him."

Friday.—Saw that self-righteousness was the great hindrance to our constant and continual communion with Jesus, and thought that much of that deadness and coldness, of which the believer so often complains, arises greatly from self-righteousness. Sought for a removal of *my* self-righteousness. Passed an hour or two in sorrow with my little M——, in trying to make him say a letter which I was aware he knew. I was often inclined to yield to him, but saw that if I did I should be yielding to his *will*, which by various occasions must be broken down. I was made to see that his nature was too strong for *me* to master, that Christ alone was sufficient for this thing; that He had “power over all flesh,” and that He could therefore master my child’s will. I was reminded of my own rebellion, both against God and against my parents, confessed my sins, and my child’s, in much humiliation of soul, and put the case into God’s hands. When I next came to the letter with him, he said it quite readily, for which I felt most thankful.

Saturday.—This afternoon I was shown the wisdom and mercy of God in not letting me have a servant. My natural love of self in getting rid of present trouble, would have made me turn the charge of my children upon her, while I sat and took my ease. I have been asking the Lord so to order things as to prevent my falling into this

snare, and only to give me such aid as He sees I need, and to give me grace to bring up my children in His faith and fear, watching over them myself; and may it be given me to possess their entire confidence. I believe that *home* is my proper place, and to bring up my children my first duty, and to go and see the children of God, and enjoy communion with them, as His providence and spirit may call me.

Monday.—Yesterday was spent at Dunnville. In the morning heard a very plain and scriptural discourse on the subject of training children. To-day, when my household work was done, after prayer for and with M——, I began again to teach him his letters. I had a sweet sense of my being the servant of God, and that He was the master of my child. It pleased Him again to try my faith, and I had a long struggle with the dear boy to make him say one letter, but grace was given him to say it at last. The lesson taught me to-day was my own self-will.

Saturday.—After long waiting upon the Lord, during which time I was made to see that my natural heart was enmity with God as shown in various ways, such as, coldness in His service, wandering thoughts, &c. &c., the Holy Spirit led me to Jesus, and caused me to pour out my soul in prayer before Him. Asked for blessings for the

whole Church of Christ, for members of our union, for the faithful ministers of Christ in Scotland, &c. ; but especially was my soul moved to pray for my beloved mother, brothers, and sisters. After breakfast heard dear M—— his letters, but I was fretful and cross with him. The Lord afterwards made me feel the sin of being so. In reading Ps. xxii. saw it was the weight of my sins, and their darkness, which hid the Father's face from Jesus.

Tuesday.—Still kept following the Lord, with urgent desires for the blessings of His grace to rest on our children. Feel the necessity of being more gracious and gentle in my demeanour towards them, so that I may be an example to them of what they should be towards each other. After my household work was done this morning, and I found I could not settle to my usual occupation of sewing or writing, was shown the benefit of *waiting on the Lord*. He drew near and blessed my soul, so that I rejoiced in Him as an unspeakably precious Friend.

Thursday.—A long and severe struggle with M—— this morning over his reading lesson. It lasted more than two hours. Saw there was no hope of overcoming him by human means, but my trust was in the living God who made heaven and earth; and I think that at last he *was* overcome. The letters are of no consequence, but it is of great

consequence that his obstinate and rebellious will should be laid low. I believe that the discipline we have already undergone has been of use to me and to the dear child; it has made us more meek, gentle, and loving one towards another. I feel much my need of wisdom in the great work of bringing up my children. May I be continually waiting on the Lord for it, and be shown how He would have me order them!

Friday.—Felt much contrition of soul to-day, and at times tasted the bitterness arising from the workings of an evil heart.

Saturday.—M—— and I set about the letters this morning, with much fear and trembling. Before he began he asked me to tell him two of them, and then said them all through with only a little stumbling. When he had said them once I put them away. It was shown me I must guard against being afraid of his evil nature; I must rather exercise faith and confidence in the Lord, not looking to find any good thing in the child, but expecting Jesus to work good in him and keep down evil.

I have given these extracts showing dear Harriet's difficulties with her child, as a specimen of her daily life of faith in every *common* duty. And do they not also present her to us in that most marked

feature of her character,—the diligent keeping of her own heart, that in all things, and at all times, she might overcome self, and live in God's presence?

Wednesday.—Tried in spirit. Submitted myself into the hands of the Spirit, to have every thought and desire brought into subjection to Jesus. Was reminded of my union with Him. Longed to be made willing to follow Him whithersoever He leadeth. Longed to be with him where He is. Prayed for His second coming.

“Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only shall this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.”

Thursday.—Spent the day at Dunnville. It was the cattle-show day, and my soul was grieved at the drunkenness and swearing which I saw and heard. The day was on the whole a profitable one. Enjoyed an hour or two in communion with the M——s and Mrs. T——. Saw a poor Roman Catholic girl who was sick; spoke to her of Christ the Saviour of sinners. She listened with eagerness, and seemed surprised and pleased beyond measure, when I told her that the promise of eternal life was given to those who believe in Jesus, and that this

faith is the gift of God, and if we would possess it, we must ask Him for it, and He will give it to us.

Friday.—This afternoon when I read of the faith which Peter and John exercised (see Acts, iii. 16), and the effects of that faith, I was much quickened to pray for the same faith, that I may prevail with God in behalf of others.”

On her mother's writing to her her fears that poor little M—— would dislike his book if it occasioned him so much trial, Harriet replies:—

“You will be glad to hear that M—— is a much better boy with his letters than he was, and so far your fears have not been realized, dear mamma. I never have to tell him to bring his letters twice, and often he has them in his hand before I am ready for him. The other night when I put him to bed, I asked “If he had been a naughty boy to-day,” he said, “Yes, in the morning, over my letters, but I am a good boy now.” I do not think, as I once used to do, that learning can be acquired in the way of amusement, and I almost think it would be a pity if it could. It is very necessary that a child should be taught perseverance, self-government, and industry, which are valuable lessons, and which through means of his

book he may learn. Generally speaking, how wanting in all these qualities is a child or person who has superior talents, and such abilities as to make learning an amusement, and no trouble!

As to my getting a servant, which is the second subject of your last letter, my own dear mamma, I wish you could come over here for a week or two, and you would see that I do not work myself until I am tired. I have tried to get a servant, and failed, and for this I am not sorry: it is necessary that I should have exercise, and I may as well have it in the house as out of it; and it is a great thing to keep my little M—— employed, which he often is, by helping me in many ways. The earnest desire of my soul is, that communion with God may in no wise be hindered, that every circumstance in which I may be placed may further it. I know it is a snare of Satan's, to make the people of God fancy they have a great deal to do, but in reality *there is only one thing set before us*, and that is, to live unto the Lord, seeking His honour and glory. I am obliged, it is true, to let little H—— cry sometimes while I am busy, but this helps to break down his will, which is a very *stiff* one. The time to which you allude when I let him cry for an hour together, was for this one reason. I was not occupied with secular things then, but knelt before

the Lord the whole time. It was a season of much humiliation to me, but I believe it was good for *him*. I have lately had many quickened and renewed desires that God may be glorified in the children He lends us, and that I may have no desire but His will concerning them. If they are spared, I do long for their early conversion, and my soul is even now often exercised with regard to M——. I see so much sin and frailty mixed with much of my intercourse with my children, and it is often shown me by their manners towards each other, so much wanting in grace, meekness, and gentleness. May the Lord supply my need out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus! Can you send me the latter verses of “Twinkle, twinkle, little star?” the first is the only one I have. In the afternoon, when it is drawing near bed-time, or when they are in any little trouble, all is hushed by my saying, “Come and let us sing.” M——, with his reins fastened to the rocking-chair, and whip in hand, takes his seat behind me, and drives; H—— comes on my lap, and the first song he calls for is “Boo boo,” (Thank you, pretty cow,) then “Twinkle, twinkle,” then, “Hop about, pretty sparrow,” “How doth the little busy bee,” and many others in succession, are called for, and often the same over and over again.

(JOURNAL.)

October 6th.—Have been led to pray that I may guard against the religion of the old Adam. Temptations are always suited by the enemy of souls to our various states and circumstances. When he sees the soul hungering and thirsting after Christ, and following hard after Him, *then* he tempts the old man within to put on a religious dress and demeanour, trying to substitute himself for the leadings of the Spirit.

Friday, 24th.—Arose early. My soul rejoiced in the Lord my God. I saw the blessedness of being able to renounce all outward comforts, and delights, and satisfaction, which are derived from those things which are seen, and prayed to be enabled to leave all for Christ's Heavenly Kingdom. The remark has been made to me lately, "Comforts are lawful, and are given us by God to enjoy." As it strikes me, it is our privilege to live above outward comforts, and to use the things of this world as travellers passing on from one stage to another, using what is put before us, as for present need, and then to leave all behind.

In the prospect of living in our new house, the flesh has been conjuring up so many comforts which it has proposed to itself to enjoy, that it has created quite a new field of warfare, which makes it really a trial

Saturday, November 8th.—Felt this afternoon how important it is that my time should be given to the children. While I am with them I must serve them. I must take my part in their little amusements. I see that by a little self-denial on my part, bickerings and quarrels may be prevented. For instance:—this afternoon M—— asked me to reach down the “Weekly Visitor,” the pictures of which often amuse them both. This did not please H——, *he* wanted to find the pictures. Now I might have made either of them give up, and no doubt at times this plan is necessary; but then I thought it was best to take the book, and show them the pictures myself, which pleased them both. It is of great consequence they should be early taught to walk in love one towards another; and it seems to me their tempers and affections may be greatly tried, by making them give up unnecessarily one to another, when other ways might be adopted.

Monday, 17th.—Yesterday our little church was opened by Mr. T——. Many were present. Mark went; I stayed at home with the children, who had colds. The sermon was a very painful one, the *Church* in the place of *Christ*.

November 18th.—A day of much inward quickening of soul. The children were so good to-day, that I was made quite happy, but at the same time

melted down under a sense of my sins, and felt the necessity of being much in prayer, that these precious gifts may not be a snare to tie me to earth. Much helped in prayer for dear M——, that he might know himself and know Jesus.

Sunday, 30th.—We went to the Town Line Church this morning. Both Mark and I enjoyed the service, especially the confession of faith expressed in the Nicene Creed, wherein, after acknowledging God the Father to be the Maker of all things, the Divinity of Christ is beautifully expressed, with a clear distinction between the Person of the Father, and of the Son; and then the humanity of Jesus is brought out, with His sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and coming again. Then we acknowledge faith in the Holy Ghost as the Lord and Giver of Life. We believe also in One Church of the living God; the resurrection of the dead, and life for ever with Jesus. What a glorious hope is that which lies before us! There was a time when I saw no beauty in the Creeds, *now* I am often made to rejoice in the glorious truths they contain, and can with a loud voice confess the same. Mr. S—— preached, and came home in our sleigh.

Tuesday, Dec. 2d.—Psalm cxxxix. “Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.” Before thoughts are formed within, the Lord knows them

all: this truth is full of comfort. I am encouraged and emboldened to ask God to form my thoughts within me; to choose subjects for my thoughts to rest on, by His Spirit dwelling in me. In verse 3 it says, "Thou compassed my path, &c." This my soul desires, namely, that the Lord may winnow (margin) and sift me well. "Search me, O God." I desire to have all my heart laid open, and naked before Him. Jesus is my friend. There is no tie so near and dear as that which binds me to Jesus the Beloved. He is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh; He is all my soul can long after or desire. When shall I see Him as He is? When shall my body share the blessedness my soul even now enjoys? The body is now a hindrance to the soul, but it shall not be always so. This corruptible shall put on incorruption and immortality. I shall have a body fashioned like the glorious body of my Saviour. It was Jesus who made me, "He carried me in my mother's womb," "He fashioned me when as yet there was none of me." Oh, how precious are Thy thoughts unto me!

Tuesday, 9th.—The desire of my soul this evening is that I may have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. To have a conscience void of offence towards God, it must be washed in the blood of Jesus; and to maintain a quiet conscience towards man, the soul must be

filled with that love which flows from a sense of Christ's love to us.

Thursday, 11th.—A day of calm and peaceful rest in, and communion with Christ. In the morning, was led to pray especially for faith and grace, to confess Christ before men; and also that my mind might be free from thoughts about outward and passing things, and be filled with thoughts of God; that the Spirit might work with power in my soul.

Friday, 12th.—Arose early, and spent a solemn season in prayer with dear Mark, with especial reference to our leaving our old house, and going into our new one, which we proposed doing to-day. Mr. and Mrs. H—— came up to assist us most kindly in moving the things, which we finished early in the evening. To-night finds me low and depressed in spirit, so afraid of Satan's snares as to keep me from praising the Lord for His unnumbered mercies. We hear also rumours of war, and this serves to make me thoughtful.

Dec. 21st.—The last few days have been seasons of inward trial and affliction, arising from the corruptions of my evil nature, the remembrance of past sins, and a soul burdened with fear, lest the dear children should suffer by being brought into contact with other companions. My soul troubled for my little M——, but I am enabled to commit

him to the Lord, who I feel assured has loved him and redeemed him by His blood. I see the love of Jesus towards *him*, and my soul yearns with ardent desire to see the dear child give his heart to his God. I have found confession of sin to be good, and was reminded, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins;" and it has been very sweet to me to believe Col. i. 9.

Wednesday, 24th.—During the morning my mind distracted by little nothings, such as arrangements in the house, &c., which troubled me until my natural spirit was broken down, and my soul rejoiced in the Rock of my salvation. In our mid-day reading, Ps. lxii. was very sweet to me; and in the evening this passage was continually before me, "Look to yourselves that we lose not the things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward."

Dec. 25th.—A happy Christmas-day! Jesus the Babe of Bethlehem, who is the Lord over all, was sweetly manifested to me. The desire of my soul is, that nothing may come between the heart of Jesus and my heart.

About a fortnight after the last sentence was written, it pleased God to make Harriet the happy mother of a little girl, who, while she added to her mother's joys, added also to her cares and duties, so

that for a few weeks her journal was discontinued. About the same time her dear friend Mrs. C. G—— was taken to her home above, after the birth of a daughter, on which occasion Harriet wrote as follows to Mr. G——.

Woodlands, Feb. 17, 1846.

MOST DEAR AND TRIED FRIEND AND PASTOR,—The painful intelligence contained in your letter of January, so unexpected and unlooked for, afflicted us much. I do, indeed, mourn for her, as for a sister beloved for the Lord's sake, and for her own. She was a tried friend to me, and I have pleasure full of sadness in thinking of the short intercourse we have had one with another. My thoughts have been dwelling on her to-day, as one who is for ever delivered from the burden of that body of sin and death under which I am groaning. From her, sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away, for she is entered into eternal rest. Dear E—— in her last note reminded me, how precious the blood of Jesus is in connexion with our departed friends. We can feel that in that blood they are presented faultless before the presence of the Lord with exceeding joy. Christ is still *her* life, and He is *our* life. How unspeakably sweet and precious must this truth be to you! You are *one*, for the

life of one runs through you both. She is taken from your outward vision for a short time, but you are still *one*, united by a bond which never can be severed. At this moment, while thinking of her as coming with Jesus in her glorified body, my heart could rejoice with you and give thanks: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." I had been pleasing myself with thoughts of seeing her again here, but a happier meeting is laid up for us than that could have been. *There* we shall have nothing to sigh or to weep over.

We are more than ever anxious to know whether the Lord will send you to Canada; and if so, we long to know whether you would make our house your home. Sweet would it be to me to endeavour to supply a mother's place towards your beloved children, and especially does my heart yearn towards your dear infant. Dear Mrs. G—— asked us to stand sponsors for it, and I find this tie now binding me still closer to her.

Of ourselves I scarcely know what to tell you; my own soul is more or less tried with hard warfare. As a family we are in a low, dead, and barren state; and I do feel its burden laid upon me, and my soul earnestly pleads and longs for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

I will not write any more at present. May the

Lord's richest consolations be with you, and may
He abundantly bless your ministerial labours!

Believe me, dear Mr. G——,

Yours in the bonds of Jesus,

H. M. JUKES.

The long-since-expressed wish of dear Harriet, that her brother C—— should be led to enter the ministry, was fulfilled in the spring of 1846, when he was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, soon after which her family left Devonshire, and went to reside in R——.

(JOURNAL, 1846.)

Friday, March 20th.—Saw that self-righteousness was one great hindrance to our receiving spiritual blessing. Many instances were shown me in which my own "good resolutions," and other self-righteousnesses, had kept me back from Christ. Earnest longings of soul after Christ. My soul rejoiced in His love as set forth by the Holy Ghost in the Canticles. Much nearness to God in prayer. When seasons of refreshing such as these come from the presence of the Lord, then is the time to seek for strength to meet future times of temptation and buffetings, inward and outward trials and afflictions. The believer as he gets onward in his

course, learns to look for these things, for he knows that they everywhere await him. He does not seek a way by which he may be delivered from the cross, but he prays for enduring faith and patience, knowing that the cross is appointed for him by his Father in Heaven, and that the same afflictions are being accomplished in his brethren that are in the world. He knows, moreover, that Jesus, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God. (Application: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.")

Thursday, 24th.—The remembrance of Christ having taken the human nature into the Godhead, and His having given His body for me, was the means of raising my dead and lifeless soul this morning. Saw that His body given, and His blood shed, was that which preserved my soul unto everlasting life. My greatest plague lately has been, and is, *self-righteousness*. As fast as it is taken off, the flesh labours to put it on again.

Saturday, 28th.—My mind strengthened by meditating on 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13. My soul rejoiced in God, but I was reminded that I must still be expecting tribulation. Prayed for grace and strength to take and carry every cross.

Monday, 30th.—Soon after I arose this morning

fierce warfare commenced. Betook myself to Christ as "my deliverer," and "the rock of my salvation," as "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." The Lord did not fail me, He subdued the enemy for a few hours; and when he returned, Jesus strengthened me for the battle. I was sorely tried, but the "sword of the Spirit" was given me, "which is the word of God." "I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue, I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." I looked for the description given of the tongue by St. James, iii. 5, 6. Yes, truly it is set on fire by the devil himself; he takes a very little matter to kindle his fires, but who can put them out but God? and how great is the damage oftentimes which is done while the fire burns? What a mercy it is when the Lord prevents us from letting others feel the force and heat of this fire! If I have bitter envying and strife in my heart, and I do not glory in it, or lie against the truth, by letting my tongue utter the evil workings of my evil heart, then there will be no damage done unto the King; I shall not cause His enemies to speak ill of Him. This evening the Lord again gives me a respite, and I thank Him for it. Oh, that it might please the Lord to conquer pride within me! My soul, remember Christ's

words, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Friday, April 24th.—Canticles, iv. 8, 9, very sweet and comforting to me in our morning's reading. I was reminded from these words, that it is when we are with Jesus on the mount, that we can look down on the wild beasts which run about in the wilderness of the human heart. The fact of their being there reminds us, that our warfare is not yet accomplished ; but when in company with Jesus, we may ask Him to strengthen us with all might by His Spirit in our inner man, and in all our trials and tribulations to get honour to Himself by accomplishing His own purposes.

June 25th.—Yesterday we went up to Walpole to have our little girl baptized by Mr. Hill, who promised to stand as one of her sponsors. We named her after my dear mother. The presence of Jesus was very manifest to me during the ceremony, and my heart responded especially to those questions which were asked us, "Dost thou in the name of this child renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh?" My soul, relying on the faithful promises of God, *could* and *did*, with all earnestness answer in the name of my child, that I renounced them *all*.

Tuesday, 30th.—Walked on the beach with the children, and at one time I sat in a quiet and shady

nook, while they played around me. I had much profitable thought, which ended in intercessory prayer for my children, Carry, and many other dear friends.

Monday, August 3d.—Much tried. Found relief in prayer, and was afterwards refreshed and strengthened while writing to my mother. *Felt* that trial is good, for this reason especially, that it serves, in the hand of the Spirit, to *open the Scriptures*. The meaning of James, i. 21, was by this means opened to me to-day. It has been profitable to me, and I am thankful; I would not be without trials. In the evening fell, by yielding to anger.

Saturday, August 8th.—It was only this evening I regained the peace I had lost by giving way to angry feelings some days since. This morning the Lord gave me a contrite spirit, with a soul following hard after Christ, and eagerly desirous, for Mark and myself, that all hindrances to our closer walk with Him may be removed, and that all things may be so ordered for us that we may wait on the Lord without distraction. It was shown me how impossible it is to carry out the duties of a mistress, a parent, a wife, without a heart fixed and settled on Jesus. When this is wanting, there can be no right judgment; orders are given and retracted, time is wasted, the peace and comfort of

the family interrupted, and many suffer, because those who are at the head of the household are not walking singly with God.

Friday, 28th.—In the afternoon found my soul in a dull, heavy state. While I was considering what to do, my little M—— asked me to go down on the beach with him. As soon as I reached my seat, which is composed of old roots situated under some shady trees, I opened my Bible, but without profit. I saw that without Christ I could do nothing. Tried to wait on the Spirit, and began reading John, iv. When I came to the 10th verse, the Lord gave me what I desired: *there* I was reminded of the gift of God, and the love of the Giver, and I asked Him for “living water.”

Monday, 31st.—Saw and felt to-day the sin of Eve as being “first in the transgression,” and her daughters do not like to accept the punishment of her sin; they want too often to have their desires independently of their husbands, whereas God says, “Thy desire shall be to thy husband;” and this ought to be carried out honestly in the heart, and in every day’s slightest occurrences. It is knowing Christ as the heavenly Husband, that can alone enable wives to be in subjection to their earthly husbands. I rejoice much in what I am taught of this truth. In this as well as in every other relation of life, we may find much true happiness and

comfort if we keep our own place ; if we go out of it, confusion and discomfort follow.

Sunday.—Soul resting on Jesus. He is my *felt* strength and Saviour. He loves me, and draws my heart's affections after Him. "Who is there that can be compared unto the Lord?" The spiritual welfare of my children much on my mind.

Friday, Oct. 2d.—M—— is very poorly, and has been so for some days. This evening has been a searching time with me on account of my dearest boy. As far as I know myself, my desire is that God may glorify Himself, either by the lives or deaths of my children ; but I dread the thought of their being taken, without our seeing in them that change of heart which all must experience in order to be saved. M—— is now in his fifth year, he has understanding enough to know when he does right or wrong, and it is evident his soul is not alive unto God. When he is ill, I am troubled ; but it urges me on in prayer to God for Him. It is thus with me now ; but Jesus assures me of His good-will towards children ; and I feel He will not refuse the supplications of a mother who brings her child to Him, and asks Him to put His hands on it and give it His blessing. The leading truth which has been before my mind to-day, has been that of the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus, and His intimate union with His people.

Thursday, Oct. 22d.—Jesus is meek and lowly. May I learn of Him and find rest. Received letters yesterday from Ireland and Glasgow; the one from the latter contained an important proposition, namely, for us to go there to live! I lay the matter before the Lord; I feel the decision is important.

Monday, Nov. 2d.—This morning have felt the truth of the following saying of Wilcox: "All temptations, Satan's advantages, and our complainings, are laid in self-righteousness and self-excellency." Since I last wrote, the subject of our going to Glasgow has been much, *too much* on my mind. I have felt that the welfare of our souls, and the good of our children, depended greatly on our decision; but I have one desire that rises above all, that God may bring about His own purposes of mercy towards us, that unbelief in us may not hinder the Spirit of God from carrying on a mighty work in our hearts, and that we may live *wholly* to the Lord. I fear I have been thinking too much of being near our former pastor, and those I love so dearly in England. Dearest Mark said last night that he thought our path for the present was to remain here. To hear him say so was a good and wholesome trial, for it sent me back to my rock of rest, with an earnest desire that my affections may not follow other objects, but be immovably fixed on Him.

Tuesday, 3d.—For ten days past, the presence of the Lord has been unusually manifested to me. Now I am called to a season of warfare. I see how Satan, my great adversary, occupies a conspicuous place on the field of battle within me; he seems to be the captain to direct all the movements that are made against the soul; the natural spirit falls in with his designs, and the conflict produced between the soul and these enemies, is most distressing. That Satan may not cause me to fall, must be my prayer.

(JOURNAL.)

Nov. 8th.—The necessity of having *Jesus* for the subject of our *thoughts*, has been much before me of late. I have felt, that if any one thing, such as a desire, a wish, a trial, a sorrow, a pleasure, a hope, or, in fact, aught besides, should so occupy the mind as to exclude the Lord Jesus, that thing becomes a false god, an idol, which we worship. May *He* possess our supreme affections, and then He will be the chief object on which our thoughts will delight to rest!

I was much tried in church with wanderings of heart from Jesus. The discovery of the idolatry of my nature, and of my innate depravity, sickened me, and caused me to loathe myself.

The ever-varying experience of the believer in

this world may be classed under the following heads,—temptation, sin, repentance, faith, patience, conquest, praise, love, and thanksgiving.

This saying of Martin Luther's has been very sweet to me the last few days: "We who put our trust in the Lord of life and death, are lords of life and death."

With a short extract from a letter to her mother we will close Harriet's personal history of this year:

I feel quite shaken out of this place (Woodlands), and I hope I may still feel the same if I live here all my life, and only use the comforts afforded me as I would if I were spending a few days at an inn, expecting soon to go on and leave it all behind me. *Heaven is MY HOME, and Christ is MY REST.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE SETTLER'S WIFE.—JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1847—1849.

THE year 1847 finds Harriet settled in her new and pretty house at Woodlands, with her indulgent husband, and three sweet children, and many added outward comforts. We have seen in the concluding sentence of the last chapter, how far she was from resting in this pleasant nest (Job, xxix. 18), or losing sight of what she believed was their higher and holier calling, even to be instrumental in the salvation of sinners. The following letter further illustrates the jealous fear she had, lest they should by any means be beguiled from the simplicity of Christian discipleship. The letter may appear to have been written under some degree of morbid feeling,—a state of mind, as will have been seen, by no means habitual in her. The temporary embarrassment to which she alludes in the letter, no doubt grieved her spirit; but may

not Christians in the present day emulate her tenderness of conscience, in a point where we are too apt to adopt the fashion and taste of this world?

Woodlands.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—You will receive rather a large packet by the next mail. Mrs. S—— has long promised to sketch our house for you, and now we send it. “It is quite a mansion!” you will say. I do not think I ever looked at it to *consider* what it was like, until I saw it on paper; and long was the train of thought which it produced when I did so look at it; and God, by it, showed me many wrong steps we have taken in the last four years. The principal one was, that we were decidedly wrong in building it. From the time we purchased the land we determined to do so, but God put many obstacles in the way. We saw this, and gave up the idea for the time, but the desire to build still remained; our will was contrary to God’s will. After H——’s birth, we thought, and justly, that we needed more room; and the question was, whether we should enlarge our small house, or build a new one? The obstacles that had been in the way of our building seemed removed, which confirmed us in our idea that we were right in carrying out our former intention. Thus God left us to follow our own will, the effects of which we

are now reaping; and God knows, whether it may materially affect the spiritual interests of us and our children for life. This last summer we have been adding building to building, all which seemed necessary, and this winter finds us without money to cover expenses to the end of the year. Not but that we might have had sufficient if promised debts had been paid us, but we ought to have considered the probability of their not being paid, and have acted accordingly. Improvements for next summer are in contemplation. The ground in front of the house is to be laid out, the entrance-gate altered, and other roads to be made, with garden and fences, and as much else, I suppose, as we shall have money to pay for; this view of the past, and contemplation of the future, sickens and embitters my soul. There is no pleasure to be found in these broken cisterns; there are higher joys for us, but we often choose these lower ones, or rather fancied ones. My soul is, and has been for some time past, struggling to be free from them. I think if God has a design of mercy for us, He will open a way for our removal from this place; but in due reward for our sins we *may* remain here, crippled and fettered by these earthly things until we die; and oh, what is worse than all, our children will surely be made partakers of our folly. Mark feels all these things as well as myself. If you see them in all the weight and

importance that I do, you will all seek for us to be delivered from the bondage in which we are enslaved. How many are the shoals and snares by which the people of God are beset! How truly may we thank God for all those who are departed this life in His faith and fear! Do not think I send you the inclosed sketch from a feeling of pride, in the fact of our possessing such a stately-looking house; but I beseech you let the view of it, each time you look at it, lead you to confess our sins, and to ask God to grant us deliverance from the effects which but for His gracious interference must follow.

Ever my own mamma's affectionate

HARRIET.

(JOURNAL.)

Jan. 20th, 1847.—Much broken in spirit, but Jesus is with me. Earnest desires that we may walk more as strangers and pilgrims, expecting to meet with everything that is contrary to us while travelling through the enemy's land: there will be peace and rest when we reach the end of our journey.

Saturday, 23d.—After reading some of the ceremonial laws in Leviticus, turned to the tenth chapter of Hebrews, and realized the preciousness of the offerings, and High Priesthood, of the Lord Jesus.

Thursday.—Read John, ii. When in the flesh, Jesus manifested forth His glory by working

miracles; and He does the same now. It is a manifestation of His glory, when the divine life first begins to work in the soul of a poor sinner, who before lay dead in trespasses and sins; and the keeping that spark of divine life from being extinguished, is also a manifestation of the glory of Jesus.

Sunday, 31st.—Mark has not been well for some time. Went to church, praying that I might be quickened by God's word, and my prayer was answered. Mr. S—— preached from Rom. viii. 28. I took a glance over the years that had gone by, since 1840. Many sins were shown me, and from much of the seed I have sown to the flesh, I might expect to reap evil. But this promise emboldened me to pray, that "all things" might "work together" for our good. I had precious communion with and nearness to God in the afternoon, and many promises were given me. Among them was Isaiah, xl. 31. My mouth truly was satisfied with good things, and I was enabled to praise the Lord!

Friday, Feb. 12th.—This afternoon my servant, whom I have tried for a short time, left me, and as yet we have failed in getting another. I feel a deep sense of my unworthiness to receive the least mercy at the hand of God. Yesterday, while reading 1 Cor. v. 5, and comparing it with Job's

case, I thought that all God's children may be at times delivered over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh. In the evening Mark was absent, and I sat up for him until a late hour. In one sense I sat alone, but not in another; for I think I never felt the presence of Satan so near me as I did that night, until I went to sleep. First he tried to tempt me to sin, but, through the mercy of God, having failed in that, he continued to whisper horrid suggestions in my ears. For the most part I was enabled to rest quietly in Christ my Righteousness, and my Shield.

Sunday.—Found Jesus precious to me in the communion. Prayed that many spiritual blessings might descend on us as a family, and for myself especially, that the discovery of sin in others might not set my own fleshly lusts to work, but that I might bear and love still, even as Jesus bears with and loves me. I make Him often to serve with my sins, and still His affections are not withdrawn from me. Oh, how precious is the love of Jesus!

Sunday.—Went to church in much tumult of mind, occasioned by entering on useless conversation previous to going. Found the confessions and prayers of the Church-service very applicable to my state, and realized the presence of an indwelling God. Rejoiced much in a sermon preached by Mr. S—— from Acts, ii. 23.

March 10th.—In the morning this passage was applied to me: “Jesus saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary;” and Jesus marks our path, as we travel through this great wilderness, often on a tempestuous sea, rowing against the adverse winds which are blown upon us, by Satan, the world, and our natural spirits. Was greatly strengthened by this view of the love of Jesus, that He does not leave us to ourselves, but says, “I have seen his ways, and will heal him.” In the afternoon, with tears, and yet with deep thankfulness, could say,—

“I thank Thee, Lord, Thy cross has made
This world a wilderness to me.”

Felt especially thankful, that the cross has made Jesus the supreme object of my affections. I have been willing at times to give up His love for others, but He has held me fast, and bound me to Himself with His chain of love. Have had much enlargement given me to ask for spiritual blessings on my dearest Mark and myself; and have prayed that all unwillingness to leave this place may be removed, and that we may be willing to leave home and country for Christ's sake, and, like Abraham, be ready at His bidding, to go into any country He may tell us of.

April 12th.—I have rather an amusing story to

tell of my late servant, as showing their independence in this country. About seven weeks ago Mr. Hill engaged an Irish girl for me, who has only been in the country a year. When she came, she told me she only meant to remain a month, unless she liked it. All along she has expressed high satisfaction, and said she never had a mistress she liked so well. She begged to go *home* for a few days at Easter, to which I consented; and she left me, saying that nothing but stormy weather should prevent her returning to me on the day she appointed. I have been constantly expecting her ever since, and was the more anxious for her return, as I am daily expecting my confinement: but on Friday, F—— went up to Dunnville, and there he saw this girl, and he came up this morning to tell me I might look out for another, as *she* was not coming back.

Tuesday.—Mark went up for C——’s girl, being the only person I can think of to help me, and she is only twelve, so I cannot expect much from her.

Wednesday.—Yesterday and to-day very low and depressed in spirit;—felt it to be good for me, and yet saw it necessary to guard against giving way to it, lest it should engender murmuring and discontent.

Sunday, 18th.—Last night had a useful conversation with my little M—— concerning sin and

Satan, heaven and hell; tried to make the subject bear upon himself. He was softened to tears.

Wednesday, 21st.—A new servant came on Monday. That evening and the next was exceedingly burdened in spirit;—the occasion of it, I believe, the new servant. It is always trying to me to have a stranger in the house; and after having tried so many servants, and shown them every possible kindness, and seeing that nothing succeeds in restraining their selfishness, or calling forth love in return, I am pained and cast down. This morning I feel much, the being ignorant of God's mind and will concerning the various circumstances which occur throughout the day. Yet God is my Father, and I look to Him for guidance, and He passes by my transgressions, and forgives all my mistakes.

Thursday, 29th.—For some time past have been far too anxious to have my expected trial over. "I have a baptism to be baptized with," &c., came to my remembrance yesterday, and was a relief to me. But what perfect submission there was in Christ to the will of His Father!

This morning, arose with a heart-ache; found great relief in prayer, and much strengthened by views of the blood of Jesus.

"Oh, never, never let me stray
In paths unmark'd by precious blood;
Sure guide through every devious way,
The current of that purple flood."

In the afternoon, tried by my servant; Heb. x. very sweet to me.

Wednesday, May 19th.—This is the second day on which, by the mercy of God, I have had strength given me to get up since my confinement, which took place on Saturday, the 15th, when it pleased Him to give us a fine, strong little boy. Since that time I have had many precious seasons of communion with my God, and especially yesterday; such joy as I have not experienced for some time. The following hymn, sent me by dear E—— some years since, has been very sweet to me:—

“What sacred fountain yonder springs,
Up from the throne of God,
And all new covenant blessings brings?—
’Tis Jesu’s precious blood.

What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondman stood,
And has my soul at freedom set?—
’Tis Jesu’s precious blood.

What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?—
’Tis Jesu’s precious blood.

What voice is that which speaks for me
In Heaven’s high court for good,
And from the curse has made me free?—
’Tis Jesu’s precious blood.

What theme, my soul, shall best employ
Thy harp, before thy God,
And make all Heaven to ring with joy?—
'Tis Jesu's precious blood."—IRONS.

June 10th.—Heard this morning of some reports affecting the character of the man who manages our farm. Thought this might be a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet us. Took up my Bible to read, and derived strength from James, i. 2-4.

Thursday.—This morning, felt very thankful for restraining grace, which kept me from some little acts of unkindness towards another. Prayed that I might be ever kept from fulfilling the desires of the flesh.

Sunday, June 27th.—Yesterday I received accounts of my beloved sister Sophy's entrance into everlasting life: no, I must not say so, for she entered into *that* life some years ago; but she is departed to be with Christ, and is there ready to accompany Him when He comes in His glory. Precious Sophy! I think of her love, her meekness, her gentleness; the forbearance and kindness of her heart towards me was great. How often did she bear with my folly and unkindness in former and younger years! Dear, dear Sophy! I shall see her again, and we shall then converse together of many things, and she will tell me of what I should

now much like to know,—how, and in what manner, she was brought to the knowledge of Christ; and also the way in which the Lord has been leading her during the years in which we have been separated from each other. May this dispensation be made profitable to us all by the great grace of God. I feel urged to pray for more zeal in the service of God, more care for the spiritual well-being of my children and of those around me. I can, and do bless God for all He did for our departed one, and I believe she is taken from the evil to come.

It may seem strange that Harriet should not have known how much she herself had to do with bringing this dear sister to the knowledge of Christ. The influence she unconsciously gained over her, has been alluded to in the first chapter of the Memoir. It must be remembered, that they were soon afterwards separated from each other, and did not again live under the same roof, except for a few weeks at a time. Besides which, Sophy's disposition was naturally reserved; and though she had a power of drawing others very closely to her, especially the young, she opened the inmost feelings of her heart to but very few. Hers was a religion which all could see the reality of in her life; but its depth and ever-varying inward character were seldom unveiled to any. She had an illness some months

before her death, from which it was thought she had nearly recovered, when it returned in another form. On being told that Dr. C—— felt anxious about her, she gently said, “The will of God be done; you know, mamma, if **Christ** is *anything* to us, He is *everything*.” Soon after this, the attack (which was in the head) produced unconsciousness, and in a few hours more her happy spirit fled away!

“Dear, sweet Sophy (wrote her sister Lucy, soon after her departure), the recollection of the four months we spent together when we were the only two at home, is oh, so precious! There is nothing painful to look back upon, either in her life or in her death; and really sometimes I have an indescribable feeling of joy in thinking, that one of our happy nine is safely landed on the other side. How our beloved papa must have welcomed her! May I endeavour to follow her example here on earth, in her steady, consistent walk,—in her consideration and thoughtfulness for others,—in her complete unselfishness, and in her habitual cheerfulness!”

The following letter of Harriet's shows how tenderly a knowledge of her own heart led her to deal with the faults of another, when she felt it a duty to speak of them. It was written to one who had been induced to act independently of a mother's

wishes, and for which the plea of *conscience* had been urged:—

* * * The last post brought me a heart-rending letter from —, and I wish much, my beloved S—, to write you a few lines by way of counsel and advice. I know I am not worthy to take upon me such a work. I am a great sinner. I have a heart that is “earthly, sensual, and devilish;” its nature is *so* corrupt, and its rebellion such, that it aims to pull God down from His throne. What it is towards God, such it is towards man. Its pride is so great, that it will not have any one to rule over it. It disclaims authority of any kind, and flies in the face of all who would oppose it. You may then easily conceive to what lengths it has carried me, and would have carried me, had it not been kept down by the restraining grace of my long-suffering Lord. My sins are often brought in array against me, not to condemn me, but to humble me, to instruct, to chasten me. I have seen all those sins put away by the blood that was shed from the wounded side of Jesus, and it is, *therefore*, I can now write to you on a subject which pains me, and which I know is grieving yourself. . . . It is not the fact of your having taken this step which so pains me, as your having acted so hastily. Your want—not of feeling, for I know full well

you do feel it ; but your want of *showing* Christian courtesy, love and confidence, towards your beloved mother, in not first consulting her, and waiting for her approval before you so acted. And here let me stop to confess unto you how often I have acted in like manner. None of the sins I have ever committed cause me so much bitterness of feeling, as my want of love and confidence towards both my beloved parents, and especially towards my dear father, because I cannot now seek his forgiveness, or in any other way atone for it : he is gone from hence, when we meet it will be in glory. L—— does not think as I do, and brings forward that passage, “Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me,” &c., the meaning of which, I think, is far deeper than the construction she puts on it. God never requires us to fulfil one command at the expense of another. If He lays a command on a child, He will open a way in which that child may perform the same, without his being obliged to break another. Dearest S——, *self-will* marks the religion of the present day, even in the true followers of Christ. Everything must give way in order that self-will may be gratified. I do not say the error is an intentional one ; but I believe it is one of Satan’s snares, which many fall into for want of calm, steady, diligent waiting on God, to have the flesh subdued, and the will brought under, in order

that the voice of Christ in His word may be heard in the soul. Beloved S——, is your heart sad? Well, I would not be the one to make it more so. I would rather console and comfort you. It is promised, that “all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose;” and this trial (I know it is such to you) is among these “all things.” We often, by our own folly, bring trouble upon ourselves, and afterwards the Lord shows us that He permitted it for our good, so that we are at the same time humbled, chastened, and instructed, and brought by it into nearer communion with Christ. As we would walk towards our Father who is in heaven, so must we, I believe, walk towards our earthly parents; we must be obedient, full of love, tenderness, and confidence; telling them all that is in our hearts; submissive and watchful to fulfil their desires, and ready to do those things which we do not like, for their sakes. If we offend them, we must see our fault, we must confess it, we must seek forgiveness, and wait patiently until we have it, feeling that we are not worthy of it. Your mother is not one to *rule* your conscience,—far from it. I believe she would allow you to do anything she believed was a matter of conscience, and especially if she could see the thing is right from the word of God. And surely

the judgment of a *Christian mother* is worth something. * * *

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

(JOURNAL.)

Friday, Sept. 3d.—It is a week since dearest Mark was taken ill; he has been better the last day or two, but very weak. His soul, however, has been greatly revived and strengthened, and this morning we spent an hour or two in rich enjoyment together. We mourned together on account of sin, confessed our sins one to the other, felt that Jesus forgiveth, and healeth, all our diseases, and partook together of the communion of the blood of Christ.

Sunday, Sept. 12.—Remained at home with dearest Mark. It was to him a day of great bodily weakness, but of spiritual strength and blessing. We went through part of the Church service together, and partook of the symbols of the body and blood of Christ.

Oct. 3d.—Much troubled at supposed dishonesty in our new servant. I left her at home with the two youngest children this morning, while I went to church, and when I came home, I found that my wardrobe had been opened, and money was missing. This evening Jesus is precious to me, and I have fellowship with Him. 1 Pet. iv. 1, has been full of blessing to me. I am made willing to suffer;

and whether I have servants or not, all I ask is, that God may so overrule all circumstances for me, that I may have time to read my Bible, and attend to my children; and that, according to a promise given to me some time since, I may be “delivered from the pots:” or, in other words, that my time and my mind may not be all spent in the kitchen. This verse is very sweet to me (1 Pet. v. 10), “The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.”

A week later she says:—

Hitherto have got on very well without a servant. I wait for the time when I may be delivered from this state of things. Oh, may I seek the *spiritual* good of my children; our own best happiness, and our children’s temporal and eternal interests, depend upon *our* close walk with God.

Nov. 10th.—M—— reads the Bible now every day. I read it to him first, and explain it, and try to apply it to himself. The other day he was reading Matt. vii. 13, 14. I explained to him what was meant by the strait and the narrow road;

and then asked him which he thought he was walking in. He said he did not know; and asked me which I was walking in. I told him I was walking in the narrow road. "How do you know, mother?" "Because God has shown me that I am His by His Spirit: but I was not always in the narrow road; I once walked in the road that leads to hell." "When did you, mother, and how came you to get into the narrow road?" "God took me out of the broad way, and put me in the narrow way that leads to heaven, by His Holy Spirit; and you must ask Him to put you in the narrow road." He then went on with his reading; but at night, when he was praying, he said, "O God, put me in the narrow road, and don't let me go in the broad." And he has remembered this in his prayers ever since. My instructions to them chiefly are on the histories of the Bible, and the life and character of Christ.

Wednesday, Dec. 8th.—H—— four years old to-day. On putting him to bed to-night, I kissed him and said, "God bless you, and make you a good child;" to which he added, "Aye, and make me a new heart."

Saturday, 11th.—Awaked early this morning by baby, and as he would not lie still, I got up and lit the fire, and sat by it with him. But the child's cry was only a means in God's hand of causing me

to arise and pray, lest I enter into temptation. Satan has been working hard at me all the week. For upwards of two hours I had a severe struggle with him; but at last I came off more than conqueror through Him that loved me. In these conflicts I dread most of all, lest I should give place to the devil, which I do when I let the flesh side with him. The word of God is my sword.

Jan. 1st, 1849.—"My soul thirsteth for God, the living God," and this is His invitation to me: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." I want those around me to come too, but there is not in some the thirst that I feel, which nothing but God can satisfy. They lag behind. Satan is a spectator of all that is passing; he transforms himself into an angel of light; he tries to provoke my flesh to anger, because they will not come with me to the waters. But I perceive the snare,—I go to my room; *there* it is shown me, that it is not in my power to give that blessed invitation to others which I have received, but I must ask my Lord to give them that thirsting grace which He has bestowed on me. I open my Bible to read Isaiah, lv.; and I read it as if every word were addressed to me: the invitation in the first verse, the remonstrance in the second, and then the promises which follow; and now, *while He is near*, I will call upon Him.

We all came down to Glasserton yesterday, and I am now writing in the room which we used to occupy when we lived here. I am strongly reminded of my sins, and of the Lord's mercies to me during that time. Last night Mark and I had a solemn season of prayer and praise together. I think of those I love in England, and pray that the Lord may be present with them in their meetings at this season of the year.

Tuesday, Jan. 25th.—This is the third day I have been down-stairs since dear little W—— was born, and I am as well as possible. May the Lord give me a thankful heart for all His mercies; may He instruct me to do His will, to train my children, and to “guide the house!”

Saturday, 29th.—The last week seems to have been one of peculiar preparation for future warfare. My soul has been earnestly striving with God in prayer for overcoming faith, and for power over the flesh and the devil. Each day has the word been applied according to my need; and now, at the end of the week, I am longing for the coming of the Lord, when this body shall be changed, and the last enemy of Christ and His people shall be destroyed.

Our souls were refreshed this morning by a visit from Mr. Wood, who has entered upon his

new appointment, as Catechist from the Colonial Society.

Harriet's letters and journals abound with most anxious desires for the souls of her children; the more so as she watched their growth, and mental development; and she longed, even to sadness at times, to see their little hearts moved by the love of God towards them.

Thus she wrote:—

You say my letter made you sad. I suppose it was because I felt sad when I wrote it, especially on my children's account. They often lie as a burden on my soul, and I do not regret it; I desire to travail in birth for them again and again, until Christ is formed in them, and I have seasons of strengthening and encouragement on their behalf.

At another time:—

I feel much for dear Mrs. —; tell her with my love, I watch the Lord's dealings with her and her children, with the closest interest. A pang is often produced when I think how many years may elapse, before I see my children living members of the Church of Christ.

On a work of Mr. Buchanan's being lent her, containing an account of three of his daughters, the youngest only nine when she died, she writes :—

I was much interested and strengthened in reading it. Mr. B—— puts great honour upon the word of God; he insists that the Scriptures are able to make children wise unto salvation. Oh, that I may honour God's word more, and study it in faith; and while teaching my children from it, believe that God can give them saving wisdom thereby.

Much of Harriet's journal during this and the following year consists of her own meditations on portions of God's word, with its practical application to the every-day circumstances in which she was placed. Enough has however been given, to show how, like God's servants of old, she lived by that word, and made it her meditation day and night, the food of her soul continually.

Towards the close of the year she says :—

I have been much happier of late with regard to my children; dear E——'s having reminded me, that this is the sowing time, and that the blade must appear before the fruit, has been the means of strengthening me in my work, and I have been

enabled to put them in the Lord's hands, and to trust Him more for His blessing.

This has been a very happy day with me. Jesus has been revealed to my soul many times, and joy in Him has followed. The thought has been very sweet to me, that as nothing is perceptible to human sense except by contact, so is it with our spiritual senses. If we *hear* the Lord speaking (John, x. 4), if we *taste* Him (John, vi. 57), if we *feel* Him near us (Lam. iii. 57), if by faith we *see* Him (Heb. xi. 27), if we *smell* the sweet savour of His presence and his name (Cant. i. 3), He must, in all these experiences, be brought into contact with our spiritual life. How good it is to know that our God is not afar off, but near; and that we may cling to and hang upon Him as our very existence! I think there are not many days pass by in which I am not able, at least in some part of the day, to rejoice in Christ my Saviour. Some years ago my constant theme used to be, that a Christian ought never to be sad, but I have learned differently now. We are in an enemy's land, walking through it as strangers and pilgrims; and sorrow and trial attend us in the way, if we are treading in the steps of our Master, who was "the man of sorrows." But in *God* we have enough to rejoice our souls afresh; and the joy of the pilgrim must be only there.

The lesson I have been learning lately has been, that I must not expect to be *served*, but I must serve, even as Christ, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. When we are *shown* a truth, we receive it with joy in the Holy Ghost; but when we are to be taught it *practically*, it is by outward circumstances, and generally through trying and painful experience. Since I have seen this, I seem to have been lifted forward, and Satan has not had so much power over me.

Dec. 31st.—This being the last evening of the year, Mark and I sat up for prayer and reading the word.

Tuesday, Feb. 20th, 1850.—Received a letter from Reading. Sad, sad tidings of beloved Fanny's health. My soul much afflicted on account of her state, both of soul and body.

Wednesday.—Sought earnestly for a spirit of prayer on behalf of dearest Fanny. Saw and *felt* her sins and the corruption of her nature, as well as my own, and of those around me, and confessed all to the Lord, acknowledging that we are sinners, and as such must come to Jesus. I brought beloved Fanny in the hand of faith, and laid her before Him. Oh, that the mark of "the blood" may be put upon her, so that the destroying angel may not touch her. Will the Lord hear me, and put His hand upon her,

or speak the word only, that her soul may be healed? He was wont in former times to hear the prayer and accept the faith of one in behalf of another; is He not the same now? I bring my Fanny to Him; I feel the desperate state of her sin-sick soul, though she may not think it so bad as it is. Have mercy on us, O Lord, and heal the child, lest she sleep the sleep of death.

Noon.—The case of the Syrophenician woman is much before my mind; her dealing with Jesus, and His dealing with her.

To one of her sisters at home she writes:—

Woodlands, Feb. 26, 1850.

MY BELOVED L——,—I begin to write a note to you with a feeling of suspense. Most anxiously do I look for tidings from you by the coming mail. If you can only send me a line by every post, it will be a comfort to me, that I may know the state of dear Fanny's mind. Does she seem to know that her soul is lying dead in trespasses and sins, and that it requires to be raised from this death? Does she know and feel her need of a Saviour, to save her from hell and from Satan? I trust you are able to speak much and faithfully to her. She seems (from what I hear) to know, that certain

actions of her life have been wrong ; but does she feel that her *whole nature* is corrupt and vile, and that it is this she needs to be saved from ? Dear child ! my heart is with her ; may the Lord show mercy unto her, and to us also ! Beloved mamma ! may He also strengthen, support, and teach her. Our tender love to you all.

Ever your own, HARRIET.

March 12th.—Received a packet from Reading. A sweet letter from Lucy, and more comfortable accounts of dearest Fanny, though there appears no hope of her ultimate recovery. During the morning of this day, and part of yesterday, my soul has been in much conflict. The necessity of practising *truth* is still much on my mind ; making excuses for doing this or that ; appearing not to know a thing when we do know it ; asking a question apparently to get information when we already possess it ; appearing surprised at a thing when no surprise is felt ; all these things are double-dealing, and with such deceit we must have nothing to do. O Lord, I desire to have all the thoughts and intents of my heart searched out, and looked into. Leave me not until Thou hast perfected that which concerneth me.

The unexpected and alarming symptoms which

threatened the life of Harriet's youngest sister Fanny, had taken her family quite by surprise. She had been at school at Richmond, and had returned home for her holidays with a bad cough, which was one day noticed by the kind friend and physician who had called to see her sister Caroline. He wished to examine her chest; when he did so, he found disease already settled in her lungs. The most active measures were taken to arrest the disorder, but the skill of the physician, and the most tender care and nursing, could only soothe her short passage to an early grave; and we had good reason to believe, to an early entrance into bliss unspeakable. She was a warm-hearted, merry, truthful child, "the life and bustle" of the house, very like dear Harriet in natural character; but how far the Christian instruction she had received had reached her heart we knew not, and *this* was now the point of most intense anxiety to us all. Those around her loved her too well to hide from her the dangerous nature of her illness; indeed she seemed at once to apprehend it, for as soon as Dr. Cowan had left the house, on the occasion of his visit before alluded to, she rushed into the room where her sisters were sitting, saying, "I am sure he thinks I am in a consumption;" and the whole of the day after she was very grave and silent, holding a book in her hand as if she were reading,

instead of which she was observed to be in deep thought all the time.

Many Christian friends united in prayer for her; and to no one have we more reason to be deeply grateful for the interest taken in her, than to Dr. Cowan, the "beloved physician," who, from the day when she first became his patient, to her dying hour, never ceased to watch for her soul as a spiritual father, with all the faithfulness, and skill, and love, with which he administered medicine and relief to the poor failing body.

It was a cause of distress to those who were watching her so lovingly, that for some time she did not speak to them on subjects which they knew were engrossing her thoughts. Harriet, who knew what her own experience in early days had been, wrote to comfort them in this their anxiety. She says:—

Tell dearest Lucy that her letter was most interesting to me, and I thank her very much for it. Tell her also, that I *do* think, that our experience at first is often so vague and unmeaning to ourselves, that we do not understand our own hearts, and therefore cannot express our feelings to others, or *talk* about religion. At first we can only open our hearts to God. When I was first seeking the Lord, I used to go very often to

Minnie Gordon. I sat by her side while she talked to me, and I listened to all she said. But so ignorant was I, that after I left her I could hardly say what her conversation had been about; but the effect it had on me, was that of producing still more earnest desires after God.

It was not until my visit to Clifton in 1838, through the teaching of Mr. Mackenzie, that my heart was opened *fully* to understand, and my lips to speak, of the blessings of the Gospel. Religion does not consist in talking about it a great deal; but it consists in receiving Christ into the heart, and in walking as His disciples. Nor can we know at first how hateful a thing *sin* is. This, too, must be learnt by experience. The Lord does not show us what we are at first, lest the sight should overwhelm us; but we are made to feel what it is by degrees. Will you tell this to beloved Fan, with my fond love? The great thing is to feel that we *are* sinners, and to believe with the heart, what is so simply and beautifully expressed in these words:—

“He knew how wicked man had been,
He knew that God must punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
He’d bear the punishment instead.”

Dear Fanny’s decline was very rapid. It was on the 15th of January the serious nature of her

illness was first discovered, and on the 21st of March her spirit fled away, leaving in the last few weeks of her life a decided testimony of her faith in Christ, and the most comforting assurance on the hearts of all who had watched over her so anxiously, that she was one of the lambs of Christ's flock taken to the heavenly fold.

On the day Harriet heard of Fanny's death, her husband came home seriously ill from Niagara, where he had been called to act as jurymen at the assizes, on a case of murder. The jury had sat from 10 A.M. on one day, to 10 A.M. on the following, with only some biscuits and water once during the whole time for refreshment. Excessive exhaustion was naturally the consequence; and this, followed by an attack of fever, left Mr. Jukes so ill, as scarcely to be able to bear the journey to Woodlands. For many weeks and months Harriet watched her husband's fluctuating health, at one time giving him up if it should be God's will to take him, at another trusting his life would be spared and devoted to the ministry. From a few passages in her journal we gather how close was the communion they enjoyed with each other, and with God, in this time of outward trial. How touching the following!—

Wednesday, July 4th.—After Mrs. H—— left

this morning, we spent an hour or two in sweet communion with each other, and with the Lord. We ate bread and drank wine together, in remembrance of His dying love. Beloved Mark spoke out his thoughts most freely to me, telling me that if his life was spared, his earnest desire was to spend the remainder of it in serving the Lord in the ministry. In answer to a question of mine, he also told me, what it would be best for me to do in case he should be taken from me. These were solemn and affecting, but not distressing moments. When we speak together thus, I cannot restrain my tears, but I believe we both feel willing that the Lord may do as He sees good. I ask Him to spare us to each other, to bring up the children He has given us, if it be for His glory. So weak is dear Mark, that standing up or sitting down makes a difference of twenty beats in his pulse in the minute.

August 17th.—We had a little reading meeting this evening (Matt. iii.) with Mr. Wood, Mr. Minor, and Mrs. Stoneman. Our conversation was chiefly on the character of John the Baptist. Mark illustrated one point very sweetly by saying, “A wife is not amenable to the law for any debt she contracts,—the husband must pay all; the creditor can come upon *her* for nothing. So it is with Christ and His people. The law came upon Him for the payment of all our debts, and we are free.”

Thursday, 23d.—Arose with a desire to seek the Lord, but the children all awoke soon after, and wanted to be dressed. This was trying to me, and instead of bearing it patiently, was inclined to be angry. In the midst of it I went to Mark's bedside, and he spoke of the love of Jesus, and this was the means of giving me deliverance from myself. Latterly I had given up *private* midday reading, but now I am thankful to say I have commenced it again.

As I sat meditating to-day, I thought, Mark's love to me is continually reminding me of the love of Jesus. Where, in my conduct towards him, can I trace any likeness to the character of my Lord?

Sunday, Sept. 2d.—Mark much oppressed with the thought of our being separated, which he thinks we shall have to be during the winter months, for we should not be able to bear the expense of all moving, and living at Toronto. But the thought of Christ being all in all to us, seemed to relieve him. We had reading and prayer together, and we ate bread and drank wine together in remembrance of Christ. Our souls were thereby refreshed, and our mouths filled with praise. These times, when the Lord has drawn our hearts thus to commune together, have always been peculiarly sweet and precious to us, and we bless Him for it.

Monday.—Mark's thoughts during the wakeful

hours of last night were occupied on the subject of union with Christ, and so again this morning; but the precious truth he speaks of seems to fall powerless on *my* ear. Our union with each other is the means of discovering to *him* the most blessed truths concerning union with Christ; while to *me* it discovers the Church's sins. I see her inability to enter into Christ's thoughts about her. I see that while Christ rejoices over His Bride, she can be as though she had no part or lot in the matter. I see most truly that it is in Himself the spring is found, of all which the Bride is made a partaker of. *She* is corrupt, and in every way abominable, but Christ cleanses her, and covers her with His garments, and puts His ornaments upon her, and then rests in His love, and rejoices over her with singing! Lord, continue to show me what I am, so that I may the more entirely renounce myself, and thus be better able to receive and rejoice in the love of my heavenly, as well as of my earthly husband.

The separation to which Harriet refers, when Mr. Jukes contemplated a sojourn for the winter at Toronto, was in connexion with a thought he had for a short time entertained on his recovery from illness, that he might be led to seek ordination in the Free Church of Scotland. This idea, however, was, upon a nearer investigation of her principles,

abandoned. His preferences were decidedly in favour of the Episcopal Church, though he saw much to love and value in his brethren of the Free Church of Scotland. He would gladly, if permitted, have spent all his energies and talents as a humble missionary in the Canadas, whose Bishops were at the same time urgently appealing for men to serve in the sacred ministry in that colony; but after an interview with one of them, in the course of which Mr. Jukes expressed with much candour his conviction, that the doctrine of "baptismal regeneration" was unscriptural, the Bishop declined to ordain Mr. Jukes.

Many months elapsed, during which he earnestly sought Divine guidance, as to whether he should persevere in seeking ordination elsewhere. This he did towards the end of the following year (1850), at the hands of the venerated and beloved Bishop McIlvaine, who, in the diocese of Ohio, on the opposite side of Lake Erie, was labouring to spread that Gospel, which Mr. Jukes felt called by the Great Head of the Church, to go forth and declare to his perishing fellow-sinners; and by him he was gladly accepted as a candidate for holy orders.

To Harriet, this decision of her husband's was a cause for the deepest thankfulness. She says :—

For six years it has been my unceasing prayer

that he might be called of God to the ministry, and now I fully believe that necessity is laid upon him to offer himself for the work. No one has urged this upon him, and by nature such a step would have been most contrary to his inclination; but the Lord has made him willing, and I am sure he will not draw back. I shall be thankful to see *all* his powers engaged in the service of God, and He will not suffer our children to lack. It is our desire that they may be trained and educated *for the Lord*, and He will accept them at our hands, and will lead us into such circumstances as will best conduce to their spiritual interests.

We are very happy and contented at Woodlands; but it is not happiness as an end we seek,—at least I trust not. Our paths are marked out in His purposes: may He direct them all! As to the work being too much for Mark's health, I can only remind you of the promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Most glad I am to see that he is thus willing to count his wife and children, and house and land, but loss for Christ's sake.

It was not, however, till the spring of 1851 that they were enabled to leave Canada.

On the 2d of August, 1850, another child had been given them, after which Harriet's time was too fully occupied to allow her to continue a

regular journal. Some weeks after this she says:—

It is quite a trouble to me that I cannot keep up a more frequent correspondence with you, my beloved mamma; but I suppose I must be content to have it so, until baby is a little older. She is not a naughty child, but she will have my full attention, and loves to be talked to. She is a very active, energetic little miss.

From this time to the close of the year her domestic anxieties continued to increase, from the illness that prevailed under their roof. Their servant died in the house after three months' illness, the last ten weeks of which she was confined to her bed, being the whole time nursed by Mr. and Mrs. Jukes and their children; and in a letter written at the end of December she speaks of her watching beside her little M——, with scarcely a hope of her life being spared. Yet amidst it all, her faith failed not, nor her assured hope in the love and watchful providence, of her unchanging, covenant-keeping God.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER SISTER LUCY'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

1850.

DURING the winter of 1849-1850, the shadow of a heavy cloud hung over Harriet's loved English home, and her liveliest sympathies and affections were drawn thither, by the tidings which reached her of another sister's failing health.

Lucy had deeply felt her young sister's death. A brother had separated them in age and pursuits from their elder sisters; and when they were scattered at their father's death, these two little ones were left at home, and had all their lessons, and play, and walks together. Although the elder of the two, Lucy's sweet and gentle disposition was ever the one to yield to Fanny's high and buoyant spirit; and while unlike in character, they had clung to each other, as Harriet and Sophy had done

before. From the time of Fanny's death, Lucy had been as a fading flower; and with the cold of winter, and the still more trying changes of spring, symptoms became apparent in this dear young girl, which told the sorrowful tale, that consumption had laid its cold hand on her also. So like her character was her end,—so like her life was her death,—so gracious and so loving were God's dealings with this meek and gentle one, that I feel constrained to pause in Harriet's Memoir, to give a few more particulars and letters relating to her.

Lucy was from her infancy, one of those very loveable and amiable characters, in whom there *seems* little for the Spirit of God to do. But natural sweetness of disposition, though very lovely and attractive, when tested by the word of God, and tried in the fires of affliction and temptation, is soon found unable to endure either the scrutiny of the one, or the assaults of the other. And thus it was as she grew in years, that she learned experimentally her need of a Saviour, and his willingness to save; and that work of Divine grace became developed in her of which we cannot say when, or by what means, the first seed was sown, or the first fruit produced.

When she was about fourteen, she seems to have had earnest strivings with her own heart, and some acquaintance with its evil, as is seen in the

following memoranda found in an old pocket-book of hers :—

Sept. 3d, 1843.—I feel as if it would be profitable to my soul to put down my thoughts, and question myself as to the actions and thoughts of each day. O Lord, do Thou be the leading subject of them ! Although I know Thee in my *head*, I do not know Thee or love Thee in my *heart*. Lord Jesus, put Thy love into my heart, and have mercy upon a poor miserable sinner ; and when Thou seest fit to take me from this vale of tears, oh, receive me into Thy arms, and make me a partaker of the kingdom of heaven !

Sept. 9th.—How dilatory my soul has been all this week ! what protestations I made on Sunday last, I fear in my own strength ! One day I feel full of Christ and His love, and the next, my soul is slothful and full of pride,—and so it has been all the week. O Lord, I beseech Thee to bring me down to the dust, and show me what I am. Dear Betty Howard told me to apply the promises to myself, but I cannot.

One entry, bearing date two years later, shows the continuance of sincere desires ; but with a clearer apprehension of the Holy Spirit as her teacher, and the revealer of Jesus to her soul :—

Sunday evening, Sept. 14th, 1845.—This has been a most memorable evening to me. My beloved mother and sisters are gone to church, but feeling tired, I did not accompany them; and I believe it was the Lord who made me feel tired, because He had purposes of mercy to my soul in this place. These many years have I been endeavouring to love Him, it never struck me that I could try and feel *the Lord loves me*. In the stillness of twilight, I have been lifting up my heart unto my Father. I felt,—as I felt last night,—that Satan was close to me, to draw away any thought that savoured of Christ. I felt this so powerfully, that I was very urgent in asking the Lord to draw nigh unto me,—to come and dwell in me, and to take up His abode in my heart: and who can tell what joy and peace He shed abroad in my heart! It is like what I *never* felt before,—such rest and confidence in Jesus! Yes, this is indeed what I want; for I am weary of these passing earthly joys, and I can say with St. Basil, “Take my heart, Lord, for I cannot keep it for Thee.” O my Saviour, let this not pass off in mere *feeling*, like a summer cloud; but let it stay. Oh help me, Thou Holy Spirit, to “watch and pray.”

Like Harriet, she was for a short time, when only seventeen, thrown among strangers; and there,

amidst the daily trials of a governess, and the felt want of a mother's love, and sisters' companionship, she sought more earnestly the blessed Saviour of sinners. How many a tender spirit thus circumstanced has been driven to the heart of Jesus for sympathy, and has thus found salvation too! He knows "the heart of a stranger," and that none need such sympathy more, than the young governess or teacher. But yesterday perhaps, she was the idol of her own dear home,—to-day she is a dependent member of a family, all whose ways and feelings are strange and new to her.

In the spring of 1847, a few months before her sister Sophy's death, Lucy returned home, and did not again leave it. From that time until her death she enjoyed the precious ministry of the Rev. C. Goodhart, of which she says, "I thank my Heavenly Father for directing our steps to Reading. It was one of His loving mercies, ordering my return home in February. In the first place, for allowing me to share in the soul-stirring teaching of His servant, our loved pastor; and then for permitting me to be with my sainted sister the last four months of her life. I never thought that outward privileges, the mere preaching of the Gospel, could have had such an influence in quickening and arousing the soul. I do feel so peculiarly when Mr. G. is preaching, that it is not *his own words*

that he speaks, he always seems to say something that one exactly wants."

I have said that it was through the winter of 1849-50 that she became so delicate as to cause anxiety to her family. It was still hoped, however, that the warmer weather and a change to the sea-side might, with God's blessing, restore her to health again.

As early as April it was thought advisable to take her to Bournemouth. She felt at the time very weak, but said she hoped the sea air would give her strength; adding, "I do long to feel better, for I have more ties to earth now than I had twelve months ago." That spring was unusually cold and chilly; and instead of improving at B——, her cough increased; and after a few weeks she felt so much worse, as to induce her sister L——, her companion at the time, to send for Dr. ——. The disease, which it was hoped the sea air and summer would avert, was now found to have made progress; and Dr. —— unequivocally intimated to her sister, that it was a case of decided consumption. The manner in which Lucy received the announcement, to us so deeply afflictive, shows how surely her heart had been there fixed, where true joys are to be found.

To her mother, who had remained at home, she takes the first opportunity of thus pouring out her heart.—

Bournemouth, May 5th, 1850.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—* * * They are gone to take a walk, and have left me quietly to write to you on a subject that I know occupies all our thoughts at this moment.

I have often tried to realize this time to myself, and thought I should be able to think and speak of it quite calmly. It is not because I have *one fear*, or *one doubt*, that the tears flow when I speak of leaving you all. No, blessed be His holy name, for not laying His hand upon me while I had yet to find Him. I know my Saviour has died for me, and in His precious blood all my sins are washed away. He has also sanctified me by His Holy Spirit, and made me His own by adoption and grace. I know, too, that He has prepared a mansion for me above, that where He is I may be also. Oh! what love is this! How many times has He called, and I have rejected Him! But He found me at last, and made me to rejoice in the green pastures where He feedeth His flock; and soon He will take me out of *these* pastures where my heart can still wander from Him, and place me above with Himself, and those loved ones gone before. Do you think I can be unhappy, my own mother, if *this* is my sure hope and inheritance? Oh, no. I desire not to be kept here one hour longer than He wills. But my poor heart has yet to be weaned

from many earthly affections. May the months or years that still remain to me be used for His glory, and may the blessed Spirit teach me many things that pertain to my salvation, and make me meet for His kingdom! How did every cloud of darkness flee away when my Saviour seemed so near to me! Can I say more than that your child is happy, to make you feel so too, my mother? May the rich consolations of the Spirit the Comforter abound towards you, my beloved ones, and give us all strength according to our need!

I half fancied one of you would be here, from what L—— said to you on Saturday. But don't come, dear mamma. We had better return the end of next week. This is too far from the sea to get strength from being here.

My beloved mother's loving child, LUCY.

To her sister in Canada she writes a few weeks later:—

Reading, June 28th, 1850.

MY BELOVED HARRIET,—Week after week have I desired to write to you, and each time I have put it off, in hopes of being better able to do so in a few days. But this does not seem to be the case, and I will take advantage of to-day, which, though not one of my best, is better for me, as being cooler than it has been. I know you will wish to hear from

my own pen how lovingly and tenderly my Father is dealing with me. He keeps me resting on Him in "*perfect peace*;" and though the weakness of the body often weighs down the mind, doubts and fears are never allowed to assail it. I do feel it such an unspeakable mercy, that the Lord had drawn my heart to seek Him before His hand was laid upon me. His sweet and precious promises are mine. I have cast my load of guilt and sin on Him who died for me; and that promise, too, is mine, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." My pen cannot tell of His love to me. How shall I praise Him eternally for what He is teaching me now, in this state of painful weakness! He would have me wait *in patience* His blessed time; and meanwhile He gives me bright glimpses of the inheritance prepared for me.

Ah! I love to think of my bright home above; dreams of earthly happiness sink into nothing at the prospect. My heart may fail me when I think of all the loved ones I must leave behind; but to see my Saviour face to face, to know even as I am known; oh! it is not I who should mourn. Help me to praise Him, dearest Harriet and Mark, for all His love, and pray for me that grace may be given me to learn the lessons still in store for me, for I feel I have yet much to learn. I am so unfit for that heavenly kingdom. I want to be stripped of myself,

and clothed solely in garments of my Saviour's righteousness. What a happy family we shall be above! *There* I trust I shall see all your beloved ones, see them devoid of sin. I *must* dwell on the joys of that happy land, else my heart fails me. But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. I know not how long the Lord wills I should remain here. "My times are in His hand," and His time is best. I wished to have had strength to copy you some verses I took from a magazine at Clifton, merely as *then* thinking them very beautiful, little dreaming how soon every word would be what my own heart would dictate. I must ask L—— to write them for you. I am so fond of hymns. I shall mark some in a book for you which dear Mrs. M—— gave me.

This may be the last letter I shall ever write to you, beloved ones. We shall meet where there is no sinning, no sighing, no passing away, and where we shall dwell for ever in the presence of our Jesus!

Your own sister, LUCY.

Before Harriet had received the preceding letter she writes to her mother:—

Woodlands, June 24th, 1850.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—Your two last letters have brought us both sorrow and comfort. *Comfort*,

when we think of all the love, and tenderness, and joy, which the Lord is imparting to our beloved Lucy, and to *us* through her; and *sorrow*, when we think that we are so soon to be separated from our dear fellow-traveller, and companion, and friend. The strongest feeling in my breast seems to be, that if I love her, I shall rejoice because she is going to the Father, and that our loss will be her never-ending gain.

And then, too, the thought is so precious, that the everlasting purposes of Jesus concerning her will have been fulfilled; that in her He will have seen of the travail of His soul, and will be satisfied; and His will shall be accomplished, that she should be with Him where He is.

Dearest mamma, your love for your children will make you desire, or rather will enable you to acquiesce in, the love of Jesus towards them, which wills that they should be provided for, and safely housed in the mansions above before you. Does not this thought solace and comfort your troubled heart? And as far as dearest Lucy is concerned, you have, I know you could tell me, very much to rejoice in, and be thankful for.

I shall be anxiously looking out for letters. The disease must be making rapid progress. It does not seem long ago that she returned from Derbyshire; and now L—— writes, as if it were doubt-

ful, whether she could bear a short drive in a carriage. May your bodily strength be sustained under the fatigue attendant upon sickness, and may the Lord give you all He sees needful for you, my own mamma!

If "the stream of Time" is what we suppose, C — will be glad that he has anticipated Mark's wishes in sending him such a thing. I am so glad that C—— will receive nothing on the subject of prophecy but what he sees in the written word. I think that the interpretation of prophecy comes to us like any other part of God's word,—by the Spirit, through experience.

The children are all well, and happy in their various occupations,—their garden, going out with father on the lake in a small boat we had given us to set the night-line, bathing every afternoon, which they much enjoy, &c. I wanted them to write to you to tell you of their visit to their uncle at Port Robinson, who took them to the Falls, and showed them the Suspension Bridge, the Museum, and much besides.

Ever your own HARRIET.

By the same post she writes also to Lucy:—

Woodlands, June 24th, 1850.

MY PRECIOUS LUCY,—While thoughts of you

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have occupied my mind of late, this passage from the sacred Scriptures has been constantly before me: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to the Father." You can, and I know do rejoice in the thought of being with Jesus; and may not we rejoice with you? How sweet and pleasant is the prospect before you! And you can leave those you best love on earth without an anxious thought, knowing that they will soon follow and be with their blessed Lord. My own Lucy, may His comforts delight your soul; and may He give you such thoughts and views of Himself as may support and carry you through the remainder of your pilgrimage, and especially the last conflict,—if indeed there is to be conflict at the last! We none of us *know* what we may have to pass through; and if the soul is resting on Jesus, we need *fear* nothing. He can carry us through difficulties great or small, and cause us to be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Whatever may be our future trials, may we have grace to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His.

Mamma tells me you went through much experience while you were at C——, and that it was a time of blessing to your soul. The time of spiritual blessing generally is, when our temporal sky is dark and lowering; and who that has anything of the experience of truth, would not rather have the

former with the clouds, than have their brightest hopes concerning temporal things fulfilled, and lose the experience they gain through trials?

I know, dearest Lucy, that you have formed many hopes and joys for the future, even in this world; but most thankful am I to hear that Jesus is more to be desired by you than any one else. I trust that, through grace, dear W—— can say the same, and that he is able to acquiesce in those thoughts of love which Jesus has towards you, though of course the trial to him is of quite another kind. *You* go to be with Him whom your soul loveth, while W—— will be left here to struggle on with sin in his own heart, with the snares and temptations of Satan, and with the allurements of the world. May he be but faithful unto death, and he also shall receive a crown of life! For his present comfort and support, while drinking these bitter waters, will you tell him, with my affectionate love, that the draught may be bitter, but the experience afterwards may be the peaceable fruits of righteousness? We do not *now* know all God purposes to do in His dealings with us, but may he and dearest mamma, and all of us, have no will but the will of God.

My precious Lucy, may the Lord make all your bed in your sickness, and give you now and for ever that peace which the world can neither give

nor take away. Mark desires his affectionate love, and believe also in that of

Your sister HARRIET.

The following was written by Lucy to her cousin during a time of great weakness:—

MY BELOVED E——,—I hope my pencilling will last to S——. I am obliged to write lying down, as sitting up tries me so much. And what shall I tell you, dearest? Surely, of how tenderly and lovingly my Father is dealing with me. He suffers no clouds to dim my sky, no doubts to cloud my sunshine. I am made to be continually *resting on Him*. Who can tell the blessedness of it?

I feel no great joy at the thoughts of my removal, no longing to depart; but I look forward to the bright inheritance my Saviour has purchased and prepared for me with such a feeling of thankfulness to my Father, that He enables me to feel *it is mine*; that a mansion *is* prepared for *me*, that He counts me worthy of one, that I have not now for the first time to be *seeking* one: and then, that I am able to take that promise to myself, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Have I not reason to bless and praise our God? and how I shall praise Him through all eternity for His love in first loving me,—in constraining me to love Him!

How I love to think of the joys of my inheritance! no anticipations of our finite minds can come up to the bright reality. I shall see my Saviour interceding for those I love, and I shall go to Him and ask Him to pray especially for those I have left.

Pray for me, dearest E——, that I may be made fit for that kingdom above.

Your own fond LUCY.

Towards the autumn she revived a little, and took great pleasure in working, to furnish a box of useful articles for her little nephews and nieces in Canada. On receiving it, Harriet wrote to her:—

Woodlands, Oct. 27th, 1850.

MY DEAREST LUCY,—As you are the weak and sick one of the flock, I must employ my first leisure hour in writing to you. It has been much on my heart to write, ever since the exciting time of opening “the box;” and I believe if you, and all the dear friends who contributed to it, could have had all the thoughts I have had about you, you would have had enough to do to read them. But I have not had time to give them to you, and I am sorry

for it. The more so, because I believe it is partly my own fault. I have not been in a healthy state of mind. I have had much upon my hands, and instead of seeking to go through the day in the strength of the Lord, and quietly setting about each duty as it presented itself, I have been driving at everything in haste, and neither myself nor any one around me, has been able to get through things half fast enough for me. But I have not been the gainer by all this. Many has been the day that I have been able to get through with nothing;—either baby has been unusually cross, or such has been the oppression and weight on my own mind, that I have been able to do nothing whatever but the children's lessons. Seeing an error is one step towards its cure; and I am thankful to say that I have had some deliverance, and in due time I hope to be able to settle quietly to my writing again, and have a talk with each of my friends by turn. A young baby like mine does necessarily occupy a large portion of time, and I do not grudge it; this is part of the appointed work my God has given me to do.

And now let me speak of the box. So large, so full!—it arrived a few days after I wrote last. The day it was opened was of course a holiday, and a high-day; a fair-day it was! We were the whole day opening and examining its contents. The children eagerly looked out for the *little* parcels

and boxes, and plenty of them there were, too! As I am writing to my sweet Lucy, I must notice her contributions first. * * *

Your note spoke of making preparations for your health and comfort during the winter months. May your little domicile be enlivened by the cheering rays of the Sun of Righteousness; *then*, great will be your joy and peace! You speak, dearest, of feeling unsettled when you think that you *may* recover. Undoubtedly there is a great deal more to fear from living than from dying, but the Lord is sufficient for both. I know that it is your wish to glorify God, either by life or by death, as He shall appoint. If He is pleased, in His mercy and long-suffering, to spare you to us for a season, may your lengthened years be devoted to His service and glory. I have been feeling much lately my want of love to Christ. I have considered how continually He is coming after me, and calling me to Him, but I am too much taken up with other things, and refuse to come. When by His power He attracts my heart to Him, I am in haste to get me gone, and to free myself from His embraces, in order that I may employ myself with the gifts with which He has surrounded me. I hear His voice speaking to me of the joys above, but while He speaks, my thoughts wander after other things. Oh, dearest Lucy, the longer I live

the more I am made to see and feel that the heart is a bitter and corrupt thing, and that there is nothing that will rid me of it, but its utter destruction and annihilation. The body of this flesh must become a lump of clay, before I shall have done with sin, and the effects of it. But while here, it is not always winter with the soul. When Jesus by His power draws it into communion and fellowship with Himself, causing it to feed on Him by faith, retaining it within His embraces, then the flesh lies as dead, and perfect peace possesses the soul. But this sweet rest is not generally of long continuance; Satan and the flesh soon combine together to overthrow it, and then the war begins again, or the coldness of death comes on. In either case Jesus is the only remedy, and to this Deliverer we may flee, with the certainty that He will overcome that which is too strong for *us*.

And now, dearest, farewell. May the Lord bless you with every spiritual blessing, and bring you into such circumstances as may most conduce to His glory; instructing you, and teaching you, and preparing you for His heavenly kingdom!

Ever your fondly attached

MARK and HARRIET.

The suspense between death and recovery, to which consumptive patients are always more or

less subject, and by which dear Lucy was for a short time tried, was at an end in her case as soon as the cold of winter set in; and the following letter written to a young friend shows how settled her mind had again become in the prospect of her departure:—

Reading, Dec. 9th, 1850.

MY DEAREST M——,—I remember you once expressed a wish to have a pocket-book like mine. I hope you have not had your wish gratified, or the inclosed one, which I send with my love, will be rather too late.

How soon your holidays will commence! This time last year I was among the number to welcome you home. I often think of you, dear, and wonder how you are getting on in your studies, whether you can yet converse in German, &c.

I did not think as I saw you drive off with M——, that bright February morning, that it was the last time I should see you *on earth*. And yet so it is, dear M——, humanly speaking.

This is an ever-changeable world, but we know that all these changes work together for our good; and it is a blessed thing amidst them all, to have the hope of our everlasting safety fixed on that Rock which cannot be moved. Oh, dear M——, now, in the time of health, seek to have the foun-

dation of your hope firmly set on Christ. It is a miserable thing to leave it till sickness comes. How do you think I could have borne the Doctor's announcement of my state had I not had that Rock to rest upon? Seek, dearest, to have your sins pardoned and blotted out; and never forget, that "the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Let us plead this precious blood-shedding at the throne of grace; let us cast ourselves on that promise, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" and then, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, our foundation is sure: *we* can no more be moved, than that Rock on which our faith is placed.

I have written your name in my German Testament. You will see St. John's Gospel has been well studied, but I am sure you will not value it the less for that. These are but perishable memorials of one who loves you dearly; but I know your remembrance of me will last, long after they, like me, have passed away.

Ever, dearest M——,

Your sincere and affectionate friend, LUCY.

After this time she never rallied. She suffered very much from frequent ulcerations of the throat, which prevented her speaking, and occasioned her a great deal of distress in addition to intense weak

ness; but, through all, her patience and quietness, of soul were beautiful. "The irritability attendant on the disease," wrote her sister L——, "was *felt* by her; but through grace she kept it so completely down, that when she asked me to forgive all the impatience she had shown, I was quite distressed at her request, for I was not aware of any." Her delight was in quiet meditation on the word of God, and His love and goodness towards her; and the peace that passeth all understanding was on her countenance to the last. One morning, shortly before her death, she awoke with a particularly bright expression of face, and her thoughts were full of a dream she had had, in which she thought she had gone for a walk, and on her return was told that Jesus had been to visit her in her absence. She felt distressed at first that she had not seen Him, but on being told He had left a message for her in the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," she was quite happy. These words might have been her motto-text, until she really saw that Holy One, in the joy of her released spirit; so fully was their power manifested in her.

The afternoon before her death, which took place Jan. 22d, 1851, she sent messages to many absent friends at intervals, as she had strength. To her eldest brother she sent her Bible; "and beg him," she said, "with my affectionate love, to study well

the word of God ; may it be to him the joy and rejoicing of his heart, sweeter to him than honey and the honeycomb !”

“ To dear Harriet I could say much ; but tell her, God has been to me a *faithful* God, a tender, loving Father. Tell her He is my Rock and my Salvation.”

To her sailor-brother, who was daily expected to return from a long voyage, and whom she had longed to be permitted to see once more, she left a purse, saying, “ Give it to him with my fond love, and tell him I have offered up many prayers for him lately, that the Lord would preserve him amidst all the dangers and temptations by which he is surrounded ; and give him this text for me : ‘ God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.’ ”

A severe attack of cough in the early part of the night which followed, quite exhausted her little remaining strength, and her sister perceiving she was worse, asked her about two A.M. if she should call her mother. She at first said, “ Oh, no !” but about ten minutes after she turned to her, and said in her own quiet way, “ I think you had better call mamma.” Her sufferings, from difficulty in breathing, became very great. Texts and promises from

God's word were repeated to her at intervals, and she showed by her looks how fully conscious she was of their preciousness. On her mother telling her she was safe in the arms of Jesus, she answered, "Oh, yes! praise Him for that." Once she looked up with a countenance that expressed full realization of all Jehovah's faithfulness to the word in which He had enabled her to put her trust, and with deep earnestness of look and manner said, "*Sure—and—steadfast.*" The last text which was repeated by her sister L——, of which she seemed conscious, was, "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry;" to which she herself added, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Two or three times after this she made an effort to speak, but finding she could not be understood, for "heart and flesh" were then fast failing, she quietly gave it up. The hour for her departure had come, and ere the sun arose that morning, her happy spirit had entered into the joy of her Lord!

The tidings of Lucy's departure did not reach Harriet till the end of February, when she wrote to her mother:—

Woodlands, March 1st, 1851.

MY OWN BELOVED MOTHER,—I have this morning been told by Mr. S—— the painful fact that you

have indeed been called upon to yield up into the hands of Him who gave, another precious child, and that we have had to part with a tender and affectionate sister. These ties that bind our hearts to earth are being severed one by one; and soon we shall have more above than we have below. But while we mourn their loss, we cannot help rejoicing in their gain. My precious mother, your trials are indeed deep; but, nevertheless, there is abounding joy, and I do *at present* feel that you are a *happy* mother in thus seeing your children, one by one, safely landed on that shore where neither sin nor Satan can ever again touch them. I know nothing of what this deep, though, alas! mixed pleasure is, by experience; but I may know it. And I think I could be willing to part with my children if I knew they were going to be with Jesus, where He is, for I know He loves them better than I do, consequently their joy would be infinitely greater with Him than with me.

I cannot fancy my former home to have only two sisters left in it. I to you am as good as dead for all the comfort or happiness I can afford you. I often feel, dearest mamma, that while I was with you, I was so wanting in all that I ought to have been, that I am the one you would least have missed all these years that I have been absent from you.

Write to me soon ; I shall long to know how you are supported. I expect you will tell me that the acme of sorrow had passed ere she was taken, for when we see a loved one groaning under a body of sickness and death, and feeling there is no probability of recovery, the hour of separation is looked for as the new point of hope ; and I think I could discern this in your last letter. I will say no more for the present. Our most tender love to you all.

Your own attached,

MARK and HARRIET.

CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

1851-1852.

ON accepting Mr. Jukes as a candidate for ordination, the Bishop of Ohio had required that he should, as soon as possible, remove to the United States, and there study for the examinations he would have to pass, previous to his admission into the sacred office of the ministry. Accordingly, we find him early in the spring of 1851 making preparations for leaving Canada with his family, for a residence at Norwalk, in the State of Ohio.

* * * "Dear, happy Woodlands! quiet, peaceful abode! but I am ready to leave it, to go wherever God may appoint. As yet, this thing has only been thought of in the secrecy of our own hearts, and God's way is not yet manifested to us." Thus wrote dear Harriet in January 1848. Three years passed on in the same happy retreat, while she and

her husband waited on God continually for the manifestation of His will in regard to the secret above referred to, namely, Mr. Jukes' first decided step towards an entrance on the work of the ministry. And now the time had arrived for them to go forwards, her readiness to go where God *did* appoint is shown in the following letters.

To her brother C—— she writes:—

Woodlands, Feb. 9th, 1851.

* * * In leaving this place for the States, Mark is venturing his *all* upon the Lord Jesus. We shall be leaving the few friends we know and love, for a land where we know not a soul; we shall be leaving our means of living, as it were, for an uncertain sustenance: but how good it is to be able to venture all on Christ! We and our children are His, and He careth for His own. Never did He forsake them that put their trust in Him. The Lord's leading is so marked, and the way has been opened before us so unexpectedly, that we cannot but trust Him with the future; and I believe, too, that our removal hence will be for the advantage of our dear children, although we do not now see the way by which it will be made so. *We* have only to do with the present. We are now to train them and nourish them in the ways of the Lord, believing that

in everything there is a way in which they should go, and a way in which they should not go; the future belongs to Him alone.

I suppose we shall be going to the State of Ohio in the early spring. Wherever we are, throughout this wilderness world, we find that all is full of labour; and the way to render our labour easier is to go to it with a ready mind. We should have been truly happy and thankful if our dear ones at R—— could have fallen in with our designs, and approved of beloved Mark's entering the ministry. Such a thing would have given us joy; but the Lord is pleased that all cause for rejoicing should proceed from Himself alone. In our own minds, there is not a doubt as to the step Mark is about to take. I see now why we were brought to this country, and how everything that has occurred has conduced to help forward this event. Mark's mind has been gradually preparing for it for some years past; and I have not the slightest doubt but that it is the Lord who is leading him to it. At the beginning of the year he refused a very remunerative situation, because he thought he saw the way opening into the ministry. There is no fleshly excitement in what lies before him, for he told me yesterday that the thought that came nearest his own state of mind at this time, is that expressed by St. Paul in Acts, xx. 22, 23.

A month later she writes from Glasserton :—

Glasserton, April 23d, 1851.

We have at length left our quiet, happy home ; but I am not going to write a doleful ditty about it, —our path has been made so straight that we have only to walk in it ; and I am thankful that we are able to do so without fear and without regret, although leaving our dear Woodlands, and our friends here and at Dunnville, causes us at times to feel depressed.

As our beloved ones at R—— have not been quite able to feel with us all along in regard to Mark's entering the ministry, I fear our future arrangements will only cause you sorrow and vexation of mind on our account ; and some of you may ask perhaps, if we are really mad, when I tell you what our prospects at present are. Until Mark is ordained, which he hopes may be at the end of the year, I suppose we shall be at Norwalk, where, as we could not get a house, or even board at a private house, he has taken lodgings at an inn. When I first heard this, I began to realize that we were indeed giving up house and land, &c. ; but the Lord, who will always make the best possible arrangements for His children, soon comforted me by showing me that it was the best, as well as the only plan we could follow. It would have been a considerable

expense and trouble to furnish a house for so short a time ; and servants are so scarce in Ohio, that this would have been a great source of annoyance. It is a common thing in the States for families to board at an inn ; and though it is expensive, I doubt whether it will be more so in the end than hiring and furnishing a house. We are to have a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, firing, lights, board, and attendance, for eleven dollars a-week. This, with some extras, will make a hole in our small capital ; but we are fully persuaded of the truth of this, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and He loves and cares for us, and will provide for us and our children. I am sure He does not lose sight of *them* in His dealings with us. Our desires are to bring them up for Him, and that He may use them in service to His Church, and I am sure He will have respect unto our prayers. Oh, what room could there be for doubts and fears, if we only believed in the love of God towards us ? We shall leave this about the 2d of May, and you must in future direct to us at Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio. Your loving hearts will be anxious about us on many accounts ; but cast your anxieties on the Lord, and make known your requests for us to Him. My tenderest love to you all.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

“The Empire Steamer,” Buffalo Harbour,
May 2d, 1851.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—We came on board last night; the wind blowing so hard, that in walking down to the quay we could scarcely stand. It is rather remarkable that in every step we have taken as yet, difficulty has been before us; yet the “lion in the way” has not hindered us, we have still gone forward, and the difficulty has vanished. My last letter to you was just before our sale. The things were sold at a sacrifice; but all along, the thought that everything we have is not ours, but the Lord’s, has kept us satisfied and happy. On Wednesday night we left Mr. H——’s, accompanied by dear Mrs. H——, who came with us to Buffalo, to get likenesses taken of all the children to send to you.

Saturday.—We are still in the steamer, on our way up the Lake to Ohio. There is every luxury provided for us. I am seated in a cabin upwards of two hundred feet long, splendidly furnished with Brussels carpet, crimson velvet spring sofas, and easy chairs, piano, &c. A state-room to sleep in entirely to ourselves, with full accommodation for our children. We have a smooth lake, and are going at the rate of eighteen miles an hour; I suppose there are 150 cabin passengers on board. The children are as good as possible. I expect that

children who are accustomed to regular and orderly habits at home, will not be troublesome when they go among strangers. I assure you, that notwithstanding all the beauties of this large boat, we and our six children are the chief "lions" of attraction; and so many are the questions I have to answer from the Americans, and so many their remarks, that I am beginning to be proud of having so large a train.

Ever your affectionate HARRIET.

Her next letter is dated from the United States:—

Norwalk, U.S., May 1851.

MY DEAREST MAMMA,—We have been here now nearly three weeks. We were much depressed at first with the change, but that is overcome in a measure, now that we have got into regular habits and employments. Mark is very busy studying all day in his room. M—— and H—— go to a free school close by, which is superintended by a very excellent master, and I attend to the four younger children.

Our manner of passing the day is as follows:—the breakfast-bell rings at seven, when we go down to the public room, where we have a table to ourselves; after breakfast, we return to our private sitting-room, where we have prayers, and then I

take the children out for a walk ; I leave the boys at school at nine, and about half-past nine we come in, the younger ones go to sleep, and I give all my time to M——; at twelve the boys return from school, at half-past one we dine, and then they go to school again till half-past four, when I take them all out for a walk again till six ; we then have tea,—soon after which I put the little ones to bed ; we then have prayers, and at nine I am quite ready to sleep myself. We feel that we are in a land of strangers.

June 17th.

Now we are living in “the smartest nation of all creation,” as the Americans style themselves, you will not be surprised that your letters reach us in a fortnight. I do not know how it is, but I seem to forget I am an Englishwoman. Ohio is quite a newly settled country. This town was not in being forty years ago, and now all are rising and thriving, all are gentlemen and ladies. When I first came, and was asking for a washerwoman, the landlady told me that she had spoken to “a lady” who was willing to take my washing. The American women, whatever their occupation, are all well-mannered. Mark accounts for it by their generally attending good schools until they are old enough to maintain themselves. The men are very inferior in this respect, and they, on the other hand, are early

removed from school, and getting money is their chief aim. They are a "go-a-head" people, and risk everything in their speculations; and when they fail, they begin again. When I describe to you the state of the churches, you will say that there is need for labourers who know how to "walk by faith" amongst them. The manner of forming a church is this: as soon as there are a number of people located together of any one denomination, they think it is a respect due to themselves to build a place of worship. They then invite a minister to come and preach to them a few times; if he is approved of, they give him a call to be their minister, offering him so much a year, either what they can collect, or the rents of the pews. He gives great offence if he preaches against popular sins, or endeavours to apply his teaching individually, and is often told, when such has been the case, he may leave at the end of the year. You may imagine how this state of things lowers the office of the ministry, and I am told this is the case more or less throughout the States. I expect, if ever Mark is permitted to preach, the people will be asking, "What new doctrine is this?" In its effects we may have to experience trial, but God is our all; and we have already felt, more than we ever did before, the blessedness of being His, of knowing He is nigh unto us, and that He is our Friend who delights to do us

good. We may be trodden on by men, but we are walking in fellowship with God. Since we have been here, outward circumstances have contributed to keep us low and depressed, but it has been very good for us. We are in a crowd; but we are more alone than when we were among the trees and flowers of Woodlands.

Norwalk is a very pretty town. It lies high, on a dry sandy soil; the houses are for the most part detached, with gardens round them, and trees grow on each side of the streets, which has a very pretty appearance. Everything is un-English, both in the people and in their ways.

We have now been here upwards of six weeks; the time is passing; and I hope when Mark is ordained we shall get into a house of our own again, but for the future we see we shall have no certain resting-place. This, however, is no trouble to us, if only we may be permitted to walk as witnesses for Christ.

I am glad to find I was mistaken in fearing you would not approve of our movements. It was a trial to us to think so; but in the midst of all we have had much precious peace of soul, and an abiding sense of God's presence. Mark has not the least bit of changeableness about him. I think I never saw any one so free from it as he is; he perseveres in whatever he takes in hand. Although he hopes

to be ready for examination at Christmas, it is a canon of the American Episcopal Church, that he must have been resident in the States a year, before he can be ordained. I have very little time for writing.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

Among Harriet's letters we find one here and there from her husband, addressed to her sisters in England; and as the following one contains a little picture of her busy life, and how she fulfilled its duties, as well as a description of Woodlands more full than Harriet had herself given, it will, it is thought, interest the reader.

Norwalk, Ohio, August 17th, 1851.

"I am clean forgotten as a dead man."

MY DEAR L——,—Having been quite unwell the last few days, and unable from weakness to study, I have thought I would take up my pen and send a line across the wide waste of waters, to remind you, that though we have removed to a strange land, it is not the land of forgetfulness. We cannot forget that we have yet a mother, brother, and two sisters at R——, and that these three ladies have no little tribe following their feet wherever they go, and occupying every moment which their hands might find for putting pen to paper: that during the last

four months that we have been strangers in a strange land, (and you know how the heart of a stranger leaps, and what a thrill of delight rushes through him, as he starts from his chair to receive a letter he hears is addressed to him), we have been so greatly favoured as to receive *three* letters! *I* never pretend to write regularly to any one, but Harriet has done so each month, and that with six little ones to attend to, to teach, to walk with, to mend for, to tidy after, to feed, to dress and undress: all this and a great deal more, does she manage to do with only one pair of hands. But how she does it, *I* cannot presume to say, for she is never in a hurry. *I* mention these things not to scold, but to shame you.

The last thing *I* heard was that A—— had got a ship. Do you think it would have given us less pleasure than yourselves to have heard of the glory of the young captain, and the visit to London to be with him, and the pleasant trip to Wales, and the delight of locking up the house, and putting the key into the pocket? It was a very different thing with me when *I* last locked up a house, and having put the key in my pocket, and taken my two boys by the hand, walked away sad, and almost heart-broken, at the thought of leaving a place where we had enjoyed so much peace and so many mercies;—the birthplace of my children, the nest *I* had so softly feathered.

But I do not regret it. I have not done so for a moment since we left it. Better, far better, we should live as strangers and pilgrims here. I have a heart far too prone to vegetate among the things of earth, and therefore it is better to be without such an earthly home, that we may the more earnestly and constantly look for one above. Some time ago Harriet sent you a sketch of Woodlands, done by Mrs. S——. I wish you would copy it and send to me, as I have not a scratch of a pencil to remind me of it, and it was a pretty place. I am offering it for sale still, and at a very low rate. It seems quite ridiculous to mention the sum, 650*l.* sterling. Just fancy, a new house with thirteen rooms, cellar, coach-house, stables, good gardens, orchards of apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, and nectarine! Ninety-seven acres of land, seventy of which are in cultivation, the remainder in timber; a farm-house, and large barn, and cattle-sheds, &c. The land is of the best quality, bounded on two sides by main roads, with a stream running through the whole length of the farm, and affording water to every field, with the beautiful Lake Erie along the entire front. *Here*, you know, we are in lodgings at an inn, having a sitting-room and a couple of bed-rooms only. The poor children feel the confinement sadly, and *I* feel how difficult it is to read, when half-a-dozen little voices, with double

the number of hands and feet, are making a noise the other side of the door, which will not fasten. But I get on faster than I could expect to do under such circumstances, and hope to be ready for examination by the end of the year, if it please God to give us health. But if much sickness is sent us I cannot read, for I am obliged to be doctor amongst my other callings.

Since I last wrote to you, I have attended the Annual Convention of the Church of Ohio. The Bishop seems an exceedingly nice person; he holds Jesus on high for all to see. Oh, may God give me grace to preach among this people the unsearchable riches of Christ,—salvation, free to all, without money and without price. The way, I doubt not, will be rough. They that will live godly, and follow Jesus, must suffer now as formerly. May He make us willing to suffer when He calls; not to run ourselves hastily into it, yet not to shrink from it when He sets it before us. But my pen has been running I scarcely know where. God bless you.

Your affectionate brother,

MARK R. JUKES.

It was not long, however, before “sickness” was sent, and long and trying were the months that followed; indeed, until they left Norwalk early

in the following spring, serious illness continually prevailed amongst them, and she who could least be spared in serving the rest, was brought apparently very near the grave. The first to suffer was Mr. Jukes himself. In October, Harriet wrote to her mother that she had been heavily pressed by the illness of her husband,—she had “never seen him so ill.” In the midst of his weakness, they felt it necessary to remove to a small furnished house which they had hired for six months, finding the hotel too trying a place to be in at such a time. Here, with Harriet’s tender care and nursing, and the skill of his brother, Dr. J—— (who had been telegraphed for from Canada when it was thought he was in danger), Mr. Jukes gradually recovered; but as soon as his strength and spirits were in part restored, they were to be spent, not in study, but in constantly nursing his beloved family.

In the month of February, 1852, after many weeks of great bodily depression, arising from a severe attack of influenza in the first place, Harriet gave birth to her seventh child. On the 2d of March, Mr. Jukes wrote to her sister :—

MY DEAR L——,—As I wrote last week to your mother, telling her that Harriet had presented me with another sweet babe on the 26th of February, I do not know that I should have written again

quite so soon, if it had not been the eleventh anniversary of the day, when I robbed you of one who has been ever since my greatest ornament, my chief earthly happiness. I constantly bless God for that day when we two were made so altogether *one*, that neither can suffer without the other, or rejoice but the other rejoices too. Such union as we have enjoyed, few, very few, I fear, know anything of; and the bond which this day binds us, is stronger far than it was this day eleven years ago. Each successive day, and month, and year, has strengthened the tie which then appeared as strong as it could be. But sweet as this union is, it is but a type of a higher and more glorious union, of which Christ's people are even now partakers, and in which they may even now rejoice: for thus saith Jehovah, "I am married unto you." And St. Paul, speaking of Christ and His Church, says, "We are no more twain, but one flesh." Because Christ lives, we shall live also. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath begotten us again unto this lively hope; and may He give us grace to walk worthy of Him unto all pleasing, ever remembering that we are His. This is a delightful theme, and one which it is difficult to break off from writing about. Being united to Christ, all He has is ours, while all we have is His. Our sins, our shame, our punishment, are His. All His riches are ours, His

righteousness (2 Cor. v. 21), His peace (John, xiv. 27), His God and Father are ours (John, xx. 17); His kingdom (Rev. i. 6), His throne (Rev. iii. 21), His glory (John, xvii. 24); yea, "all things" are "ours" (1 Cor. iii. 21-33).

I have gone on writing though you know this, for we are prone to forget that it is our high state of privilege. May God the Spirit quicken you all, and teach you to joy more and more in this strong consolation.

But to return to my precious one, whom may God in His infinite mercy restore to health and strength. I have never known her so thin as she is now, so pale, so sickly. She has been ill ever since November—at times very ill; and though I have done everything for her that anxiety could prompt, or affection accomplish, she is still very ill. I do not see how she is to get strength; but Jesus is her husband more nearly, more dearly, even than I. Into His hands I commit her continually. W—— and L—— are very ill too to-day. All the little ones have had influenza twice this winter. Pray for us.

Your affectionate brother,

MARK R. JUKES.

Too weak still to write, or to acknowledge the kind invitation of her friends in England, to come to them for some months for change of air and

scene, and to bring her little girls with her, her affectionate husband again writes:—

Norwalk, April 15th, 1852.

DEAR L——,—This sheet of paper was folded by my precious Harriet yesterday evening, when she intended writing to you, fearing you might have been made over-anxious on her account; but to-day she is weaker than I have yet seen her, and quite unable to sit up. He only who has raised her up heretofore, can raise her up again. I look to Him to do so, if it be His will. I seek from Him the fulfilment of His sure promise: “Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” We are anxiously waiting for the navigation of the lake to be opened to Buffalo, that I may take her and the younger children to St. C——’s for a short time, to be under A——’s care, and the rest to Glasserton. If it please God to restore my beloved Harriet, I shall leave her in Canada for the summer, while I go to Gambier, to study at the College there till August, when an ordination will be held; but unless she is better, I cannot leave her. I have taken her out for a drive every day for the last fortnight, when it has been possible or prudent to do so. I have not been able to find time for studying anything but the word of God, and at times my mind is so full of anxious

thoughts I can think of nothing but Harriet; and thus I waste time, increase sorrow, dishonour God, and make myself miserable. May the Lord enable me to look to Him only, and always, knowing He will not willingly afflict us. He has united us to Jesus, and how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? When I look towards Him, all is bright; when I look from Him to self, to earth, to anything around me, all looks dark and dreary. Yet will I wait on the Lord.

My precious Harriet! infinitely more precious to me now than when I first snatched her away from your embrace. Though her roses are faded from her cheeks, and to any other eye than mine her beauty is gone, yet as I look at her I fancy her more beautiful than ever! And so she is to me. I believe it would cost me far less to part with an arm or a leg, or both, than to part with her even for a time. Neither has she strength to undergo the journey to England; and were she stronger, how could I send her alone with four babes? A much more feasible plan would it be for you to come out here and nurse her. Do think of it, dear L——. Once on board a vessel, and there is no more danger than in going to Ireland; and the dangers of the sea are under God's control. God bless you.

Your affectionate brother,

MARK R. JUKES.

On the 29th of April the proposed journey to Canada was commenced, and within a few hours of their leaving Norwalk, Harriet began to revive, and a few days after her arrival at Glasserton she was able to write herself.

Glasserton, May 6th, 1852.

MY BELOVED MAMMA,—I am sure you will be rejoiced to hear that I am getting better, and am now almost myself again. We left Norwalk on the 29th of April; travelled the first day through dreadful roads in a coach, until we reached the railroad. At Cleveland we embarked in a steamer for Buffalo, and the next morning, when within half a mile of B——, we were arrested in our progress by the ice, and for a whole day we were beating through it. We slept that night at B——, and went on the next day by the cars to the Falls, where we took a carriage, crossed the suspension-bridge, and went through pouring rains and very bad roads to Port Robinson, where—whom should we meet but A——? He stethoscoped me the next morning, but could find nothing the matter with my lungs. We came from thence to Glasserton with Mr. and Mrs. H——, who are full of kindness and attention. Mark will return to Ohio in a few days, to proceed to the College at Gambier,

where he will remain until August, when he hopes to be ordained, and to return for us.

It will be a severe trial, both to Mark and myself, to be absent from each other so long, but I trust we may both profit by it. Humanly speaking, I owe my recovery to him; for I feel assured I should not have got over this illness had it not been for his watching, nursing, and care; which he accomplished with so much prayer, and love, and skill. My sickness in Ohio was no trouble to me, except in as far as it bore upon Mark, but he was in deep waters. The time of *my* trouble will be when he is absent from me; but the fear of this is working good for me, and I am thankful I know and feel that I have my heavenly Husband with me, and with Him I may have constant communion and fellowship.

The year we spent at Norwalk was one of trial, especially to Mark. Well, I do not expect the next year will be less trying. I think the longer we live, the more we experience of the truth of our Lord's words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" but then the peace increases, too! I cannot write more now, but I am anxious to send this off in order to quiet your fears on my behalf.

Ever my beloved mamma's affectionate

HARRIET.

The next letter she received from England brought the intelligence of another family bereavement. Her sister Caroline had been quite unexpectedly called to join her beloved ones in the presence of the Lord. Four sisters, whom she had left in full health and strength, had in succession drooped and died. Carry, who had been the first to sicken, was spared to endure the longest suffering. Often had the summons seemed sounding in her heart, "Rise up, my love, and come away," but her hour did not come until He who had placed her in the Refiner's fire, had through eleven long years of wearying pain and languor, enabled her in patience and in praise to glorify Him, and to bring forth much fruit.

In a letter to her brother soon after, Harriet says:—

* * * Oh, dearest C——, we are all passing away; how fleeting does everything appear! The time that remains to us is but short, and everything is reminding us we must be up and doing, and that there is no time to be lost upon the trifles with which we are so frequently occupied.

So Mr. G——'s departure has severed you from the congregation to which you were attached, and has very much curtailed your ministerial work! Well, dearest C——, the Lord has some lesson to

teach you, and you must learn it through trial, a way quite contrary to the will of the flesh; but this has to be crucified, that we may learn to feel as Christ felt, "It is my delight to do Thy will."

I know it must be a trial to both you and J——, that there is no nearer prospect of your being united; but wait with patience, and the end will bring the blessing. The longer I live, the plainer I see that the degree of comfort which we have in walking through this wilderness, is in proportion to our patient endurance under those crosses which beset our path, and this patient endurance can only be sustained while walking in daily fellowship with God.

I know how our beloved mother must mourn the loss of dearest Carry, but I know, too, that she weeps as though she wept not. We are all going to those who are gone before, though they cannot come to us; and cannot we bless God, for all those who have departed hence in His faith and fear?

I heard from Mark yesterday. He seems very well, and is comfortably settled at Gambier. He will be passing his examinations about the middle of July, and we shall hope to see him the week after. It will have been three months of hard work he has had at the College; he has had to go through all the books which the senior and second

classes have been studying the last three years, so that if he does pass it will be a marvel. I am quite well again, except that I cannot bear so much fatigue as formerly. My tenderest love to my mother.

Your affectionate sister, HARRIET.

Mr. Jukes having succeeded in his examinations, was ordained at Gambier by the Bishop of Ohio, on Sunday the 1st of August. His letter to Harriet, written two days after, will show with what holy and devoted purpose he accepted his high commission as an ambassador for Christ:—

Gambier, August 3d, 1852.

MY OWN MOST PRECIOUS WIFE,—May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto you, and may you as well as I be fitted for that high station in which it has pleased God to place me.

Through God's mercy and assistance I was enabled to get through all the examinations, and that too without perturbation of mind or anxious care. Having finished the Seminary examinations on Thursday, we were examined by the Bishop on Saturday; not one of us knew what subjects he would take. The Bishop was the principal examiner, though other ministers asked questions occasionally. He began with the Evidences of Christ-

ianity—the credibility and authenticity of the Scriptures—then Greek Testament. When that was over, we had the following subjects:—On the Existence of God, with proofs—the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity—the Personality of the Son and of the Holy Ghost—the work of each, specially in baptism and in regeneration—the efficacy of Sacraments, and a great deal more of systematic divinity. Then came Ecclesiastical Polity, and Church History, concluding with a few questions on Canons.

On Sunday morning at 9, we met the Bishop and Professors at the Seminary, when he gave us a very affectionate address from John, xv. 16; “I have ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.” He remarked, that it was only the newly produced shoots that bring forth fruit, the old wood never bears any; so true Christians may be alive, but will not and cannot bring forth fruit on old experience: daily grace must be sought, and daily strength derived from Jesus, that our fruit may abound. There were many moist eyes. He then prayed very earnestly for those about to be ordained, and presented us each with a book. Mine is “Goode on the Better Covenant.” We then went to church, when the Bishop preached a splendid sermon on, “Thou, O man of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meek-

ness;" after which we were presented by Dr. S—— and ordained. The service was exceedingly solemn. I felt it so. The Litany came afterwards, and then the Communion. Sixteen ministers partook of it with us. Service being over, the Bishop came forward and gave us each a very kind shake of the hand, and said a few words to each; the ministers did the same, after which we went to the vestry to disrobe. I never longed so much for a place to be alone in, but I could get it nowhere.

The Bishop has named Worcester as my probable charge. * * *

I preach for Mr. W—— at Norwalk on Sunday, if it please God, and on Monday or Tuesday leave for my precious wife. May God give us a happy meeting here on earth if He sees good, at His own right hand if He sees it better! Ever since my ordination I have been as it were on thorns, longing to be off to you. Everything now seems of no importance except the decision as to where I am to go; and then the taking you, my love, and all my little ones, to labour with me for the Lord, in the place He may appoint.

Difficulties present themselves on every side; "without are fightings, within are fears;" yet there is one strong, ardent desire uppermost in my mind; to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, that many may hear and live, ere the night cometh when no

man can work. Oh, pray, my Harriet, pray that we may be delivered from temptation, and directed in that path where the Lord shall go before us, and guide our steps into the way of peace.

May God Almighty bless you ; may His Spirit be poured from on high upon our little ones ; may we be spared to each other, and to them, if He sees good, for Jesus' sake.

Kiss the dear babes, and give love to all.

From your affectionate Husband,

MARK R. JUKES.

Mr. Jukes was not appointed to Worcester as he expected to be when he wrote this letter, but to Maumee City, to which place he had gone, after spending a few days with Harriet in Canada, when she wrote the following to her sister :

Glasserton, Sept. 2d, 1852.

Mark left me this morning for the States. I am sorry he had to go without me ; but I expect he will return in three weeks, with all the necessary arrangements made for our removal.

It is not, as yet, settled where we are to be ; and this would seem to be very important, in every point of view. If we should choose for ourselves, we need not be surprised if chastening follows us ; if God chooses, we may have tribulation, as all who

vill live godly in Christ Jesus must have, but there will be joy and peace connected with it. We have no one with whom we can consult in the matter (which the flesh would at times desire to have), therefore we are cast wholly on the Lord, and for this I am thankful.

One thing has been near my heart for some years past, which I have felt I could not speak of to you until now. We think it good and right to make provision for the future, according to the power God may give us, and in submission to His will. In case of our death, we should not wish our dear children to be left in this country. We both earnestly desire to train them up in the way in which they should go, and not to allow them in the practice of such things, as we shall wish them to break off from when they grow older. We want them to be taught to regard the mind above the body,—eternity above time,—God above self. We should both of us rejoice to think they could be with you, or ——. I do not feel that I am altogether right in speaking of this subject now; but cholera is about, and we may be taken from them, and in a dying hour it would be a consolation to know our dear children would be taken care of. I could desire to be near you. Little did I realize when I left you, that I should probably not see you again in this world. But I may be mistaken.

think, if anything were to happen to my beloved husband, I should start for England at once; I could not then live in this land of strangers. But let us not look into the future any more,—dark indeed would be that day to me, on which I should lose Mark. Amid such thoughts, how consoling to cast a look of hope and confidence towards Him who is our Father and our Friend!

I think, dear L——, there is nothing in my character in which you would think me so altered, as in that almost complete unsusceptibility of heart and feeling which appears to have come over me. Very few things have power to move me, and nothing seems to be a real trial to me but *sin*,—sin in myself and others; and this I feel much more than I did in my younger days. I remember the time when I used to like almost every one that crossed my path, but now I seem drawn to none. Not that I love less the friends I loved in former years,—these friendships are as strong as ever, but I appear to have no power to make new ones. There are two ways in which I can only account for this change in me: first, I am getting older, and have lost much of that fervour of heart which always seemed at my command when any loveable person came in my way; another way in which I account for it is, that I have been learning to love less after my nature, and more as God loves. I

feel now, *I am being taught* to love those who are indifferent to me,—those who seem even to dislike me; and I am to expect that the more I love as Christ loved, the less love I shall meet with in return. All this is easier said than done. It is a lesson to be worked out in the secrecy of our own hearts, amidst the conflicting elements of the flesh, the world, and the devil.

In an old letter (*the last*) of dear Carry's which I came across this morning, she closes it with a line in pencil, saying how low she was laid, and adds, "Think of the weight of glory!" Dear, precious one, she is now at rest from the suffering, and in due time will fully realize what is meant by "the eternal weight of glory!"

Ever your own HARRIET.

Mr. Jukes having been chosen by the congregation of St. Paul's, Maumee City, as their pastor, returned to Canada for his family; and early in the month of October he commenced his labours in that place.

CHAPTER X.

THE PASTOR'S HELPMATE.

1852—1853.

HARRIET had now attained an object she had for many years earnestly desired and prayed for. As long since as 1847 she had said, in one of her letters,—“To have my beloved Mark employed as a minister in the Lord’s vineyard would be my greatest earthly pleasure. But I never say anything about it. *I dare not*; for if it be the Lord’s will that he should be so, the call to it must come plainly and distinctly from Him.”

The call came, and was obeyed by Mr. Jukes; all the difficulties connected with his entering the ministry had been one by one removed, and now, as was observed at the close of the last chapter, he is settled as the minister of St. Paul’s parish, Maumee City, in the State of Ohio. The insight they had

gained into the state of religion generally in the United States during their twelve months' residence at Norwalk, was not such as to tempt them to regard their new position with any high or self-exalting thoughts: their feelings were the reverse of these. They knew that to be faithful, and to be Christ-like, would be to be singular, would be *not* to please all men; but this they did feel,—that they would spend their whole strength of soul and body for the sake of Christ their Master, in service to the people amongst whom His providence had placed them. And though, in the purpose of that blessed Master, Mr. Jukes' day of labour was to be very short, it was one of unceasing effort for the good of his flock, and of unwearied and faithful testimony for Jesus; while in all that belonged to a pastor's wife, Harriet was his cheerful helpmate; in all the sorrows of the pastor's heart, she was his fellow-suffering and sympathizing partner. Her own children and her house, she had learned from the word of God, were to be her first duty; and that the time she could give apart from these should be spent in visiting, or in some way caring for the people of her husband's charge.

As we have seen in some former letters a sketch of her daily life under different circumstances, it may be as interesting to read from her own pen an account of how her days were generally passed at

Maumee; remembering, however, that in mentioning some apparently too trifling matters, our wish is to represent her *as she was*,—"not slothful in business. fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

To her sister:—

Maumee City, Dec. 8th, 1852.

MY BELOVED L——,—If I make a commencement, I think I may be able to add to a letter occasionally; but now that I have visiting besides all my other duties, I have little time for writing. I am sorry to say my "help" is going to be married to-morrow week, and she suits me so well that she will be a loss.

I generally get up at five, call the children and servant at six. I dress the little ones while she lights the stoves, and then she comes up to help me about the rooms. We have finished breakfast generally about eight; then we have prayers, which occupies about half-an-hour. Then I send the children to the post-office while I see about the dinner; and as soon as they return, we all sit down to lessons; and so again after dinner, except on Wednesdays, when we have a reading meeting at our house, and on Thursdays, when I go to the Ladies' Working Society, and remain there some hours. Every first Friday in the month I attend a Maternal Association. When you meet with any-

thing interesting on the training of children, either in tracts or sermons, do send it me, for at these meetings such things are read, and are often very useful. During the first part of the week I take my work very often after tea, and we go out to spend an hour or two with some of our people. They are very warm-hearted here, and show us great kindness. There are a few who are feeling after the truth,—towards these our hearts are much drawn. Every Monday Mark attends a Ministers' Meeting, which is held at each other's houses, when they read and pray, and criticise each other's sermons. Neither the Roman Catholic nor the Universalist ministers attend.

You will be surprised to hear that I have not yet read "Uncle Tom's Cabin!" If I had time I would do so, but at present I have not. The manners of the people in the different States vary widely. There is as much difference between Northerners and Southerners, as between English and Irish. The Southerners are more like the English. We see nothing of the horrors of slavery here, but I suppose we should if we were down at Cincinnati, or anywhere along the boundary line. We read soul-harrowing accounts of cruelty to slaves in the papers sometimes. It is a most exciting subject with the Americans; every one is strongly *for* or *against* it. Yet there is great inconsistency in those who

speak against it most warmly, both in public and private. While they do so, they would not for any consideration sit down at the same table with a "darkey," or ride in the same conveyance; a negro has to jump down before a white man will ride.

You ask if a minister's duties are the same here as in England. I should say they are, in many respects. The position of the church is very different. Here it is but one among many sections of Protestant bodies, and unconnected with the State. *Here* a clergyman is very differently regarded from what he would be in England. *There* he is looked on with respect and honour, he has a good name among men; but it is not so here, where people rank according to their dollars, of which the clergyman has a very small share. Even our Bishop gets less than 500*l.* a-year, but we are told he is as simple in his habits as it is possible to be.

How kind of you to think of sending us another box of things! but I do pray you, and dearest mamma too, not to hurry and tire yourselves in working for me. I feel so impoverished myself from this very thing, that I would fain remind you that the things of time are passing away, and very soon the things which perish in the using will be as though they had never been. Oh that we may use this world as not abusing it! The ladies of

the Sewing Society are very kind in working for me.

Henry is nine years old to-day. I dare say you have been thinking of him : I wish I could see him growing in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ. The children are all now in bed, and Mark is gone to marry a couple. Marriages are performed here in private houses, in the evening.

Ever your affectionate sister, HARRIET.

Dec. 31st.—This is the last evening of the year, and Mark in his prayer has been reviewing some of the Lord's dealings with us during its progress. My health has been restored ; another babe has been given us ; our sweet Carry has been taken from the evil ; C—— has had a wife given him, who I believe is from the Lord ; Mark has been permitted to enter the ministry : these are some of the many mercies we have to record. We have had some sorrows, too, and are at present very anxious about our little W—— ; but, as dear Mark says, “ shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil ? ” Yes, I would receive it from the hands of my loving God.

Maumee, Jan. 1853.

MY DEAREST E——,—It was a great pleasure to us to receive your letter : my thoughts have been

much with you, and your letter in part removed a feeling of regret I had at not being able to *realize* you in your new abode. * * *

You tell me you cannot fancy me in *my* new sphere of action. I think, dear, if you could fancy me at Woodlands, you would be able to do so still. I do not think I feel more now than I did when there, that my soul's earnest longings are for the welfare of the Church of Christ. I feel that the duties of the family are the main point for me to attend to, and often am I thankful that I must do this myself, though I am made to see that the snare of selfishness is laid for me here, too. I think, however, I have Scripture on my side, which teaches that women ought to be keepers at home, and that their first duty is to obey their husbands and guide the house.

You wish to know something of our schools. The only school a clergyman in the States has to attend to is the Sunday-school. I believe there are free day-schools in every town, where all classes attend. These are paid for by the State, for which the people are taxed; and it is said they are conducted by the best masters. At the free school, near our house, there are from 500 to 600 children taught daily. All the children of our congregation attend the Sunday-school, which is held in the church immediately after

morning service. Young persons do not join the church amongst us, or become confirmed, until they profess to have experienced a change of heart. Mark's style of preaching is very awakening, very searching. He speaks plainly on the inconsistency of professing to belong to Christ, while taking pleasure in the gaities and follies of the world. The thing here which grieves us most is, that so many should be engaged with these "spirit circles!" Many of these circles meet every day. Some of the "mediums" are the children and young people of our Sunday-school. A member of the Baptist Church has declared herself the appointed high-priestess, and has administered the Lord's Supper, one of our churchwardens being present. Some have Hannah More for their spirit, and others have their own departed relations. They say the spirits give very good advice, and the circles here begin and end with prayer. A lady who is one of them, told us there are bad as well as good spirits; and those who treat with the bad are dreadfully handled: from her account, in somewhat the same way as those out of whom the Lord cast devils; and there is no mistake (this lady says) but that wonderful things are wrought. Mark takes them all on this one ground, that to have anything to do with familiar spirits is an abomination to the Lord; and he has spoken so plainly to them on the subject, that some

of those who are the most influential in the Church have been wishing him to leave the place. He says he will do so if it is the wish of the majority, but it is not. Another cause of offence is, that he tries to pull down the refuge of ordinances from those who he sees are trusting in them, and who believe in a sacrificing priesthood.

We continue to receive much kindness from many of our people. The week before Ash Wednesday, two of our members came and asked us if we were willing to have a "Donation Visit?" to which Mark replied by thanking them for their kindness, but wished to have nothing to say about it. Having never heard of the custom before, I had to ask for an explanation of it.

Having been all arranged by the ladies of the Sewing Society, the visit was fixed for a certain day, on which occasion we were asked for the use of our house. About seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, bringing with them earthenware, glass, and provisions for the use of the company, and each one bringing something as a present to ourselves. Some brought dress pieces, others unbleached cotton, shirting, linen, cloth for a great coat, silk vests, caps, gloves, orders on stores (shops), apples, potatoes, sugar, fish, butter, and money. There were about a hundred persons came to our house that night, and we received to the value of

120 dollars. Our small rooms were crammed. Tea was handed round by the gentlemen, under the direction of the managing ladies, in the kitchen. As for myself, I knew not what to do, being wholly unused to such a large party. However, after tea Mark called their attention, by getting one of the gentlemen to begin a hymn, in which many joined. He then read an appropriate portion of Scripture, on which he gave a short but very nice exposition, and thanked them all for their love and kindness in thus seeking to supply his temporal necessities, and concluded with prayer, soon after which they began to leave. The managing ladies washed up the dishes, cups, &c., and left everything neat in the kitchen; and the next day, one of them very kindly came and helped me to sweep the house. Every one we have seen since says that they spent a very pleasant evening. Our company was not confined to Episcopalians. There were Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Universalists: thus the Lord is pleased to provide for us through the hearts of the people.

I have had an Irish and an English woman as an help within the last month. The Irish woman refused to clean the boots and shoes; the English woman, from Totness, stayed one day, and in the evening told me that if she was not good enough to eat with me she would not live with me. She has been only

two years from England, and thinks herself as great as the President, or any other person in the land. She said to me, "You know, in this country one is as good as another,—all are equal." The Americans seldom, if ever, go out to work, unless they go as sewing-girls, where they are treated as "one of the family," help the mistress if they please, and sit at their needle the rest of the day. The Dutch and Irish are our principal helps; and of these two the former are infinitely the best.

To-morrow my little G—— will be one year old. I can hardly realize I was so ill last year. I now feel quite strong.

Maumee is a very pretty town, containing about 10,000 inhabitants. I much prefer it to Norwalk. It is situated on the river Maumee, which is about a quarter of a mile in breadth, with considerable rapids. This river runs on one side of our house, and the canal on the other. It is a very straggling place, with here and there the forest-trees still standing. The town is declining in favour of Toledo, which is at the mouth of the river, and is going "a-head" very fast. The people are simple, frank, honest, and sociable. There are all kinds of characters, of course, to be found here, as elsewhere; some thirsting for the truth, some very "High Church," as they are called.

There are some customs here which we, being

English, can never fall into ; but while associating with the people, I never think of their belonging to one country and I to another. I fear you pride yourself too much on being an Englishwoman. Remember, "an Hebrew of the Hebrews." I love England, however, more than ever, because I feel sure that trouble is coming upon her.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

DEAREST L——, —* * * I often meet with those who, having always enjoyed the means of Christian instruction, are filled with knowledge, and can talk readily about those things I scarcely understand ; but in these same dear people I can see a want of *inward experience* of the truths they talk about, and I can see the workings of the flesh when they think it is all out of sight. Dearest L——, seek to maintain constant intercourse with God, seek to draw your mind from outward objects and circumstances, that it may be filled with those precious thoughts of Jesus which He is able to give you. Be willing to go through the little every-day trials of life ; and as you welcome them, ask that you may find instruction by them. They are sometimes stern teachers, but very profitable ones. I have found by experience, that the outward circumstance which causes us suffering may be considerably less felt, if there be a willing mind to go through the

trial. It is the kicking and fighting against it, which often makes it so hard to bear.

The Lord bless and preserve you all, and prepare us for His coming and glory! I think of you all with a loving and a longing heart. I often yearn to see *some*, if I cannot see all, of my own kindred again. But I would not complain. In Mark I have all that I could desire or hope for, and I often think that this world would be very different from what it is, if all were as blessed in their married life as we are. I am sure I can say that there is not a thing I would wish to see different in him, speaking after the manner of men. May I be enabled to hold him with a loose hand, for the things which belong to time are all frail; and I feel, that whenever the dread hour of separation arrives, it will only be for a season.

Your own affectionate HARRIET.

Maumee, July 1853.

MY DEAREST F——,—When I received your affectionate letter containing one of dear A——'s, I thought you should be the next person I would write to; but time has passed on, and this night finds me sitting by the sick bed of my little M——, who is ill in fever. Dear Mark, who is our head doctor and nurse, is in Canada. I feel doubly his absence at this time I have called in a doctor, but

I know physicians are only second causes. When my children are ill, my first thought is about their souls, and I cannot feel confident that any of them are prepared to meet their Lord; and sickness is not the time for them to seek salvation. They all know they must come to Jesus for salvation, but it is quite another thing to *have* come to Him, and to *feel* that He has put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself: this can only be spiritually discerned, and to desire to apprehend this, we must first feel the hatefulness of sin, the sin that dwelleth in us; do you not think so?

When Mark is away, it is always a season of closer fellowship and communion with God than ordinarily. The arm of God seems then to be my only hope, and stay, and guard. My heart, too, is just now rather saddened, by reading a book called "Shady-side; or, Incidents in the Life of a Country Pastor." It shows plainly how all that a minister has may go. His property, energy, strength, all that is natural to him goes, and then his life goes. Yet, after all, I do not regret that we are placed here. Precious are the fruits that are reaped, even in this world, to our souls, besides the fruit which is gathered unto life eternal! *We* may never have to pass through all the difficulties mentioned in "Shady-side;" and yet if we should, I know that the silver and the gold are the Lord's,

with the cattle upon a thousand hills, and He will take care of us. I am more and more convinced that heart trials are excellent for the Christian. As long as we are untried we are unfruitful. If I had had more heart trials, I should be a better help to Mark in the work of the ministry than I now am.

We have had a person here lecturing upon spiritualism, but I have not heard him. I should never be convinced, I hope, that a thing can be right which is contrary to God's word. I believe the things that are being done by these persons are signs of coming judgment. The question for us is, "Are we ready to meet coming judgment?" Can we, in the prospect of such a time, go forward without fear, having confidence, full, unwavering trust in Him who became sin for us,—for *you* and for *me*,—that we might take the place of the righteous One, and be accepted in Him? May this point be a settled one with you, my beloved F—— and A——, and may the peace of God fill your hearts and influence your lives. God's best blessings be with you.

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

When she was without a servant, as was not unfrequently the case, she wrote:—

Maumee City, October 1853.

MY BELOVED L——,—At last I am going to commence a letter to you, having got through my morning's work, which is generally over between nine and ten o'clock ; and as the four elder children now go to school, I then take the opportunity of sitting down to make and mend the clothes, and I assure you I am becoming a first-rate tailoress! Shall I give you a little insight into the order in which we get through things? I fear it would make some of your particular ladies blush, and you would begin to be thankful you are not situated as I am. But I am satisfied, and that will satisfy you; and in the midst of all my various employments, I seem to bear in mind the thought that all that has to do with the body is passing away; and the day that is gone, with all its trifles of pots and pans, eating and drinking, &c., is passed away with it, and is as though it had not been, except in as far as these things have been done selfishly, or to the glory of God.

Twice in the year it is the custom in America to have a thorough house-cleaning: in the spring, when the stoves are put away; and in the fall, when they are again wanted. I am fortunate in being able to have an old Dutch (Christian) woman to do this for me, and she manages it all in about three days. She also does the washing, and pre-

mises to come to me at the end of the year, when I shall most need her.

Nov. 28.—Mark is gone to Norwalk to be ordained priest. The ordination is to take place on the 2d of December, and on the 6th, the Bishop comes here to confirm. It is a time when we have much need to guard against glorying in the flesh of any. It is so natural to like to add members to the church. The Bishop sent Mark a present of one hundred dollars before he went to England, “from an unknown friend.”

As to a “help,” I have not had one now for some weeks. The children are very good and do what they can, and are always ready to help mother. Every one knows what children’s work is worth, but they are all the time learning to help me, and to help themselves, and there are advantages in being sometimes without a servant. The Americans are beginning to feel the great evils arising from the tide of foreigners who come to the States, especially the Irish. In some States they can vote as soon as they set their foot upon the wharf, and vote away their rights and privileges, not knowing what they are voting for or against. In the States of New York the Roman Catholics have succeeded in getting a share of the public money devoted to education under their own management. They have tried the same in this State, but have

not yet succeeded. It is thought they may do so some day, and thus make useless one of the noblest institutions of the land,—the free education provided by the common schools. The difficulty of getting “helps” arises, I imagine, from this being a newly settled country. It is the same in Canada, and the further west one goes the worse it is. I understand it is not so in the New England States, there the country has been so long settled that they know their resources; and there, as in England, girls cannot get places unless they have a good character.

Your affectionate sister, HARRIET.

Maumee City, Dec. 19th, 1853.

MY DEAREST E——,—At last I sit down to write to you, and fancy I should like to have a long talk with you. I am more at leisure than I have been for some months past, having done up all my needle-work, and now I have only to wait for the season near at hand when I shall be laid up. I have never but once thought I should not get over my confinements, but it has been generally a season which has reminded me of the preparation of mind we should always be in, to meet either death or the coming of the Lord. I feel that everything ought to be ready, both as regards body and soul. Dearest E——, my soul has been greatly revived lately by the Spirit of the living God, and I believe

it has been through the agency of Mark's ministry; and now I am again experiencing most precious earnest longings for more intimate communion with Jesus, for blessings on our children, for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the Church, and especially do I long for the establishment in the faith of those young people who have lately made an outward profession, and have joined the church. For the spiritual improvement of the girls, I thought I should like to meet them once a-week, for the purpose of searching the Scriptures; and I have appointed Saturday afternoons for this purpose, with many fears that I shall not be able to make it profitable to them, and yet with a purpose of heart to go forward. I have also taken a class at the Sunday-school; so you see the Lord has put it into my heart to take upon myself new duties, just at a time when I may expect to give up all duties and to lay by for a season.

We enjoyed the Bishop's visit very much. He seems all alive and in earnest. Mark is making great efforts to relieve our church from a large debt owing to the builder. I think the Bishop could not have been told the state of things when he consecrated it, or he would not have permitted it. This diocese is decidedly Evangelical, as may be seen by the choice of three Evangelical delegates by our Convention to the Convention at New York.

One of these is a young man who interests us much; he is quite young, very talented, and speaks and preaches the truth fearlessly and ably. He is ministering to a church at Cincinnati. I believe the dioceses of Maine and Pennsylvania are Evangelical, but all the others are more or less Tractarian, especially those of Michigan and Eastern and Western New York; and yet in these two latter there are strenuous exertions put forth by the Evangelical party, who form the minority. All the dioceses join together in the great work of Home and Foreign Missions. At first they had but one committee, formed of both parties in the Church; but finding they were so divided they could carry no object into operation, they formed two committees, the Tractarians taking the Home Missions, and the Evangelical the Foreign. The former have been gradually declining, and the latter are in a most flourishing and interesting condition. At the General Convention this subject was warmly discussed, and many undertook to point out the cause of the failure in the Home Missions, but it was the young Cincinnati minister who put his finger on the real cause, and pointed it out most ably to the whole assembly.

Dec. 24th.—This is Christmas-eve, and all are gone to church excepting the little ones (who are in bed), and myself. The Episcopalians in this country

generally make a great deal of this night, illuminating the churches, and decorating them with evergreens. Our dear people have been showing us much love at this time. One family sent us a bag of apples, a bag of beats, a turkey, and some pumpkins. Another lady sent me several yards of rag-carpeting, an article that looks rather rough to an English eye, but which will wear four times as long as a good Kidderminster. Another sent us mince-pies, and a sirloin of beef; another pork and sausage-meat: all of which is a help to us, and is an evidence of their kind feeling towards us.

We are thinking much of the desirableness of sending M—— to England when we have a good opportunity. She would have many advantages there which we cannot give her here. But the question is, "What will be the best means of fitting her for usefulness here, and for living with Jesus hereafter?" That the time is very short, is strongly impressed on Mark's mind.

My fondest love to all so justly dear to me. It will not be long before we all shall meet; may it be indeed with joy! Do —— and —— think of this meeting time? May their hearts be given to Jesus!

Your ever affectionate HARRIET.

The efforts Mr. Jukes personally made to pay

off the debt on St. Paul's Church at Maumee, were rewarded by success at the close of this year. One who was acquainted with the circumstances, writing on the subject since Mr. Jukes' departure, says:—"When he first went to Maumee city he found the Episcopal church there burdened with a heavy debt, and no probability of its being discharged. A former church had been built, and had been sold after some years to pay the debt due to the builder. It was bought by the Roman Catholics, who now use it as their church. After a time the Episcopalians wished for another church to be built, and subscriptions were raised for the purpose, but they were quite insufficient; when a good man, a builder, agreed to erect the church, taking the amount subscribed in part payment, and promising to wait for the remainder until the pews were let, and could pay. But in a year or two this good man died, and his affairs fell into the hands of one who insisted on payment. If the debt were not paid by January 1854, the building was to be sold by auction to the highest bidder. The Romanists were again on the alert to get it for a school. At this juncture Mr. Jukes stepped in. He pleaded the cause of the church from house to house, and in several churches of the neighbourhood. On applying to one of the wealthiest and most influential men of the city, who hesitated to subscribe, thinking it was

in vain to attempt to raise so large a sum (two thousand dollars) in so short a time, Mr. Jukes said,—‘ Well, sir, I am poor and you are rich, will you give double what I am willing to subscribe?’ He said he would, and Mr. J. at once put down his own name for one hundred dollars, which was a third of his year’s income as the minister of St. Paul’s.”

By means such as these was Mr. J. enabled to leave his church unencumbered for his successor ; to be, we trust, a “ candlestick,” in which the light of God’s word may ever burn brightly, both to expose error of whatever kind, and to guide the feet of God’s dear children into the way of peace.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH.

1854.

THE interruption that Harriet had expected to her labours at the commencement of the new year was not of long continuance. Her babe was taken from her loving arms to those of his Saviour, three weeks after his birth; and she had so far recovered her strength by that time, as to be able to lay her little Arthur *herself* in his tiny grave, the brothers and sisters standing round, while his father read the solemn funeral service over his last-born, but first-chosen for heaven!

The following letter sweetly shows how as a mother she felt this bereavement, while as a *Christian* mother she was enabled unmurmuringly to yield the gift back again to the Great Giver:—

Maumee, Jan. 30. 1854.

MY OWN BELOVED MAMMA,—It was but a few days ago I wrote to —, and I believe I told her

that our sweet babe was in such a suffering state that I could do nothing but attend to him. Sweet infant! his sojourn here has been of short duration. Eighteen days was the length of his pilgrimage, and then he was mercifully taken away from the evil to come, to be at rest with Jesus for ever. It is strange how soon our hearts get entwined around a child. I had no idea it would be so trying a thing to part with a babe. He died in my arms about seven o'clock last evening, so calmly, that though we were watching we could not see when he breathed his last. At the time of his birth he was the strongest babe I have had, and a very pretty child; but he never thrived, which made the doctor think there was something organically wrong. However, it was the Lord who did not see good to bless the means used, because He had a favour unto him, and unto us also. May He vouchsafe to make us learn the lesson it is designed to teach us. May the time which would have been taken up in nurturing and attending to my sweet babe, be spent in doing His will and work.

Feb. 2d.—Our precious babe, whom we named Arthur, died on Sunday evening. We laid him out in his cradle, and the next evening put him into his coffin. The following morning at ten, some friends assembled at our house, when Mark read portions of the funeral service, and made

some profitable remarks to the living. We then went to the Cemetery. One large carriage held myself and the five elder children, with the coffin, which I carried on my lap.

Mark had previously bought a spot in this land of our sojourn where we might bury our dead, and all things being ready, *there* we left the body of our Arthur until the morning of the resurrection. Until we had left him there, I could think of nothing but his lifeless body; but since then, I have realised his spirit as being with Jesus. It was this latter thought which imparted that strength to my beloved Mark, and enabled him to go through all the trying duties devolving upon him.

At times I can scarcely even now realize that he is gone, and I seem to have nothing to do now that I have not my babe to attend to. In the midst of this void, my earnest desire is, that time thus given may not be occupied in doing my own will, and seeking my own pleasure, under the fancied name of *duties*, but that I may enquire diligently what the Lord would have me do, and that I may be willing and *earnest* in seeking the spiritual good of my children, of the Church, and of those "without hope and without God in the world."

As to the elder children, they felt tried at the time. As soon as M—— heard the babe was

dying, he rushed out of the room, and would not return. The others mourned with us, and did not seem to dread to look upon death. Our friends have shown us much kindness and attention, and have been ready to assist us in every way in their power. You, dear mamma, will think it a happy thing that our babe is taken: *we* think so, too; and while we mourn, we are thankful. Which of our darlings will be the next to go? Oh, may God grant they may be ready! I think the only thing that would be to me a *heart-trial*, would be to see them die unprepared.

I am regaining my strength comfortably, and hope soon to be strong as formerly. My fondest love to those around you, and to all the absent ones. May the Lord watch between us while we are absent one from another, and then gather us all into His eternal kingdom and glory. I should like to embrace you on your birthday, if it might be so. When I parted from you, how little did I think so many years would pass before I should see you again!

Our fondest love, dearest mamma, from your own affectionate children,

MARK AND HARRIET JUKES.

From this time she gave herself to unremitting efforts to do good to those around her, practically

carrying out the desires just expressed, considering that the time she had thought to have devoted to her infant, was more especially claimed by the Lord for the "little ones" of His Church.

Her letters were more brief, and less frequent; but there was a fervour of soul in them, a manifest concentration of heart, and mind, and effort to one point which none of us could help noticing, or being solemnized by reading, and which the sequel, a few months later, brought forcibly to our recollection. She wrote as though she had *known* how short her time would be, and that soon she should no longer be able to deny herself for Him who had died for her.

At the close of a letter written early in the spring, in which she begs her mother and then only remaining sister to join them in America, she says:—

* * * I would not say a word, if you really feel that you would be happier in England than you would be here. And upon reflection, what do we offer you when we ask you to leave a home in England for one in America? We ask you to come and share our trials and our joys. We ask you to come and labour with us, that so with us you may find *rest*,—if not *here*, yet rest there will be for us in the coming kingdom of our God. As for Mark

and myself, we hope and pray that we may, with greater earnestness and zeal *in the strength of Jesus*, put our shoulder to the work, and not drawing back, contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

To her mother:—

Maumee, May 29th, 1854.

* * * We know not how long we may have the privilege of uninterrupted communication with each other. The thought of your having war in Europe is very sad to me, and I often think more troublous times are at hand, (though Mark thinks they may not be so severely felt here as in the old Roman empire,) but the thought of that which will come *after*, is enough to fill one with joy! My mind has been much engaged since I last wrote to you with thoughts of the Second Advent, and I have been enabled to realize the *reality* of it (if I may so speak) more than I have ever done before. The events which precede it will so naturally arise out of and follow each other, that the majority of those who are living will be saying, “Where is the promise of His coming, for all things continue as they were?” But to us who are waiting for Him He will appear for our joy, and we shall be delivered. It is often a grievous thought to me, that

“because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.” I pray God that none of us, or those we love, may be of this number! Oh let us exhort one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching!

This is Mark’s thirty-sixth birthday! how fast we are getting on in years! This morning he received a letter from the Bishop, with a present from him of fifty dollars. The Scripture says, “The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand;” and it certainly has been so with dear Mark, for he never regards anything he has as his own, but to be spent for others. Tell J—— that a lady told me the other day she had seen darker circumstances in a minister’s life than those depicted in “Shady-side;” and such cases, she says, are common in the New England States.

To her sailor brother:—

Maumee, June 1854.

* * * I am glad to hear, dearest A——, you are so soon to be in England. How much of your past life has been spent in going about the world! and at times you have gone through much and severe labour. “We spend our years as a tale that is told.” And how much that is pleasant in life is mixed with sorrow! I have felt this much lately, and realize more and more that I am as a pilgrim

journeying home, and my thoughts are more bent on keeping myself for that heavenly home.

Harriet's next letter was to tell of cholera having broken out in a village not far from them, and of the sadness and alarm which were spreading over the whole neighbourhood in consequence. A few days later she writes:—

The cholera is now at Maumee;—as yet there have been only six deaths, but when it leaves our city, how many will there be remaining in it?

The Lord reigns, and our prayer is that we may be spared to each other, and to our children, if it be for God's glory; and if he calls us, may we have our wills in complete subjection to His! I have never been in a place before where there was cholera, and at times I feel strangely overcome with fear. And yet I know fear makes it worse for one's self, besides preventing one's usefulness to others, and it is not right for a Christian to be afraid of anything. God is our Father, and our Friend; cannot we trust Him with our souls and bodies too, and with those we may leave behind? How true it is, that instead of walking by faith, we trust God only as far as we can *see*. I feel more and more the folly of having the heart *here*, instead of with Jesus at the right hand of God.

Harriet's next letter was dated July 15th. It gave us no reason to imagine the pestilence was spreading at Maumee, though it prevailed in other places around them. She says:—

Mark has again left me for a few days to go up the canal. I am generally sobered when he leaves me (especially in these cholera times), with the thought that I may not see him again. In some places around us it is very bad. In one village of about three hundred inhabitants, thirty died in about twenty-four hours. The next day the remaining population left the place. Last Friday was set apart for humiliation and prayer. Ministers and members of the different Protestant denominations met in the Methodist chapel, as being the largest place. Mark prayed and preached with much freedom, earnestness, and effect, for half-an-hour; after which some of the congregation prayed, and other ministers said a few words. It was a profitable season.

On Saturday, July 29th, she wrote as follows to her mother-in-law in Canada:—

I wrote to you on Tuesday, dearest Mrs. H——, but as I know you will be anxious to hear from us

again soon, I will prepare a note for you and send it on Monday.

The cholera is still very bad at Perrysburg among the few families that yet remain there. It is said that no cholera patient has been cured, but I should hope this is a mistake. Some seven or eight have had it here, and all died but one, with whom it is said Dr. St. C—— tried a new plan. There is so much dread of the disease, that when a person is attacked few are found willing to nurse them, unless there are members of their own family who can do it. There was a little child taken ill in Perrysburg, and we are told that it was put in a bed in a room by itself, and all the family left the house, the parents looking in at the window now and then to see how it fared. As soon as it died they quitted the town, and the neighbours had to bury it; since which time they have all of them died. My servant has left me for fear of the cholera, and should any of us be attacked, we should, I suppose, be left to our own resources. There is a great deal of intermittent fever besides cholera prevailing. All our children have been poorly, and Mark and I are both ailing; he is better to-day, but very weak. As I have said before, whole families have been taken,—and what has been may be; and we feel it is best to have everything

settled, as far as we can settle, beforehand. If after Mark is taken I should be taken, and all, or some of the children be left, I should like them to be sent to mamma and L——, or to my cousin ——. If you will see to their well-being, dearest Mrs. H——, until such a removal could be effected, you would make me happy. It may be that our children may do better in other hands than ours. We know that God will do what is best for them, and for us. My greatest anxiety is, lest they should be taken before they have that change of heart, without which we know no one can enter the kingdom of God. To the Lord we continually commend each other and them, and we know it is not in vain.

At times I feel a dread of the disease, for which I am grieved, as it would of course unfit me for any duty we may be called on to fulfil; from this I earnestly pray to be delivered. Mark has made his affairs as straight as possible, in case the worst may come; and all our bills are paid up. “Be ye therefore ready also,” says our Lord; “for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.”

Here the letter was put aside in her writing-case. She intended to have finished and sent it on the Monday; could it have ended better than in the Saviour’s solemn words of warning?

The anticipated Monday passed, the letter was

not sent, and on the following morning, August 1st, Harriet was a widow! When she next took up her pen, three days after the date of the last letter, it was to write the afflicting intelligence to her mother in England:—

Maumee, August 1st, 1854.

MY OWN, MY TENDER-HEARTED MOTHER,—How will you feel for me and mine when I tell you what has happened! Can you bear it? Oh, be not shocked, for my loss is his gain! My precious Mark was taken from me by cholera this morning; he had been only ill during the night. I looked to the Lord, and asked Him to spare him to us, but that was not His good will concerning us. We had been talking about the cholera, and Mark had set his house in order, in case he might be called home; but until within two hours of his death he thought he should recover. But I must hasten to bring this to a conclusion, as I do not feel able to write much.

* * * * *

She then gives a few brief directions regarding her children in the event of her own death, commending them to the care of those who loved her, adding:—

I want my boys to be ministers, and my girls

to live for others. Oh, you all know what I want for them! Will all my dear ones assist? Oh, how sweet it is to have friends! If I am alive, you shall hear again soon, please God; if not, you will rejoice that I have entered into my rest, and will hear so from others. If I am taken, will my dear ones make arrangements about caring for my children as soon as possible? I care only for their eternal state.

My unutterable love to you, my precious mother!

YOUR OWN HARRIET.

These were the last words she was permitted to write. One day passed over her, a day of desolate, heart-rending widowhood—and the next, she had joined her beloved husband in the presence of their Lord. One day of deep, unutterable anguish,—and on the next, the dawning of the morning without clouds breaks upon her astonished spirit, and the shining of that sun that will never set rises upon her. *Earth* with its sin and sorrow, its pestilence and death, presenting but yesterday its gloomy prospect of perhaps years of lonely pilgrimage and conflict, is now left behind for ever, and *Heaven* is reached, where the “King in His beauty,” *Jesus* radiant with joy at welcoming His redeemed ones, receives her to Himself, to be with Him for ever!

Oh, what a joyous surprise, to be there so soon,
and there together !

“ I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o’er the way :
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life’s woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway ; thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E’en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom :
There, sweet be my rest till He bids me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the river of pleasures flows o’er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?” *

* This was a very favourite hymn of Harriet’s, and one which her children say they used frequently to hear their parents singing together, while they were dressing in the morning in their own room.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

“You will rejoice that I have entered into my rest.” Yes, we did rejoice for *her* who thus wrote, while to ourselves this double blow was most crushing. The distance at which the event happened, and the little we could hear of the circumstances of their departure, added to our deep sorrow. We knew only that strangers had closed those loving eyes, and gathered up her departing words, and hushed the sobs of the orphaned little ones, and that the God of the fatherless was there!

With deepest gratitude and admiration we record the self-sacrifice of those two or three—I will not call them strangers, but friends,—into whose hearts God put the love that overcame fear, and made them so willing to minister to our beloved one in her dying hour. To them we are indebted

also for the few particulars that reached us of the last moments of Harriet and her husband.

Mr. Jukes had preached twice on the Sunday, attended his school, and visited several sick persons, although feeling very weak; and he had spent nearly the whole of Monday, in again visiting and praying with the sick and dying of his charge. When he came home in the evening, he said he felt very ill, and went to bed. It was soon evident that the pestilence had fastened on him. Medical advice was followed, but through the night he continued getting weaker. One kind friend, Mr. A——, thinking something was amiss, from seeing one of the little boys out later than usual, came to the house, and finding poor Harriet *alone*, watching beside her dying husband, remained with her through the night. He says,—“Mr. Jukes said but little after I came, except to ask **constantly** for ice. About a quarter of an hour before he died he said,—‘Harriet, pray;’ which she did, offering up one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard. Once afterwards he tried to say something, but could not utter distinctly. Mrs. Jukes said,—‘Mark, is there anything on your mind?’ He said,—‘No, nothing.’ A few moments after he ceased to breathe.” Mr. A—— adds,—“During the whole time I was present, Mrs. Jukes stood over him, without once leaving the room; and I

never saw any person kept so perfectly calm and self-possessed as she was, through the whole of that trying night and morning." What an answer to her prayer, to be delivered from the fear which would prevent her doing her duty, if called upon! Ah, who can tell how present Jesus was to her in that hour of need, how much of His power then rested upon her! With her own hands she laid out the lifeless form of him, who in life had been so precious to her; and while Mr. A—— went to make arrangements for its interment, she assembled her children to take a last look of their beloved father, and then knelt with them around the bed of death, to commend them and herself into the hands of that Father who cannot die.

Harriet and her boys followed the remains the same day to the grave. It was a touching little incident that was told us, by one who first entered the house two months after her death, that on the table in the first room he went into, lay her straw bonnet, trimmed with blue, with a black veil thrown over it, the only mourning she had time to procure;—there it was, just as she had taken it off on her return from that sad funeral. In another room, put down as carelessly by the side of the bed on which he died, was her husband's hat and white neckerchief, all reminding one how suddenly they had been called away from the present to the eter-

nal world,—how, in the midst of life they were in death!

Harriet spent the remainder of the day in writing her last letter to her mother, which has been given at the conclusion of the former chapter, and then in few words made her simple will, in which she commends her children to those she hopes will have grace to bring them up for Jesus, adding,—“ I earnestly beseech my sons, *if they can do it conscientiously*, to serve God in the ministry, and my daughters to make themselves useful, solemnly urging them to give their hearts *now* to the Lord, and to meet their father and myself at the right hand of God, to love one another while life shall last, and to seek to make each other happy.”

Mr. A—— says, — “ She appeared in better health than I thought it possible she should be in, after the fatigue of mind and body she had gone through.” It was not until four o’clock the day after her husband’s death, that Dr. B—— was sent for, and alarm felt lest she, too, should sink under this fatal disease. She appears to have felt no alarm herself, but to have quietly waited the result, knowing in whom she had believed.

Those who watched her through that last night and morning say, “ she slept but little.” They heard her frequently pouring out her heart in prayer for her children, that if it was His will,

God would spare her to them; if not, "His will be done, whatever He did (she knew) would be for their good." One plea arose above every other; it was, that they might not be taken while unprepared. She prayed for those who were kindly nursing her, that they might not suffer in so doing; and for the people of her dear husband's charge, that his labours might not be lost upon them; and that those who had not profited by his living ministry, might be aroused by his death.

In the morning she said to Miss C. E——, who came to take her sister's place by her bedside, that she felt better. She scarcely spoke after this. "A little before twelve o'clock" (writes this young friend, who was alone in the house with her and the children at the time) "dear Mrs. Jukes went to sleep, and breathed her last as sweetly as an infant going to sleep."

We thank Thee, O God, we worship Thee, we praise Thee for Thy goodness to her, in life and in death,—“**THY BANNER OVER HER WAS LOVE!**”

It is interesting to trace, in the devoted love shown to dear Harriet in her last hours by *her* who sent us this touching account of them, the grateful return of love received. On referring to some letters of Harriet's, dated a few months before, we find the name of Miss C. E—— among those for

whose spiritual welfare at the time of their confirmation, their pastor's wife had felt so anxious.

So panic-struck were the inhabitants of Maumee by this solemn visitation, that even the hotel-keepers refused a night's shelter (all that was asked) to the bereaved little family. The Miss E——s, constrained by the love of Christ, and love to their pastor, felt they could not do enough for them. They took them to their own home, fearless of the consequences to themselves, saying, by the same grace of Christ their Master, "What little kindness we have been able to show to Mr. Jukes' family was only our duty, and no more than they would have done for us. We all had fever some time since, one after another, and Mr. and Mrs. Jukes were then daily visitors at our house, comforting us and our mother in our affliction. Their kindness to us can never be forgotten."

Other like testimonies were given to the faith and love of these single-minded servants of God.

Mr. N——, a judge of the State, writes of Mr. Jukes: "Allow me to say, I never in all my life made the acquaintance of any one for whom I had formed so strong an attachment. It was a sore trial to me to leave Maumee city on his account, partly that I could not minister to his precious family's wants temporally as I desired, but most of

all that I should lose his godly instructions and *Christ-like* example, carried out in his every-day walk, as I never saw it before in any human being on earth. His very soul and body seemed to be in the work of saving sinners, and doing his Master's will. I think it was the last time I saw him that he seemed fatigued, and quite unnerved. I remarked that he ought to take a little rest, and that a short journey, or a visit at my house for a few days, might do him good. He shook his head, and replied, 'that there was no rest on earth for a minister of Christ.' Thus he lived and thus he died, with his armour on, fighting in his Master's cause. God grant that we may meet him at His right hand!"

Mr. A—— says, "I never in my life saw faith so strongly exhibited as in the case of both Mr. and Mrs. Jukes. With them death appeared to have no terrors, their trust was so perfect in that God whom they had faithfully served;—their loss as to us irreparable; we cannot even hope to have their places filled."

Mrs. D——, who assisted in nursing Harriet in her last illness, says, "All denominations of Christians acknowledge Mr. Jukes to have been a pattern of piety. Even Roman Catholics say, 'We never knew such a man as Mr. Jukes, so good, and kind, and self-sacrificing.'"

One who knew Harriet the most intimately during the whole time she lived in Canada and America says of her:—"There was a *reality* in whatever she said and did which inspired confidence in all who went to her, or looked to her for advice, beyond what I ever knew in any other. Not one of my own dear children did I love more tenderly than I did that blessed one. Truly the Lord has been merciful to *her*, for she leaned so entirely on her tender and considerate husband, she was so completely one with him, that she would have been desolate indeed without him. Our beloved ones were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they are not divided."

One other testimony must be added, which, as coming from a name so honoured and beloved in the Churches, is valued accordingly; and deeply grateful do we feel to Bishop M'Ilvaine for the comfort his letters were to us in our grief. We felt that though *we* had lost much, the Church of Christ had lost more.

As soon as the intelligence reached him of Mr. Jukes' removal, he wrote the following letter to Dr. Jukes, who had come to Maumee immediately on hearing of his brother's death, but only arrived in time to see Harriet's remains carried to the grave, and to rescue her children, by taking them to Canada on the following day, and to whose kind attention

and skill, many of them, under God, owe their lives :—

“Cincinnati, August 9, 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to express to you my deepest sympathy in the affliction you have suffered in the death of your brother, and my most valued and beloved presbyter, the Rev. Mark Richard Jukes, of whose departure hence, followed soon by his faithful wife, I was informed yesterday. I am afflicted as well as you, and his poor orphan children, for whom my heart aches. That little bereaved parish has suffered an irreparable loss, and all the clergy of my diocese must feel that they have lost a most faithful and exemplary brother. He died at his work, as a good steward, and has gone to be where his Lord is, at rest. At rest! Oh, how sweet the thought! at rest for ever from all sin, and conflict, and temptation, in the boundless love of God;—reconciled, justified, glorified in Christ. I much admired the simplicity and single-hearted devotedness of his Christian character, and pray God to raise up many such labourers for His vineyard here.

“It is a great comfort to learn that you have taken the poor children home with you, and that they are to be under the care of their grandmother, to whom I beg to send my respectful regards. The Lord be the Father of those father-

less ones, and cause them to walk in the steps of their parents.

“Yours, very respectfully,

“CHAS. P. McILVAINE.”

The following was sent to the Editor of the “Western Episcopalian,” from the Bishop:—

“Cincinnati, August 8, 1854.

“DEAR SIR,—I have the painful duty of communicating to our brethren in the ministry of the diocese, the afflicting intelligence of the death by cholera, at Maumee city, of our excellent brother, the Rev. Mark Richard Jukes. He died on Tuesday the 2d, and on the Thursday afterwards his wife followed him, under the same disease; leaving, I believe, as many as seven orphan children. ‘His parishioners say,’ (the Rev. Mr. Wallbridge writes me,) ‘that he was the victim of a too unselfish devotion to the duties of his office; visiting the sick, burying the dead, and preaching when he was too ill to do so without imminent peril. But he felt it was his duty, and was of that zealous, God-trusting nature, that made him think too little of his own safety, so that he might finish his course with joy.’ The poor orphans have been taken by their uncle, Dr. Jukes of Canada West, to live with their grandmother.

Our deceased brother was a native of England, but had resided some years in Canada West, bearing the character of a faithful, earnest, intelligent, Christian layman. In 1852 and 3, he was ordained deacon and presbyter in this diocese. All of his brief ministry was spent as one of our Diocesan Missionaries, in the parish of St. Paul's, Maumee city, where the beautiful simplicity, and pure devotedness, and zealous, self-forgetting spirit of his mind, united with his faithful teaching of the pure Gospel, will long be remembered. Mr. Jukes was remarkable for his rich possession, in mind and heart, of the word and unction of the Scriptures. He did truly know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified. I have seldom seen a minister having more of the mind of His Master. I mourn his loss. Alas! who will supply our waste places? Must we not call on the Lord more earnestly, that He would raise up, teach, endow, and send forth labourers into His harvest? And should not the sudden calling away of our brother in the midst of his work and usefulness, and after so short a term of service, be felt among us as a solemn warning to redeem the time, and live in earnest, and work with all our might for our Lord, while we do live here, not knowing the day or the hour when our account will be called for?

“Yours truly, C. P. McILVAINE.”

And on the occasion of the meeting of the Clergy at their Annual Convention, the Bishop again made honourable mention of our dear departed one in these words:—

“There is a remembrance associated with the Church in which we are assembled that warns us that ‘in the midst of life we are in death.’ It is not a year since I held an ordination here, and admitted to the order of presbyters the Rev. Mark Richard Jukes. He is now ‘absent from the body,’ and we doubt not ‘present with the Lord.’ That fearful disease which has been walking in darkness through the land for a long time, smiting here and there with death, entered his little parish. He was faithful to his duties in the midst of it. When he needed rest, he was visiting the sick and burying the dead, and earnestly preaching to the living. He considered not himself. The disease took hold on him and he died. In two days more his faithful wife was dead, and their children were orphans. He had been so short a time among us, that there are probably many of his brethren in the ministry of this diocese who did not know him, except as having met him once in Convention. But he was worth knowing intimately, for the mind of Christ was his, and the anointing of the Spirit was upon him. We have lost a most earnest, spiritually-minded, self-denying brother, and his

parish has lost a most faithful pastor. Such bereavements are great afflictions in this the time of our need, when we have to lament the fewness of the labourers for the great work assigned to the ministry of the Gospel. Louder and louder comes the voice, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' And how few there are to answer, 'Here am I, send me!'

It remains but to say, that to God we must give all the glory for what our beloved friends were, and for what they did. He worked all those works in them, by which their light shone before men, constraining many to glorify their Father who is in heaven. Oh that their living testimony and dying prayers may yet be more fully blessed to that people, in the midst of whom their course is now finished, and their race run; and may all who read these few memorials, which have more especially related to dear Harriet, be made partakers of the same blessing! To God's own people may they be a witness of His faithfulness and grace, which can never fail or forsake any who trust in Him.

In the simplicity and stedfastness of her faith, the consistency and unworldliness of her life, does she not afford an example much needed by the professing Church in the present day?

How beautiful is her love for her children ! I do not mean the mere natural affection which is more or less common to all mothers, and which she was constitutionally capable of feeling to the utmost ;— but I mean those deep longings of a soul realizing the value of her children's souls, and pleading with God for them in the assurance of faith, and with them for God that they would give Him their hearts. Who but the Spirit of God could have stamped upon her heart a love so like His own ? Though not spared to see the fruit of her early training, yet so far was her dying prayer answered, that while some of her little ones were attacked with the sickness which took her from them, they were *all* spared to reach her friends in England ; and can we doubt that in God's good time her deeper desires for them will also be fulfilled ?

“ No prayer is lost,” were among the dying words of the beloved Mr. Bickersteth, — “ they are lasting and living. It is a wonderful thought, — *no prayer is lost*, they live for ever ! they are, as it were, indented round the throne of God, and when God looks around, He sees the prayers of His saints covered with the sweet incense of the Saviour's merits.”

Mark, too, her habitual abhorrence of sin, the sin that dwelt in her, and how she loathed herself on account of it.

Mark her unceasing prayerfulness,—how every little thing was taken to God ; how she desired that every movement should be only directed by Him.

Mark her carefulness to walk by the rule of God's word at all times ; how she tried her own heart by it ; how she applied it to her own practice ; how she founded every plea upon it before the throne of grace.

And mark the ONE OBJECT ever before her mind. For whom did she labour ? It was for Christ. For whom did she suffer ? It was for Christ. Whose love satisfied her at all times ? It was Christ's. Whose presence turned her darkness into light ? It was Christ's. When she looked forward, it was to the hope of Christ's coming again. When she wrote, or thought of her own departure, it was " to be with Christ." Dear reader, may you and I be enabled in the same degree to realize, " To me to live is *Christ*."

And should this little work chance to fall into the hand of any young persons just entering life, with prospects as fair, or it may be, to the outward eye, even more fair than Harriet's were, may it be as a voice from a departed sister who has trodden the pathway before them, calling them to follow her as she followed Christ, in those ways which to the true-hearted are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. May they see by her experience

the honour and blessedness of a decided course, and so walk in it. True, there are trials, as well as joys, in the Christian life; a cross as well as a crown; they go together to make up the life of faith and the life of glory, which are the portion of every child of God. But the Christian's sorrows are better than the world's joys even now, and as soon as he has done with sin he will have done with sorrow too. Oh, then, believe not the Deceiver when he says, that too much religion makes young people sad. It is the want of religion, or the not having enough of it, which makes them so; it is trying to serve two masters which makes them so. It is the voice of an awakened, but an uncleansed conscience that makes them so. It was the will of Jesus that His disciples should have joy, and that their joy should be full. May that joy be yours, dear reader, as it was Harriet's; and should the last summons come to you in as terrible a form, or even as suddenly, as it did to her, may you be as ready to lie down and die, with as full an assurance of "the resurrection of the flesh, and everlasting life after death."

Nearly two months had elapsed after the closing scene which has been described took place, when two brothers, (one of them from the other side of

the Atlantic,) came to Maumee, and inquired for the house where Mr. Jukes had lived. Together they entered that forsaken dwelling where so lately seven young voices had resounded with glee around their happy parents. All but the living inmates remained the same,—those were gone. The two who had walked with God “were not,” for He took them,—the rest were left to learn “that way.” Amongst the many touching reminiscences of the departed that met the eye of the brothers, was a piece of letter-paper written on by a little child’s hand, bearing the date of that last sad, sad day, when they were all so suddenly taken from their home, and unconsciously left behind, to tell whoever might enter that changed abode the history of its desolation. It said:—“Father died August 1st, Mother died August 3rd. Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” This was the last text their father had preached from, the evening before his illness; and the words so appropriate as a parting promise to his family and flock, had evidently dwelt on the child’s memory. They next visited the Cemetery where Mark and Harriet were laid side by side with their little babe. A simple stone, with their names and the date of their deaths, marks the place, which by the present generation of those who knew them here, will not, we believe, be forgotten. Some friends have since told us, writing from Maumee,

that their children love the spot, and often visit it to plant flowers there, and once they knelt by that loved grave, and prayed that they might be like their pastor and their pastor's wife, and meet them again in HEAVEN !

* * dear brother Mark, long cherished be thy name !
 'Twas thine, commissioned by the Master's hand,
 The living Word, the Bread of Life to bear,

* * * * *

And she—the partner of thy pilgrimage,
 The gentle soother of the wintry way,
 Whose soft solicitude could grief assuage,
 Whose depths of love thy longings could repay,
 Whose firm affection never felt decay,
 Nor knew declension, till thy sun had set ;
 Then fearless—hopeful, knowing no dismay,
 Lay down beside thee, and without regret,
 Slept where the hand of Death no terrors might beget.

Where sluggish “Miami” her waters slow,
 Turneth to blend with Erie's brighter wave,
 Within a valley lie, now cold and low,
 Two hearts as warm as ever Heaven gave.
 Low wail the night-winds round that lonely grave,
 Above it rolls the world's unceasing strife,
 Beneath it rests whate'er of good and brave
 Have ever met in one true man and wife,
 The “faithful unto death,” whom Christ shall bring to life.*

*. An extract from Lines by Dr. Augustus Jukes.